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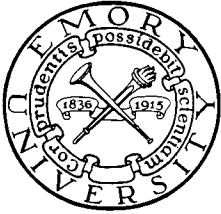


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INGENUÉ.

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AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE

BY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

AUTHOR OF "MONTE CRISTO"

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE

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INGENUE.



CHAPTER I.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

If the reader will follow us with that confidence with which we flatter ourselves we must have inspired him during the twenty years that we have served him as a guide, through the thousand detours of the historical labyrinth—which, like a modern Dædalus, we undertook to enlighten,—we will introduce him into the garden of the Palais Royal, during the morning of the 24th August, 1788. But, before venturing under the shade of those few trees which have been spared by the hand of speculation, let us say a few words about the Palais Royal.

The Palais Royal, which, at the epoch when we raise the curtain of our first revolutionary drama, was about to undergo a considerable transformation, thanks to its new proprietor, the Duc de Chartres—or Duc d'Orleans, as he had become since the 18th November, 1785—merits, by the importance of the scenes about to take place in it, a short sketch of the different phases through which it has passed.

It was in 1629 that Jacques Lemercier, architect to his eminence the cardinal duke, began to erect upon the site of the Hôtels d'Armagnac and de Rambouillet, the building which was first modestly called the Hôtel Richelieu; then, as his power grew from day to day, the Palais Cardinal. If we may credit the ducal archives, the ground alone upon which this *chef d'œuvre* was built had cost 816,618 francs—a sum considered enormous at that period, but which was small in comparison with what had been spent upon the building. This latter amount, however, was carefully concealed, as Louis XIV afterwards did the cost of Versailles.

Indeed, the palace was so magnificent, with its theatre, capable of containing 3,000 spectators; its hall, decorated with mosaics on a golden ground, and executed by Philippe de Champagne; its gallery of great men, painted by Vouet, d'Egmont, and Paerson, and in which the cardinal, confident of his future, had already marked his own place; with its antique statues from Rome and Florence, its Latin distichs composed by Bourdon, and its devices imagined by Guise;—that the cardinal-duke, who was not easily frightened, was terrified at this magnificence, and, perhaps feeling sure of living in his palace until his death, made a present of it to the king.

Therefore, on the 4th December, 1642, when the cardinal died, praying God to punish him, if in the whole course of his life, he had done anything which was not for the good of the state; this palace in which he died, was henceforth called the Palais Royal, until the revolutions of 1793 and 1848 changed this name, first to that of the Palais Egalité, and then to that of Palais National. But as we are of the number of those who, in spite of decrees, give to men their titles, and in spite of revolutions, their right names to buildings, the Palais Royal shall, if our readers will allow it, continue for them and for us to be called the Palais Royal.

Louis XIII., then, inherited this splendid abode; but, as he seemed henceforth to be only the ghost surviving the body, after some little clinging to life, Louis, summoned by the spectre of the cardinal, followed him, drawn by the irresistible power of death.

Then this beautiful palace passed to the young and gay Louis XIV., but he, being driven from it by the Frondeurs, conceived for the place such a hatred, that when he returned to Paris he took up his abode, not at the Palais Royal, but at the Louvre; so that this great building became the residence of Madame Henriette, whom the scaffold at Whitehall had made a widow, to whom France had granted that hospitality which England was to return two centuries later to Charles X.

In 1692 the Palais Royal formed the dowry of Francoise-Marie de Blois, that languishing daughter of Louis XIV., and Madame de Montespan, of whom the Princess Palatine has left us so curious a portrait. It then passed to the Duc de Chartres, afterwards regent of France; and this donation, made to him and to his male children born in

lawful wedlock, was registered in Parliament on the 18th March, 1693.

But during the time which elapsed between the flight of the king and the donation to Monsieur, great changes had been effected in the palace. Anne of Austria had added a bath-room, an oratory, a gallery, and above all, the famous secret passage of which the Princess Palatine speaks, and through which the queen used to go to visit M. Mazarin, and M. Mazarin to visit her. "For," says the indiscreet German, "every one now knows that M. de Mazarin, who was not a priest, had married the widow of Louis XIII." If it were not known to all the world, she did her best to make it so. Strange caprice of a woman and a queen, to resist Buckingham and yield to Mazarin.

Her additions, however, were no blot upon the splendid creation of the cardinal-duke. The bath-room was ornamented with flowers and cyphers on a golden ground, and the oratory was decorated with pictures from the hands of the first artists of the day.

The gallery was remarkable both for its gilded ceiling, by Vouet, and for its *marqueterie* floor, by Macé. Apartments had also been added for the residence of the Duc d'Anjou, and, in order to construct them, the left wing of the palace—that is to say, the great gallery which Philippe de Champagne had consecrated to the glory of Richelieu—had been destroyed.

Monsieur died of apoplexy on the 1st of June, 1761. He was the man whom Louis XIV loved best in the world; nevertheless, when Madame de Montpensier entered, two hours after, the room of her august husband—for she also was married,—she found him singing an opera air.

We all know something of what passed in the Palais Royal from that time to December, 1723. "Walls have eyes and ears," the proverb says. Besides eyes and ears, however, the walls of the Palais Royal had a tongue, and this tongue through the medium of St. Simon and Richelieu, recounted strange things. But in December, 1723, the regent feeling his head ache, leaned it on the shoulder of Madame Phalaris, his little black crow as he called her, uttered a sigh, and died. The day before, Chirac, his doctor, had begged him to be bled, but the duke had put it off until the next day. "Man proposes, but God disposes." Amidst all his strange pleasures, the regent, who, after all, had an artist's soul, had

erected a magnificent hall, serving as an entrance to the gallery built by Mousart, these two buildings extended to the Rue Richelieu.

Then Louis, the pious son of a libertine father, Louis, who had 300,000 francs-worth of pictures by Albano and Titian burned, because they represented naked figures, had the whole garden replanted, excepting the great avenue, which he preserved. The little wood disappeared, and two beautiful lawns were made, bordered with elm trees, and with artificial water, in the shape of a half-moon ornamented with statues, and beyond that, a row of lime trees joining the great avenue, and forming an impenetrable shade from the rays of the sun.

On the 4th of February, 1752, Louis d'Orleans died, at the Abbey of St. Geneviève, where he had retired for ten years, perhaps in order to pray, like a pious son, over the faults of his father.

"He is a happy man who leaves many unhappy behind him," said Marie Leczinstra, that other saint, on learning the premature death of that strange prince who left his body to the Royal School of Surgery, that it might be useful to the pupils. Then the Palais Royal became the property of Louis Philippe d'Orleans, the father of that strange prince known under the name of Philippe Egalité.

For some years the Duc d'Orleans, living retired, sometimes at his country house at Bagnolet, sometimes at Villers Coterets, had left the enjoyment and proprietorship of the Palais Royal to his son, who then conceived the idea of forming this palace into a vast bazaar. The king's consent was necessary, which he gave by letters patent on the 13th of August, 1784, permitting the Duc de Chartres to let out the buildings of the Palais Royal parallel to the Rue des Bons Enfants, the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and the Rue Richelieu.

Careless as he was, the old duke roused himself at the news that his son was about to become a speculator; perhaps the caricatures which were rife on the subject attracted his attention. He remonstrated.

"Take care," said he; "public opinion will be against you, my son."

"Bah!" replied the other: "public opinion! I would barter it for a crown—a large one at least."

There were two sorts of crowns: the small ones were

worth three francs, the others six. It was consequently decided between the prince and his architect, Louis, that the Palais Royal should change not only its aspect but its destination.

The old Duke of Orleans died a year after, just as the works were about to commence; as though the grandson of Henri IV preferred hiding his eyes in death to seeing what was taking place. Henceforth there was no opposition to the designs of the new duke, except public opinion with which his father had threatened him.

The first opposers were the proprietors of the houses adjoining the Palais Royal, whose windows looked on to the magnificent garden; they entered into a lawsuit with the duke which they lost, and, built up in their houses by the new constructions, were forced to sell at a low price, or to live in dark and gloomy rooms.

The next opposition proceeded from the pedestrians. Every man who has walked ten times in a public garden looks on it as his own, and believes he has a right to oppose any change. Now the change was great; the axe struck down, one after another, all the magnificent chesnut trees planted by the cardinal. No more siestas under their shade, or chats beneath their branches: all that remained were the lime trees, and in the midst of them the famous Tree of Cracow. Let us explain what was this Tree of Cracow, whose fall in 1785 provoked an outbreak not less serious than the fall of the Trees of Liberty in 1830.

CHAPTER II.

THE TREE OF CRACOW.

THE Tree of Cracow some say was a lime tree, others a chesnut. Antiquarians are divided on this grave subject, and we will not attempt to decide it. At all events it was a tree, taller, thicker, and richer in shade, than all those which surrounded it. In 1772, at the first dismemberment of Poland, it was under this tree that news and politics were discussed. Generally the centre of the group was an abbé, who, connected with Cracow, propagated all the rumours from the north, and being it would appear a great tactician, was constantly manœuvring an army of 30,000 men, whose marches and countermarches excited the admiration of the auditors. Hence the abbé came to be called "the abbé of the thirty thousand men," and the tree under which he executed his learned manœuvres, "The Tree of Cracow." Perhaps his news was frequently as imaginary as his army.

However, the tree of Cracow, which amidst all the changes made by the Duke, had remained untouched, was still in 1778, as much the centre of all groups as in 1772; but now it was no longer of Poland that they talked, but of France: and thus the aspect of the men was almost as much changed as that of the place.

What had more than anything changed the look of the place, was the circus and the Camp des Tartares, which the duke had built. The circus was a large one, and being in the middle of the garden, thereby destroyed the charming grass-plots of Louis the Devout. It was occupied first as a circulating library, then by a club called the Social—the rendezvous of all philanthropists and reformers, and lastly by a troupe of mountebanks, who twice a day exhibited to the public. This circus resembled an immense arbour,—entirely clothed as it was with verdure and plants, although the twenty-two Doric columns which surrounded it somewhat injured the rural effect; but at that time so many opposing things were brought together, that this attracted

little attention. As for the Camp au Tartares, it was the resort of robbers and bad characters of every description.

Besides the large group under the Tree of Cracow, reading the *Journal de Paris*, or the *Philosophical Mirror*, there might have been remarked in another walk, two men, from thirty-five to thirty-six, both in uniform, one in that of the Dragoons of Noailles with its red facings and collar, the other in that of the Queen's Dragoons, in which both were white. Were these two soldiers talking of battles? No; they were two poets talking poetry; two lovers talking of love.

They were elegant in appearance, with a most complete look of military aristocracy. As at that time powder was beginning to be disused by the Anglomaniacs and by the Americans, their hair was most carefully dressed; and in order not to derange it, one held his hat in his hand, the other his under his arm.

"Then, my dear Bertin," said the one wearing the uniform of the Queen's Guards, "you have decided on leaving France, and exiling yourself to St. Domingo?"

"No, my dear Evariste; retiring to Cytherea; that is all."

"How so?" — "You do not understand!"

"No, on my honour."

"Have you read my third book of 'Les Amours'?"

"I read all that you write, dear captain."

"Well, then, you must remember certain verses——"

"'To Eucharis' or 'To Catilie'?"

"Alas! Eucharis is dead, dear friend; and I have paid my tribute of tears and poetry to her memory; it is therefore of those 'To Catilie' that I speak."

"Yes, I remember them."

"Well, I shall keep my oath."

"What! your beautiful Catilie——"

"Is a charming Creole of St. Domingo, my dear Parny, who, about a year ago, set off for the Gulf of Mexico."

"So that in garrison terms, you rejoin?"

"I rejoin and I marry. Besides, you know, my dear Parny, that I am like you, a child of the Equator, and in going to St. Domingo, I shall fancy I am returning to our beautiful island of Bourbon, with its azure skies and luxuriant vegetation; not being able to return to my own country I shall obtain its equivalent, as one

keeps the portrait when one can no longer possess the original."

"Then, my dear Bertin, I predict that once with your beautiful Catilie, you will quickly forget the friends you have left in France."

"Oh! my dear Evariste, how wrong you are:—

"In friendship, still more than in love, I may say,
Nothing dear to my heart was but dear for a day."

"Besides, my poet, your renown would force me to think of you. If I were unlucky enough to forget you, your elegies have wings, and the name of another Eleonora would reach me as an echo from this beautiful Paris, which has received me so well, and yet which I quit so gladly."

"What are you saying, my dear Bertin?" said a third voice, mingling in the conversation.

"Ah! it is you, my dear Florian," cried both the friends, extending their hands.

"Receive my compliments on your entrance into the Academy," added Parny.

"And mine on your charming pastoral of 'Estelle,'" said Bertin.

"*Ma foi!*" continued Parny; "we had need of your sheep and shepherds to make us forget the wolves among whom we live; and now, here is Bertin about to leave us."

"Then it was not simply a poetical farewell you were taking just now, my dear captain."

"No; a real one."

"And guess to what antipodes he is going: to St. Domingo, to the Queen of the Antilles. He is going to plant coffee and refine sugar, while as for us, God only knows if they will leave us even cabbages to plant. But what are you looking at so earnestly?"

"Ah, *pardieu!* it is he!" said Florian.

"Who is he?"

"Ah, gentlemen," said the new academician, "come with me, I have a few words to say to him."

"To whom?"—"To Rivarol."

"A quarrel?"—"Why not?"

"Are you still given to fighting?"

"I have not touched a sword for three years."

"And you wish to get your hand in again?"

“ If the case should occur, may I reckon on you ? ”

“ *Parbleu!* ”

And the three young men advanced towards the author of the “ Little Almanack of Great Men,” of which the second edition had just come out. Rivarol was seated, or rather lying, on two chairs, his back against a chesnut tree, and pretending to see nothing that passed around him; but from time to time he cast round him a glance in which sparkled the light of a mind eminently French. After such a look, which registered a fact or an idea, he drew out his tablets and wrote a few words with a pencil. He saw the three men advancing towards him, but although convinced it was to him they were about to speak, he took no notice, but continued to write; but as their shadow fell on his paper, he was forced to raise his head.

Florian bowed courteously, and said “ Pardon me if I disturb you in your meditations, monsieur, but I have a little demand to make to you.”

“ To me, monsieur ? ” said Rivarol, with his usual air of cunning; “ does it concern M. de Penthièvre, your master ? ”

“ No, monsieur, it concerns myself ? ”

“ Pray speak ? ”

“ You did me the honour to insert my name in the first edition of your ‘ Little Almanack of our Great Men.’ ”

“ It is true.”

“ Would it then be indiscreet to ask why you have removed it from the second edition, which has just appeared ? ”

“ Because between the first and second editions you had the misfortune to be named a member of the Academy, and however obscure an academician, he cannot claim the privileges of an unknown man; and you know, M. Florian, our work is a philanthropical one, and your place has been claimed.”

“ By whom ? ”

“ By three people, who, I must humbly confess, had still more right to the honour than you had.”

“ And who are they ? ”

“ Three charming poets: Grouber, Fenouillet, and Thomas Minau.”

“ But if I recommend you some one ? ”

“ I should be sorry to refuse you, M. Florian, but I have my poor——”

“He whom I wish to recommend has composed only a *quatrain*. Shall I repeat it to you, M. de Rivarol?”

“Pray do, M. de Florian; you recite so well.”

“I have, doubtless, no need to tell you to whom it is addressed.”

“I will do my best to guess.”——“This is it, then:—

“ ‘Here lies my Sylvia’s darling, Azor bright
Damon, his heart and yours one love made sick,
His life had but one pastime, ’twas to bite;
His death was caused by thrashing with a stick.’ ”

“Ah! M. de Florian,” cried Rivarol, “can that little *chef d’œuvre* be your own?”

“Suppose it were, monsieur; what have you to say to it?”

“Only to beg you to dictate it to me.”

“Why?”

“That I may put it in the notes to my third edition. I give every one his place, and do justice. I have no other pretension than to be in literature what the grindstone is in cutlery: I do not cut, I make others cut.”

Florian bit his lip, but went on,—

“Well, then, monsieur, suppose I were to tell you that in the article which you had the goodness to consecrate to me there was something that displeased me.”

“In my article! Impossible! There were but three lines.”

“Nevertheless, it is true.”

“Really! Is it in the wording?”

“No, it is in the matter.”

“Oh! then that has nothing to do with me; it concerns Champeenetz, my colleague, who is walking over there. Your servant, M. de Florian!” and he resumed his writing.

Florian looked at his friends, who made signs to him that he could say no more.

“Decidedly you are a clever man, monsieur,” said Florian, “and I withdraw my *quatrain*.”

“Alas, monsieur!” said Rivarol, with an air of comic despair; “it is too late.”

“How so?”

“I have just written it on my tablets, which is the same as though it were printed; but, if you like, I shall have great pleasure in furnishing you with another.”

“On the same subject?”

“ Yes, it arrived only this morning, and is addressed to Champcenez and me jointly. It comes from a young advocate called Camille Desmoulins, and is his first effort; but as you will see, it promises well.”

“ I listen in my turn, monsieur.”

“ In order to enable you to understand it better, I must tell you that some envious people contest our rights to *la nobilité*, as they do yours to genius. They say that my father was an innkeeper at Bagnols, and the mother of Champcenez a housekeeper, somewhere. Now, here is my *quatrain* :—

“ ‘ At the great hotel of Vermine,
All is convenient, neat, and clean ;
Rivarol head cook is made,
And Champcenez is chambermaid.’

“ You see, monsieur, that one makes an admirable pendant to the other.”

It was impossible to continue angry with such a man, and Florian held out to him a hand which Rivarol took with his own peculiar smile.

At that moment a movement in the crowd around the Tree of Cracow denoted some important news. The three friends followed the impulse given by the crowd, leaving Rivarol to take his notes, which he did with the same coolness as before, not, however, without having exchanged a glance with Champcenez, which seemed to reply to the question, “ What is the matter ? ” by “ Nothing at present.”

CHAPTER III.

METRA THE NEWSMONGER.

METRA, to whom Champrenetz was talking, was one of the most important men of the time. Was it through his intellect?—No; that was mediocre. Was it his birth?—No; he belonged to the *bourgeoisie*. Was it from the wonderful length of his nose?—No, not even that. It was on account of his news. Metra was the newsmonger, *par excellence*, of the day; and, under the title of “Secret Correspondence,” published a paper containing all the Parisian news—and, guess where?—at Neuville, on the banks of the Rhine.

Who knew the real sex of the Chevalier d’Eon, whom the Government had just ordered to retain the dress of a woman, and on which she wore the cross of St. Louis?—Metra.

Who could describe in their smallest details, and as if he had been there, the fantastic suppers of the illustrious Grimod de la Reginère?—Metra.

Who knew all about the eccentricities of the Marquis de Bruno, the most eccentric man of his time?—Metra.

The Romans, when they met of a morning, used to ask,—“What news from Africa?” The French asked during three years,—“What says Metra?” for the great cry of the time was for news. Crowds of people collected everywhere, asking,—“What is it?—what is the news?” and hence those who were able to reply to their questions obtained a great influence over them.

Therefore, on this 24th of August, 1788, Metra was still more surrounded than usual. For some time people had felt that the Government was in a critical situation, and that something was about to happen, probably the resignation of the ministry. Nothing could possibly be more unpopular than the ministry of that period. It was the ministry of M. de Brienne, which had succeeded to that of M. de Calonne. But whether Metra had no news that day, or would not tell them, it was those who surrounded him who were now speaking, while he listened.

“M. Metra,” said a young woman, wearing a bonnet crowned with a whole flower-garden, “is it true that the queen, in her last interview with Leonard her hairdresser, and Mdlle. Bertin her milliner, not only announced the recall of M. Necker, but declared that she would notify it to him herself?”

“Eh!” said Metra, in a tone which signified—“It is possible!”

“M. Metra,” said a dandy with an olive-coloured coat, and shawl-pattern waistcoat, “do you believe that Monseigneur le Comte d’Artois has declared against M. de Brienne, and said yesterday to the king, that if the archbishop did not give in his resignation within three days, he was so anxious for the welfare of his lordship that he would go and demand it of him?”

“Ah! ah!” said Metra, in a tone which meant, “I have heard something of the kind.”

“M. Metra,” said a working-man, with a pale face and thin body, dressed in a shabby coat and dirty waistcoat, “is it true that when M. Sièzes was asked what the ‘*Tiers état*’ was, he replied, ‘Nothing in the present, but everything in the future?’”

“Eh! eh!” again said M. Metra, in the same tone.

“M. Metra! some news, some news, M. Metra!” cried a dozen squeaking voices.

“News, citizens!” cried from the midst of the crowd a voice, “I bring you some.”

This voice had so singular an accent that every one turned to see whence it came.

The speaker was a man about forty-six or forty-seven, not more than five feet high, with twisted legs clothed in grey stockings with cross-bars of blue, clumsy shoes, in which a ragged string supplied the place of a lace, a hat with a flat top and narrow brim, and whose body was cased in an old worn chesnut-coloured coat, in holes at the elbows; and who displayed behind a dirty and half-open shirt, the prominent collar-bone and muscles of a neck without a cravat. His face, thin and bony, and rather twisted about the mouth, was spotted like the skin of a leopard, with red and yellow; his prominent eyes, full of insolence and defiance, were half-closed like those of a night-bird in the daytime; and his large mouth displayed ill-temper and disdain. His head was covered with long lank hair, tied behind with a leather strap,

through which passed every moment a large black hand with dirty nails.

Certainly, however, it did not want for expression: it displayed at once obstinacy, anger and strength of will; he seemed indeed, the living sign, the walking prospectus of all those fatal passions that God usually distributes among many, but which here seemed concentrated in one man, one heart, one face.

At the sight of this strange being, every well-brought-up man or elegant woman in the crowd felt a kind of shudder, and yet all experienced a double sentiment—repulsion and curiosity.

Besides, he promised news. Had he offered anything else, three-fourths of the people would have fled; but news was at that time so precious, that every one stayed. Every one waited in silence, no one spoke.

“You ask for news,” resumed this extraordinary man; “here is some quite fresh:—M. de Brienne has sold his resignation.”

“How, sold?” cried several voices.

“Certainly he has sold it, since he has been paid for it,—and very dearly too. But it is so in this charming country; they pay ministers to come in, they pay them to stop in, and they pay them to go out again. And who pays them?—The king. But who pays the king?—You; I; all of us. Well, M. de Brienne has done well for himself and his family; he will be a cardinal, that is settled; he has the same rights to the red hat that his predecessor Dubois had. His nephew is not old enough to be a coadjutor; but never mind, he will be coadjutor to the bishop of Sens. His niece—you know they must do something for the niece as well as the nephew—will have a place as lady-in-waiting; as for himself, during his year of ministry, he has amassed a little income of five or six hundred thousand francs, besides which, he leaves his brother minister of war, after having had him created a chevalier and governor of Provence. You see I was right to say that he had not given in his resignation, but sold it.”

“And whence do you obtain all these details?” asked Metra, forgetting himself so far as to interrogate—he who always answered the questions of others.

“Whence! *Parbleu!* from the court; I belong to the court.”

And this singular man put both hands in his pockets, and

stretching out his crooked legs, on which he alternately balanced himself—

“You belong to the court!” murmured several voices.

“Does that astonish you?” said he. “Must it not always be in our moral world, that strength hangs on to weakness, science to folly. Did not Beaumarchais live with mesdames, Champfort with the Prince de Condé, Thuliers with Monsieur, Laelos and Brissot with the Duke of Orleans? Is it astonishing, then, that I also should be with one of these great lords, although I flatter myself I am worth a little more than any of those I have named?”

“Then the resignation is certain, according to you.”

“Official, I tell you!”

“And who replaces him?” asked several voices.

“Who! *Parbleu!* the Genevese as the king calls him; the charlatan, as the queen calls him; the banker as the princes say; and the father of the people as the poor say—who call every one father just because they have no father.” And a hateful smile twisted the mouth of the orator.

“You are not for M. Necker, then?” said a voice.

“I! oh, yes! *Peste!* we must have men like M. Necker in a country like France. And what a triumph they are preparing for him. What allegories they are designing. I saw one yesterday in which he is represented as bringing back abundance, while all the evil spirits are flying at his approach; and another to-day, in which he is represented as a stream coming out of a barn. Is not his portrait everywhere—at the corner of every street, on snuff boxes and coat buttons? Are they not talking of a new street leading to the bank, to be called the ‘Rue Necker?’ Have they not struck a dozen medals in his honour, almost as many as for the great De Witt, who was hung? Long live the King, the Parliament, and M. Necker.”

“Then you declare that M. Necker has been named minister instead of M. de Brienne?” exclaimed a loud voice in a tone which sounded almost like a menace.

This second person who came forward to claim public attention was not less worthy of it than the other; but, unlike him, was remarkable for the fineness and whiteness of his linen. He was a kind of Colossus, and well built in proportion to his gigantic height. He might have been taken for a perfect model of strength and beauty, except in the face, which was not pitted, but destroyed by the small-

pox. His nose seemed to have disappeared; his eyes hardly visible; his mouth, which was large, displayed when open two rows of teeth white as ivory, but when closed, lips full of sensuality and audacity. He seemed, in fact, like a half-finished work, imperfect but energetic, incomplete but terrible.

Seven or eight people who had stood between these two men, retired, as though fearful of being crushed by their contact, so that the two found themselves face to face, the giant frowning and the dwarf smiling.

It looked as though the one could have crushed the other by the mere weight of his hand; and yet, had there been a struggle between them, as many bets would have been taken on one side as on the other—one betting on the lion, the other on the serpent,—the one side on strength, the other on malice.

The giant repeated his question, amidst the almost solemn silence which reigned.

“I affirm it!” was the answer.

“And you rejoice at the change?”——“Certainly.”

“Not because it raises the one, but because it destroys the other; am I not right?”

“It is wonderful how well you understand me.”

“Then you are the friend of the people?”

“And you?”——“I am the enemy of the great.”

“That is the same thing.”

“Yes, in the beginning of the work; but in the end ——”

“When we have come to that, we shall see!”

“Where do you dine to-day?”——“Where you like.”

“Come then, citizen.”

And so saying, the giant approached the dwarf, and offered him an arm of iron. Then both without minding the crowd went away, leaving the rest to discuss the news.

At the end of the Palais Royal, under the arcades which lead to the Varietés, the two new friends who had not yet heard each other's names, met a man selling tickets. They were then playing at the Varietés a popular piece called “Harlequin Emperor in the Moon.”

“M. Danton,” said the man to the taller of the two. “Bordier plays to-night; will you have a private box, well hidden, where you can see without being seen.”

But Danton, without replying, pushed him on one side with his hand. Then the man addressing the other, said,

"M. Marat, will you have a pit ticket? You will be amongst famous patriots. Bordier belongs to the good cause."

But Marat without replying, pushed him with his foot, and the man retired grumbling. Thus on the 24th of August, 1788, Danton the advocate, was presented to Marat, the doctor of the Comte D'Artois' stables, by Hébert the seller of theatre tickets.

CHAPTER IV

DANTON'S HOUSE.—THE GUILLOTINE.

WHILE Rivarol and Champeenetz wondered who the two strangers could be; while the others wandered about discussing what they had heard, all but the fine ladies and the dandies, who cared little who was minister and who was not, our two patriots crossed the Place du Palais Royal, went through the Rue du Paon, and reached the Rue des Fossés, St. Germain, where Danton lived.

On the road they had learned something of each other. Hébert, as we have seen had named them; but at that time the name of Marat was scarcely known, that of Danton, not at all—but to his name, each had added his calling and occupation, so that Danton learned that he was walking by the side of the author of "The Chains of Slavery," the "Mélanges Littéraires," and of "New Researches about Fire, Electricity, and Light," while Marat learned that he held the arm of George Danton, advocate, of a good *bourgeoise* family, and married for three years to a charming woman, called Gabrielle Charpentier, and father of a child, on whom, like most other fathers, he built lofty hopes.

The house where Danton lived, was also occupied by his stepfather, M. Ricordin (his father having died young, and his mother having married again), but M. Ricordin had been so good to him, that he had scarcely felt his own father's loss. The rooms of the stepfather and son communicated by a door; one large room had been set aside for Danton's study, in the hope of visits from future clients. He however took Marat to the general sitting-room, ornamented with

portraits of M. Ricordin and M. Charpentier, which being executed in true *bourgeoise* style, served as excellent foils to a picture of Danton, who was represented standing with his hand stretched out; if you approached too near to this portrait, it seemed only a confused mass of colour, but from a little distance it looked like a sketch indeed, but one full of genius and fire. This picture was the result of a few hours work of a young friend of Danton's, called David. The rest of the apartment was extremely simple, only in some few details such as vases, chandeliers, and clocks, there exhibited an inclination for luxury and a taste for gilding.

Danton's method of ringing was evidently understood, for a young woman, a child, and a dog ran to the door, but when behind the master of the house they perceived the strange guest he had brought, the lady recoiled, the child began to cry, and the dog to bark.

Marat frowned.

"Excuse us, my dear guest," said Danton, "you are still a stranger here, and——"

"And I produce my effect," said Marat. "Make no excuses, it is needless, I know it well."

"My good Gabrielle," said Danton, embracing his wife like a man who feels he has done something to be forgiven, "I met monsieur at the Palais Royal, he is a distinguished doctor, and more than that, a philosopher, and he has been good enough to accept my invitation to dine with us."

"Brought by you, dear George, monsieur is sure of a welcome, only the child was taken by surprise, and the dog——"

"Keeps good guard,—I see that," said Marat; "besides, I have often remarked that dogs are aristocrats by nature."

"Have any of our guests arrived?"

"No, only the cook," said Madame Danton, with smile.

"Did you offer him your aid; for you, also, Gabrielle, are a distinguished cook?"

"Yes, but had the mortification of being refused."

"Bah! Then you have only laid the table?"

"Not even that."

"How so?"—"Two servants brought everything—plate, linen, candlesticks——"

"Does he, then, think we have none?" cried Danton, with a frown.

"He said that it was a settled thing between you, and that he only cooked on that condition."

“Well, let him alone; he is an original. But some one rings; pray, see who it is.” Then turning to Marat,—“This is the list of our guests: M. Guillotin, the doctor, Talmá and Marie Joseph De Chenier, two inseparables, Camille Desmoulins, a lad, but a lad of genius, and then—who else—only you, my wife and I. Oh! yes, David, I forgot. I invited my stepfather, but he says we are too high company for him. He is an excellent provincial, who is quite out of his place in Paris, and constantly regrets his Arcis-sur-Aube home in Camille.”

These last words were addressed to a young man who looked scarcely twenty. He was visibly a friend of the house, for he had stopped to shake hands with Madame Danton, kiss the child, and play with the dog.

“Where do you come from?” said Danton.

“From the Palais Royal.”

“And we also.”

“Indeed! I was surprised not to find you there, as you promised to meet me under the limes.”

“Did you hear the news?”

“Yes; the downfall of Brienne and return of M. Necker. But I went to the Palais Royal for something quite different.”

“What, then?”

“I wanted to quarrel with some one, and expected to find him ready.”

“Who is it?”——“That viper, Rivarol.”

“Why?”

“They have put me into their little almanack of great men.”

“Well, what of that?” said Danton, shrugging his shoulders.

“What of that! I do not wish to be classed with M. Deseuarts and M. Derome, one of whom has written a bad play, and the other nothing.”

“And what have you done?” asked Danton, laughing.

“I have done nothing yet, but I will do something; I am wrong, I have sent them a *quatrain*.”

“And you signed it?” asked Danton.

“*Parbleu!* It was for that I went to the Palais Royal, where they are both to be seen always. I expected to find an answer ready for my verse, but I was wrong.”

“They did not speak to you?”

“They pretended not to see me.”

“What! monsieur,” said Marat; “do you care what people say or write about you?”

“Yes, monsieur, I am sensitive I confess. Thus, if ever I do anything either in literature or in politics, I shall have a journal, and then——”

“Then, what will you say in your journal?” interrupted a voice from the antechamber.

“I will say, my dear Talma,” said Camille, recognising the voice of the great actor, then beginning his career, “that on the day when you have a good part to play, you will show yourself to be the first tragedian in the world.”

“Well I have the part, and here is the man who has given it to me.”

“Ah! good morning, Chenier,” said Camille. “So, you have committed a new tragedy?”

“Yes,” replied Talma, “a superb work, which he read to-day, and which met with universal applause—Charles IX.; and I am to play Charles, if the government will only allow the piece to be played. Imagine only that that stupid St. Phal refused the part because he thought that Charles IX. was not a pleasing character. Pleasing! Charles IX.! what do you say to that, Danton? I hope to render him execrable.”

“You are right, in a political view, monsieur,” said Marat. “It is good to render kings execrable; but, perhaps, you might be wrong in an historical one.”

Talma was very shortsighted, and drew near to see who spoke, not recognizing the voice, and being acquainted with all those usually heard at Danton’s. Doubtless, the discovery did not produce a pleasing effect, for he stopped short.

“Well,” said Marat, remarking it, as he had done with Madame Danton and her child.

“Well, sir?” said Talma, a little disconcerted, “I ask for an explanation of your theory.”

“My theory, monsieur, is, that if Charles IX. had left the Huguenots to their work, Protestantism would have become the religion of the state, and the Condés kings of France; and what happened to England would have happened to us; the methodical spirit of Calvin would have been substituted for the unquiet activity which is the characteristic of Catholics. Christ promised us liberty, equality, and fraternity; the English have had liberty before us, but we shall have equality and fraternity before them, and this we owe——”

“To the priests!” said Chenier, in a mocking tone.

“Not to the priests, M. de Chenier, but to our religion—religion does good, priests harm. If you have introduced any other idea than that in your tragedy, you have been wrong.”

“If I am wrong the public will find it out.”

“Ah! that also is an error, my dear M. de Chenier. But I do not wish to be taxed with inconsistency; and, as one day you may hear that Marat pursues religion, believes in no God, and cries out for the heads of priests, remember that it is because I revere God and religion that I ask for the heads of the priests.”

“And if they give you all the heads you ask for, M. Marat,” said a little man about forty-five, who had just come in, “I advise you to adopt the new instrument I am making.”

“Ah! it is you, doctor,” said Danton, turning to the new comer, whose entrance he had not noticed.

“Ah! M. Guillotin,” said Marat, bowing with some deference.

“Yes, M. Guillotin,” said Danton; “an excellent doctor, but more excellent man. And what instrument are you making, my dear doctor, and what is its name?”

“Its name I cannot tell you, my dear friend, for I have not yet given it a name; but that is nothing.”

Then, to Marat—“You do not know me, monsieur, but I am a real philanthropist.”

“I know all about you, monsieur,” said Marat, with a courtesy that he had not yet displayed. “You are not only one of our most learned men, but also one of our best patriots. Your writings at the university, your prize at the school of medicine, and the marvellous cures which you perform every day, speak enough for your science. Yet more, I know something of the instrument of which you speak. Is it not a machine to cut off heads?”

“What, doctor,” cried Camille, “you call yourself a philanthropist, and yet invent machines for destroying life!”

“Yes, M. Desmoulins,” replied the doctor, gravely, “just because I am a philanthropist. Until now, in capital punishments, society has not only punished, but revenged itself. What were fire, the wheel, boiling lead? Was it not a modification of the torture that our excellent king has tried

to put a stop to? Gentlemen, when the law strikes, the punishment should consist of loss of life, but nothing more. Adding pain to this is a crime."

"Ah, indeed!" cried Danton; "and you believe that you can destroy the life of a man—so admirably organised, and to which he clings with all his senses and all his faculties—with that machine, as a quack professes to draw a tooth, without pain?"

"Yes, M. Danton, yes," cried the doctor, enthusiastically; "I destroy like electricity—like lightning. I strike as God strikes!"

"How?" asked Marat. "Tell me, I beg, if it be no secret. You cannot imagine how much your conversation interests me."

"Well, monsieur," said Guillotin, joyful at having found an appreciating auditor, "my machine is very simple. When you see it you will be surprised, and feel astonished that an instrument so little complicated could have taken six thousand years to produce. Imagine a platform, a kind of little theatre —

"M. Talma, are you listening?"

"*Parbleu!* I should think so. It interests me as much as it does M. Marat."

"Well, then, I was saying—imagine a platform to which one mounts by five or six steps—the number is immaterial. On this theatre are two posts, between which is a movable bar, which, placed on the neck of the criminal, keeps it in its place. At the top of the posts I place a knife, steadied by a weight of about forty pounds, and held up by a cord. By pressing a spring, I unfasten this cord, without even touching it, and the knife glides through a well-greased groove. The criminal feels a slight freshness on the neck, and,—*presto!* the head is off."

"*Peste,*" said Camille, "that is ingenious."

"Yes, monsieur," cried Guillotin; "and this operation—which destroys life, which kills—lasts not a second."

"True," said Marat; "but are you sure that the pain does not outlast the execution?"

"How should pain survive life?"

"*Pardieu!* as the soul outlives the body."

"Oh yes, I know," said Guillotin, with a slight touch of bitterness; "you believe in the soul, and assign to it a particular spot, contrary to the opinion of spiritualists, who

spread it all over the body. You lodge it in the heart, in which you agree with Locke, whom you should have quoted, since you have borrowed his doctrine. I have read all your books about fire, light, and electricity. Not having succeeded against Voltaire and the philosophers, your war-like mind has attacked Newton. You have tried to destroy his theory about optics, and have published a host of hasty, passionate, ill-considered opinions, which you have tried to fortify by Franklin and Volta; but neither were of your opinion about light, and you must allow me to differ with you about the soul."

Marat listened to all this with a tranquillity which would have greatly astonished any one acquainted with his irritable temper.

"Well, then, monsieur," said he, since you object to the soul so strongly, I abandon it for the time, and return to matter, for after all it is matter, and not the soul that suffers."

"Then, if I kill matter, it cannot suffer."

"But are you sure you kill?"

"What, when I cut the head off?"

"Are you sure of killing at once?"

"Explain yourself."

"Oh! my explanation is very simple. You place the seat of judgment in the brain, do you not? It is with the brain we think, and the proof is, that if we think much we get a headache."

"Yes, but it is in the heart we place the seat of life," said Guillotin.

"Granted; the seat of life is in the heart, but the feeling of life, where is it? In the brain. Well! separate the head from the body, the body will be dead it is possible, and will suffer no more, but the heart, monsieur, the head——"

"Well! the head?"

"The head will continue to live, and consequently to think, as long as a drop of blood remains to animate the brain, and to lose all that blood would take at least eight or ten seconds."

"Oh! eight or ten seconds soon pass," said Camille.

"Soon pass," cried Marat, rising, "you are little of a philosopher, young man. Think of this, if an insupportable pain lasts a second, it seems an eternity, and when this pain leaves enough of reason to understand that the end of the

pain will be the end of life, and in order to prolong life he would almost prolong his pain, do you not believe that to be an intolerable punishment?"

"But," said Guillotin, "I deny that they suffer."

"And I affirm it," said Marat. "Besides, the punishment of decapitation is not new. I have seen it practised in Poland and Russia. They seat the criminal on a chair, at four or five feet before him is a heap of sand, destined, as in the Spanish arenas to hide the blood, then with one blow the headsman detaches the head from the body. Well, I have seen, with my own eyes, one of those headless bodies rise up and totter forwards two or three feet, and fall only on striking against the heap of sand. Ah, monsieur, say that your machine is more rapid, more expeditious—offers the advantage of more active destruction than any other, and I will agree that you have rendered a benefit to mankind, but that it is without pain, I deny."

"Well, gentlemen," said Guillotin, "experience will teach us."

"Ah! doctor," said Danton, "are we to try your machine?"

"No, my dear friend, since it is destined only for criminals—I meant only that it can be tried upon criminals."

"Well, then, M. Guillotin, place yourself near the first criminal that falls by your machine, and pick up the head as it falls, and cry into the ear the name it bore during life, and you will see the eyes re-open and turn towards you."

"Impossible!"

"You will see it, I tell you; I have done it and have seen it."

Marat pronounced these words so earnestly, that no one contradicted him longer.

"Here," said a young man, who had entered unnoticed, and had drawn on a piece of paper a sketch of the terrible machine described by Guillotin, "here it is."

"Oh! thank you, David," cried Danton. "Your machine looks actually at work."

"Yes," replied David, "it is doing justice on three assassins; as you see there is one being executed, and two waiting their turn."

"And the three assassins are Cartouche, Mandrin, and Poulailleur?" asked Danton.

"No; they are Vanloo, Boucher, and Watteau."

“And who have they murdered?”

“*Pardieu!*—painting.”

“Dinner is on the table,” said a man in livery, opening the doors of the study, turned for that day only into a dining-room.

“To table,” said Danton.

“M. Danton,” said Marat, “in memory of our meeting, make me a present of the drawing of M. David.”

“Oh! willingly; you see, David, I am robbed.”

“I will do you another,” said David, “and perhaps you may gain by the exchange.”

And they all passed into the dining-room.

CHAPTER V

THE DINNER OF DANTON.

THE valet, on opening the folding-doors, let in a perfect flood of light—for though it was scarcely four o'clock in the afternoon, the usual dinner-time at that period, they had anticipated the evening by closing shutters and curtains, and had illuminated the room by means of lustres, candelabra, and a double row of lights along the cornice, which crowned the apartment with a diadem of fire.

It was evident that everything in the room had been sacrificed to the dinner; the desk had been pushed between the two windows, and the great leather arm-chair under a kind of improvised sideboard, curtains had been hung before the boxes of papers, and a large table placed in the centre.

This table was round, covered with the finest linen, and exquisitely ornamented with flowers, silver and glass; amongst which were placed little statues of Flora, Pomona, Ceres, Diana, Amphytrite, and different nymphs, and Naiades. Every guest had on his plate a *carte*, containing a list of the various dishes composing the dinner, so that he might be able to make his choice beforehand, and eat accordingly. This *carte* was as follows:—

“1. Oysters from Ostend, brought by a special courier,

and which will not be taken from the sea-water, but to be opened and served.

"2. Soup à l'osmazôme.

"3. A turkey stuffed with truffles from Périgord.

"4. A large carp from the Rhine, brought living from Strasbourg to Paris.

"Quails, on toast flavoured with basil.

"A pike, stuffed with crab and served with crab sauce.

"A pheasant, roasted à la Soubise.

"Spinach.

"Two dozen Provençal ortolans.

"A pyramid of meringues.

"Wines.

"Madeira, Bordeaux, champagne, Burgundy, all of the best vintages.

"Dessert Wines.

"Alicante, Malaga, sherry, Syracuse, and Constantia.

"Note.—The guests are free to ask for or mingle their wines at will, but a friend counsels them, in the first set, to begin with the strong, and go on to the light; in the second, to end with the sweetest."

The guests sat down and read the *carte* with various feelings.—Marat with disdain; Guillotin, with interest; Talma, with curiosity; Chenier, with indifference; Camille Desmoulins, with delight; David with surprise; and Danton, with voluptuousness.

Then, looking round them, they perceived that a guest was wanting (there were but seven), and an eighth place between Danton and Guillotin was vacant.

"Gentlemen," said Camille, "it appears that another guest is expected; but to wait for one who is behind time, is a want of courtesy to the rest, I propose, then, that we proceed without delay."

"And I, my dear Camille, ask a thousand pardons of the company, but we have, I hope, only by looking at the *carte*, too many obligations to him who is to occupy this place, not to wait for him at a dinner which would not have been here but for him."

"What, our missing companion is——?"

"The cook," said Danton.

“The cook?” cried all.

“Yes, the cook. And, that you may not think that I am about to ruin myself, gentlemen, I will give you the history of our dinner. A worthy abbé, called Roy, who is charged with the business of the princes, it appears, came to consult me on behalf of their highnesses. To whom I owe this good fortune, devil take me if I know, but the consultation took place, and a week ago the honest abbé brought me one thousand francs. Then, as I did not wish to soil my hands with the gold of tyrants, I resolved to spend it upon a dinner to my friends; and as Grimod de la Regnière lived nearest, I went first to him; but the illustrious epicure declared to me that he never dined out unless he prepared the dinner himself, consequently I placed at his disposal my one thousand francs, my kitchen, my cook, and my cellar. At this offer he shook his head. ‘I take the kitchen and the money,’ said he: ‘all the rest is my affair.’ Therefore, gentlemen, all you see—linen, silver, flowers, and candelabra, belong to our cook, and if you have any thanks to offer, they are due to him and not to me.”

As Danton finished his explanation, the door at the bottom opened, and a second lackey announced, “M. Grimod de la Regnière.”

Every one rose, and a man about thirty-five, with a pleasing, intelligent face, entered. He was dressed in a black velvet coat, a satin waistcoat, over which hung two watch-chains; silk stockings, and shoes with diamond buckles; a round hat, which he never took off even at table, and round which was a black velvet band fastened with a steel buckle.

He was greeted with a flattering murmur from every one but Marat, who looked at him with more anger than benevolence.

“Gentlemen,” said Grimod, “I should have wished, on this solemn occasion, to have been aided by my illustrious master, La Guépière, but he had an engagement with the Comte de Provence, so that I was reduced to my own resources. However, I have done my best, and claim your indulgence.”

The murmurs changed into applause, and La Regnière bowed like an actor encouraged by the public.

“Gentlemen,” added he, “no one is obliged to speak any more, but to ask for what he wants; dinner is the only place where one is never *ennuyé* for the first hour.”

Following this advice, every one began to eat the oysters;

and no words were pronounced except by La Regnière, who repeated from time to time with the gravity of a general ordering his troops to close their ranks under fire—

“Not too much bread, gentlemen; not too much bread.”

When the oysters were eaten :

“Why not too much bread?” asked Camille.

“For two reasons, monsieur; firstly, bread is the aliment which most quickly satisfies the appetite, and it is useless to sit down to dinner and not be able to go on to the end. Animals feed—men eat; but the man of mind alone knows how to eat. Besides, bread like all things made from flour, tends to obesity, and obesity (ask Dr. Guillotin) is one of the worst enemies of mankind. It destroys strength, by adding to the weight of the mass to be moved, without adding to the moving power; it spoils beauty, by destroying the proportions established by nature; and it destroys health, by bringing with it a dislike to all active occupations, thus predisposing to apoplexy. There are two men known in history for having eaten too much bread, Marius and John Sobieski. Well, they nearly paid for their predilection with their lives. John Sobieski, at the battle of Lowies, surrounded by the Turks, was forced to fly; the poor man was enormous; his breath soon failed him; they held him almost fainting on his horse, while his aides-de-camp, his friends and his soldiers got killed for him; it cost the lives of perhaps two hundred men because John Sobieski ate too much bread. As for Marius, who had also this fault, he was little, and became as broad as he was long; it is true that during his proscription he had become a little thinner, but still he remained so big that he frightened the soldier ordered to kill him. Plutarch says that the barbarian soldier recoiled before his grandeur; undeceive yourselves, gentlemen, it was before his size. Remember that, M. David, if you should paint Marius.”

“But at least, monsieur, his obesity was of some service to him.”

“Not much, for he did not live long after that adventure. When he reached home again, he wished to celebrate his return by a family feast; he committed a small excess of wine, and died. No; I cannot too often repeat—‘Not too much bread, gentlemen.’”

This learned discussion was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of the soup and the first course.

preceded by a herald with a lance; he was followed by the *maître-d'hôtel*, dressed in black; then came a young man in white, and then the cooks carrying the dishes. They wore cotton nightcaps, aprons, knives in their belts, white waistcoats and white stockings, with shoes and buckles. This procession, followed by six footmen, which, with the two already present, raised the number to that of the guests, went three times round the table, and at the third put down their dishes, after which all went out except the eight footmen, each of whom attached himself to a guest.

The soup had been put on a side table, and was served in a second. It was simple but so succulent, and so fine in flavour, that every one referred to his *carte* to see of what substance it was composed.

“*Ma foi!* my dear Grimod,” said Danton, “although you hinted that we should not speak, I must break silence to ask what *osmazôme* is.”

“It is, my dear friend (ask Dr. Guillotin) the greatest service rendered by chemistry to alimentary science.”

“Well, but what is it?” said Talma; “I am like the *bourgeois gentilhomme*, who wished to know what he did when he made prose; I want to know what I eat in eating *osmazôme*.”

“Yes, what is *osmazôme*?” cried all, excepting Guillotin who smiled, and Marat who frowned.

“*Osmazôme*,” replied Grimod, pulling down his sleeves over his hands, which were deformed, and which he always tried to hide, “is that part of the meat which is soluble in cold water, and thus differs from that which is soluble only in boiling water. It is a modern discovery, although so long in existence. It was to preserve this substance, of which the evaporation is so easy, that the Canon Chevrier was inspired with the idea of saucepans which locked.”

“Bravo!” cried all the guests.

“I propose, gentlemen,” said Camille Desmoulins, “that during the whole of dinner nothing but cooking shall be spoken of, in order that our learned professor may give us a complete course of lectures, and that a fine of ten louis, for the benefit of the poor, shall be imposed upon any one who shall speak of anything else.”

“Chenier objects,” said Danton.—“I,” said Chenier.

“He wishes,” said Talma, laughing, “to make an exception in favour of Charles IX.”

“And David in favour of the death of Socrates.”

“Charles IX. will doubtless be an admirable tragedy,” said Grimod, “and the death of Socrates is a magnificent picture; but confess, gentlemen, that to talk of a young king hunting Huguenots, or an old sage drinking hemlock, would be sad subjects for a dinner-table. Nothing sad at table, gentlemen; to ask any one to dinner is to charge oneself with his moral and physical happiness for the time he is under your roof.”

“Well, then, my dear fellow, give us the history of that magnificent turkey which you are cutting up so skilfully.”

Indeed, Grimod de la Regnière, although he had but two fingers on each hand, was a most skilful carver.

“Gentlemen, the history of this turkey must be that of the species. Now, in my opinion, our directors of finance have not sufficiently appreciated the value of the turkey. The turkey, and particularly turkey stuffed with truffles, has become the source of an important income; by its aid, farmers pay their rent more easily, and young girls amass dowries for their weddings. Now, from November to February, I have calculated that 300 turkeys a day are consumed in Paris. The ordinary price is 20 francs and that, for Paris alone, represents 720,000 francs. Let us suppose that the provinces consume only three times as much; that gives us 2,160,000 francs, which united to 720,000 francs, gives us a total of 2,880,000 francs—a pretty little sum of money. Added to this, fowls, pheasants, and partridges, and you will have 6,000,000 francs, about a quarter of the civil list of the king. So, you see, I was right to say they were valuable.”

“And carps,” said Camille, who, a real epicure, took great pleasure in the conversation.

“Oh! carps are a different thing; nature itself raises, fattens, and perfumes them; man only takes them and all his cares are after their death, while those given to the turkey are in his lifetime.”

“Pardon me, monsieur,” said Chenier; “but I see that this carp was brought alive from Strasbourg to Paris. Was it brought by relays of slaves, as the Romans did, when they sent the sirmullet from the port of Ostia, to the kitchen of Lucullus, or in a waggon made for the purpose, when they sent the sterlet from the Volga to St. Petersburg?”

“No, monsieur, this carp that you see, came simply from Strasbourg in the diligence that brings the letters, that is to

say, in about forty hours. It was taken the day before yesterday, in the Rhine, put in a box made to fit, amidst fresh grass, and with a kind of sucking bottle, containing cream, boiled that it might not turn sour, placed in its mouth, so that it sucked all the way along, as you did M. Chenier, as we all did when we were children, and as we may do again, if metempsychosis be true."

"I bow," said Chenier, "to the superiority of the culinary art, over the poetic."

"Then you are wrong, M. Chenier; poetry has its muse, called Melpomene, and cooking also has its muse, called Gasterea; they are both powerful, let us adore both."

The door now re-opened, and with the same ceremonial as before, the second course appeared. All was worthy of the illustrious gastronome, but the pheasant and the spinach above all, had a great success.

Camille wondered how so bad a general as M. de Soubise could have given his name to such a good dish as that before them. "Monsieur," said Grimod, "I am not one of those vulgar eaters, who swallow things without caring about their origin. Now, I have made profound researches as to the name which this general has left to a dish which has immortalized him. M. de Soubise, who was one of the most thoroughly-beaten captains that ever existed, in one of his retreats, took refuge in the house of a German gamekeeper, who had nothing to give him but a pheasant. The pheasant was roasted, suspended by a string, a mode of roasting very superior to that on a spit, then placed on a piece of bread rubbed with an onion and cooked in the dripping. The unlucky general, whose appetite had been taken away by the despair of his defeat, at least so he thought, began to find it again after the first taste of the pheasant, and he found it so good that he devoured pheasant and toast; and then, as he sucked the bones, inquired how this excellent dish had been prepared. The gamekeeper called his wife, and M. de Soubise wrote from her dictation notes, which his aides-de-camp, who came in as he was finishing, believed to be relative to the position of the enemy. The young officers admired the solicitude of their general, who, even at his dinner, thought of the safety of his soldiers. A report was made to the king which contributed to keep M. de Soubise in the favour of Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour. Returned to Versailles, M. de Soubise gave the receipt, as

from himself, to his cook, who, more conscientious than his master, christened the dish by the name of Soubise."

"Really, my dear Grimod, you are clever enough to confound D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, Condorcet, and all the encyclopedias."

"Only," said Chenier, "I should like to know how it is possible that a fowl cooked at the end of a string should be better than one cooked on a spit."

"Oh! monsieur, nothing more easy to understand or explain; if you hang the creature by the legs and baste it either with butter or cream, the interior and exterior both feel the benefit of it; while, if you pierce its body with a spit, the juices of the animal escape through the two openings, while the basting matter glides over the body and does not penetrate. It is therefore evident that a fowl hung by its legs will be more juicy and more pleasant than one pierced with a spit."

Chenier bowed, and at that moment Guillotin cried out, "Oh, my dear Grimod, what spinach!"

Grimod bowed in his turn. "You are a connoisseur, doctor, that is my *chef-d'œuvre*."

"How the devil do you make this ambrosia?"

"A less philanthropic man would say, 'I keep my receipt.' But I, who argue that the man who invents or perfects a dish does more good to mankind than he who discovers a star, will tell you, that to have good spinach, you must cook it on Sunday, put it on the fire again every day of the week with a little fresh butter, pour over it on Saturday the gravy of a woodcock, and then serve it on the Sunday. Ah! doctor, I have a *penchant* for men of your profession."

"Why, doctors often prescribe low diet."

"Yes; but they take good care not to observe it themselves; doctors are generally epicures, though they do not always understand the subject. The day before yesterday I gave a gastronomic lesson to your brother doctor, Corvisart."

"Where was that?"

"At a dinner at Sartine's house. I remarked that as soon as the soup was removed he began to drink iced champagne; thus at first he was gay and sparkling, but when the others began with their sparkling wines he was stupid, silent, and half asleep. 'Ah, doctor,' said I, 'you will never enjoy your dessert.'—'And why not?' said he,

‘Because champagne, on account of the carbonic gas it contains, has two effects: the first, exciting; the second, stupifying.’ Corvisart agreed to the truth of what I said, and promised to correct himself.”

“And literary men!” said Chenier, “are they *gourmands*?”

“Monsieur, they are improving. In Louis XIV’s time they were only drunkards; Voltaire gave the impulse by popularizing coffee, and he would have done more had he not had a bad digestion. Ah, gentlemen, Heaven keep you from a bad digestion! The vulture of Prometheus was but a fable—what really preyed upon the liver of the son of Japet was a bad digestion.”

The meringues were next attacked, and pronounced excellent, although all declared that such dishes were fit only for women and abbés.

The dessert was worthy of the dinner, and when the coffee came, all—even Marat—held out their cups, and delighted in the aroma before they tasted it.

“Gentlemen,” said Grimod, “if you ever have any influence in society, attack that bad habit of rising and going into another room to take coffee. One cannot go on always eating, but one can remain at table, and it is just to drink coffee that you should stay there. Compare a cup of coffee taken standing, under the eye of a servant who waits for you to finish quickly what you should enjoy at your leisure, with the ecstasy of a true amateur, comfortably seated, his two elbows on the table (for I am of opinion that that is allowable at dessert), and inhaling the perfume of the coffee he is about to drink, for in coffee nothing is lost; the steam is for the smell, the liquid for the taste. Dugazon, the man living who has most mastery over his nose, since he has discovered forty-two methods of moving it, loses all command over that organ when he holds a cup of coffee in his hand.”

“*Ma foi!* dear professor,” cried Guillotin enthusiastically. “what would it be then if he tasted yours? This is not coffee, but nectar; it cannot have been ground, it must have been pounded.”

“Ah! doctor, you are worthy of your reputation, and I promise to present you with one of my mortars. Oh! M. de Chenier, what are you doing! I believe you are sweetening yours with powdered sugar.”

“Well, monsieur, sugar in powder, or sugar in lumps, is surely the same.”

“An error, monsieur; have you never discovered the difference between a glass of water with powdered sugar or with lump? It is immense. Waiter, another cup of coffee for M. de Chenier. And now, gentlemen, one little glass of brandy, to carry to its highest degree the exaltation of our palates, and then let us go to the drawing-room.

Danton and Marat went last.

“You have not said a single word during the whole dinner,” said Danton. “Did you find it bad?”

“On the contrary, I found it too good.”

“And that saddened you?”

“It made me reflect.”

“On what?”

“That Grimod de la Regnière has devoured all to himself enough to feed ten families.”

“You see that he is not saddened by it.”

“Yes; God has struck them with blindness. But a day will come when all these vampires must reckon with the people, and then——”

“Then?”

“I believe the invention of our friend Guillotin will be appreciated at its full value. Adieu, M. Danton.”

“What! are you going to leave us?”

“What can I do here, incapable as I am of appreciating the eloquence of your guest.”

“I want you to stay and go with me to the club this evening.”

“What club?”——“The social.”

“And when I have gone there with you, will you come where I shall take you?”——“With pleasure.”

“Then I will stay.”

And they proceeded to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SOCIAL CLUB.

ABOUT an hour afterwards, David having gone home, Camille Desmoulins went to see a young girl called Lucile Duplessis, whom he loved, and afterwards married. Talma and Chenier went to the Comédie Française, to talk of "Charles IX.," which had been interdicted at dinner; and Grimod de la Regnière having gone to the opera as usual to digest his dinner, Danton and Marat went out in their turn, and retracing the way which they had come together in the morning, returned to the Palais Royal.

However animated the Palais Royal might be by day, the night was quite a different thing: then, all the jewellers, sellers of glass, tailors, hairdressers, and milliners, who had seized on the new shops, displayed their wares. At one of its corners was the Théâtre des Variétés, where Bordier attracted all Paris; at another was the 113, the terrible gaming-house.

At the opposite side was the Café de Foy, and in the centre the circus, of which we have already spoken—the resort of mountebanks and of the socialist club, transformed for that night into an American one.

As they went along the streets, Danton and Marat remarked everywhere great signs of that agitation which announces the approach of some crisis. The report of the dismissal of M. de Brienne and the recall of M. Necker had spread, and the population had crowded into the streets and squares. Everywhere might be heard the names of the two rivals,—that of Brienne with the satisfied tone of triumphant hatred, and that of Necker with joy and affection. Great praise was given to the king; for in 1788, every one was still loyal. Marat and Danton passed through these groups without mingling with them; but, on the Pont Neuf, the crowd was so great that carriages had to go at a walk; and as they approached the Palais Royal, it was worse. The place looked like a hive. All the apartments of the Duc d'Orleans were

brilliantly lighted up, and the moving shadows visible through the white curtains, betokened a numerous party. The crowd of people outside, and the never-ceasing coming and going into the Palais Royal itself, made it extremely difficult to pass.

Danton and Marat, however, threaded their way skilfully, and entered the Palais Royal on a different side from that on which they had gone out in the morning. When they reached the end of the double gallery, then called as we have said, the camp of the Tartars, Danton in spite of the visible repugnance of his companion, stopped to look.

Indeed it was a curious sight, not now to be seen, these painted women, covered with feathers and jewels, with dresses almost down to their waists and up to their knees, addressing to every passer by some jest or light speech, sometimes walking together like friends, sometimes quarrelling and assailing each other with words which made every one within hearing shudder at such words proceeding from the mouths of beautiful creatures, who looked like duchesses, only that their jewels were false. Danton looked and lingered, and even when Marat drew him on, turned his head to look again.

When they entered the stone gallery they were assailed by a crowd of men offering for sale those obscene books then so much in vogue. "Monsieur, will you buy 'The Libertine of Quality,' by M. le Comte de Mirabeau? a charming work. Monsieur, will you buy 'Félicia, or my Follies,' with engravings, by M. de Nerciat."

In order to get rid of these sellers of infamous books, for which, it must be confessed, Danton had not the same repugnance as Marat, they went into the garden, and after some little difficulty reached the circus.

Here, as Danton had two cards, they were immediately admitted, and both entered the hall. The *coup d'œil* was dazzling; two thousand wax candles gave light to the aristocratic assembly; flags of America, mingled with those of France, hung over scrolls bearing the names of the victories gained by the united armies; and at the end of the hall three busts crowned with laurel attracted their attention; these were Lafayette, Franklin, and Washington.

Theodore Lamotte was president, and Laelos filled the office of secretary. The galleries were filled with ladies favourable to American independence; there sat Madame

de Genlis, and the Marchioness de Villette, the beautiful and good protégée of Voltaire; Theresa Cabarnis, afterwards Madame Tallien, with her beautiful Spanish eyes shining like stars; Josephine, Marchioness de Beauharnais, that lovely creole to whom it had already been predicted by Mademoiselle Lenormand, the sorceress of the Faubourg St. Germain, that she would one day be Queen or Empress of France, she could not say which; there was Olympe de Gouges (whose mother was a washerwoman, and whose father was said to wear a crown), that singular woman, who could not write, but who dictated to her secretaries plays and romances which she could not read when they were written. Her entrance, which was just at the same time as that of Marat and Danton, was greeted by a storm of applause, for she had just succeeded, after five years' efforts, in getting her play called "The Slavery of the Blacks" performed.

But to enumerate those who sat in the gallery, we should have to name, half the pretty, rich, and noted women in Paris.

Amidst them all, courted by every one, with many a pretty hand held out to him, fluttered the hero of the day, the Marquis de la Fayette. He was then a handsome and elegant man of thirty-one, noble, possessed of an immense fortune, and allied through his wife, the daughter of the Duc d'Agen, to the greatest houses of France. At twenty years of age, urged on by that thirst for liberty which was beginning to spread itself over the world, he left France after he had secretly prepared two ships, filled them with arms and ammunition, and had arrived at Boston, as fifty-six years after, Byron arrived at Missolonghi; but, more lucky than the illustrious poet, he was destined to see the enfranchisement of the people he came to succour. The enthusiasm which greeted him on his return to France was greater than his reception in America. The queen smiled on him, and the king made him a general.

The only person who shared with him the universal enthusiasm, was the Comte d'Estaing, who had gained a victory over Commodore Byron; but as he was an old man, the men *fêted* him, the women la Fayette. Condorcet was there; Brissot, who had just returned from America, wild about freedom, was also there; and Malonet, who, as soon as the tumult caused by the arrival of Olympe de Gouges was a little calmed, mounted the tribune and began to speak. He followed Clavières, who had spoken about slavery, but only in general terms, and had announced that Malonet, who was

better instructed than himself upon the subject, would repeat to them details which would make the whole assembly shudder. When silence was completely restored, "Gentlemen," he began, "I undertake a difficult task, that of describing the misfortunes of a race which seem accursed, although they have done nothing to deserve the malediction. Luckily, the cause that I plead in favour of humanity is that of all feeling minds, and sympathy will aid me if talent fails. Has it ever occurred to you, gentlemen, when after a good dinner you have mingled together those two ingredients so indispensable to each other—sugar and coffee, when carelessly stretched on a soft couch you have imbibed its delicious aroma, that this sugar and coffee, which you enjoy so much, has cost the lives of thousands of men?"

"You guess whom I mean—those unlucky children of Africa, whom all have agreed to sacrifice to the voluptuous caprices of Europeans, whom we treat like beasts of burden, and who yet are our brothers before God and by nature."

A murmur of approbation encouraged the orator. All these elegant, powdered, scented, charming women, covered with lace, feathers, and diamonds, seemed to acknowledge the negroes and negresses of Congo and Senegal for brothers and sisters.

"And now, pitying hearts," continued Malonet, in the sentimental phraseology of the epoch, "remember that what I am about to tell you is no romance got up to amuse your leisure hours, but a true account of the manner in which for the last two centuries your fellow-men have been treated; it is the cry of persecuted and groaning humanity reaching us, and denouncing to all nations of the world the cruelties of which these unlucky beings are the victims; in short, it is the negroes of Africa and America invoking your support, that you may appeal for them to the sovereigns of Europe, and demand justice for the atrocious inhumanities committed in their name. Will you be deaf to their prayer? No! the voice of your men will rise strong and severe, that of your women gentle and supplicating, and kings, God's representatives upon earth, will recognize that it is offending God himself to ill-treat his creatures. Doubtless you know what the slave-trade is; but do you know how it is carried on? When a captain approaches the shores of Africa, he sends word to some of the small princes there that he brings merchandise from England, and wishes to exchange it for two or

three hundred negroes ; then he sends a specimen of his goods, accompanying it by a present of brandy.

“ Brandy !—fire-water, as the unlucky negroes call it—fatal discovery which we got from the Arabs, why art thou become so formidable an arm in the hands of wicked men, that we are forced to curse thee, who hast destroyed more nations than fire-arms.

“ The captain waits, but, alas ! not long ; when darkness comes on, he can see the flames in every village, and in the silence of night can hear the weeping of mothers from whom they drag their children,—of children whose fathers are torn from them, and mingling with these the cries of those who prefer an immediate death to a life of languishing misery, far from their home and their families.

“ The next morning they receive word that the negro-king has been repulsed,—that the unlucky wretches have fought with the fierceness of despair, but that a new attack has been arranged for that evening, and that the merchandise will be delivered the next day. Night comes, and again the cries commence, and the carnage lasts till morning, yet still they are informed that they must wait another day, if they wish for the required number, but that night they should certainly have them ; for not being able to take the promised slaves from his enemies, he has ordered his soldiers to take them from his own dominions.

“ At last, on the third day, 400 chained negroes arrive, followed by their weeping wives, sisters, and daughters, if men only are asked for. They inquire, and learn that in those two nights 4,000 men have perished, in order that 400 may be sold. Do not believe that I exaggerate ; I only repeat what has happened. The captain I speak of was the captain of the *New York*, and the king who sold his own subjects was the King of Barsilly.

“ Oh ! sovereigns of Europe, who sleep quietly in your beds while these murders are being committed in your names, you are ignorant of all this,—are you not ? Let the cries of these unhappy wretches cross the seas and arouse you.”

Now, let us cast our eyes upon that arid shore. See there the unhappy negroes, lying naked and exposed to the investigation of their European purchasers. When the surgeons have examined them and found them healthy and well-built, they approve them, and to prove it, they stamp on their shoulders with a red-hot iron the initials of the ship

and its commander. They are then chained two and two, and led to the hold of the vessel, which for two months is to serve them for a prison, often for a tomb. Frequently, so great is their horror of slavery, some of these poor wretches agree to throw themselves, bound as they are, into the sea, and so perish. However, as they are well watched, the greater number of them reach the vessel in safety. There all are huddled together, with scarcely room to move, without light, except what penetrates through the hatchway, and breathing night and day an air rendered pestiferous by numbers. Disease ensues and carries off a quarter, sometimes a third, during the two months and a half of the voyage.

"Oh! you, whom I address," cried the orator, extending his hands, "whether English, French, Russians, Germans, or Spaniards,—whether fate have placed a crown on your heads or a spade in your hands,—think, that while I speak, all these horrors are being perpetrated in your names. Enlightened Europeans, believe not the fables that these unnatural men coldly circulate to hide their crimes—believe them not when they say that the unlucky negroes are animals deprived of reason and feeling; know, on the contrary, that there is not one of those torn from their country that had not some tender attachment to break,—not a child that does not weep for its parents,—not a wife that does not deplore her husband,—not a man that does not feel despair in his heart at the breaking of these tender ties,—not one of all that does not regard their captors as merciless homicides, who trample under foot every sentiment of nature.

"Cruel and implacable men! could you read their hearts, if their complaints were not silenced by brutality, you would hear a father exclaim, 'You have separated me from a troop of young children, who were supported by my work, and who will now perish of want.' You would hear the mother in despair, torn from her husband and children, and would hear the children wildly calling for their parents, and the young girl for her lover."

Here the orator was interrupted by the applause and tears of the assembly, whose commiseration was wound up to the highest pitch. Danton glanced at Marat, and saw upon his face the expression of strong irony.

Malonet continued: "You have shuddered—you have wept; but hear what remains to be told. Sometimes these unhappy men refuse to eat, in order to terminate their suffer-

ings by a quicker death, and then many of those captains will break with bars of iron the arms and legs of the refractory men, who, by their horrible cries under this treatment, terrify the others, and oblige them to submit from the fear of a similar fate. This punishment is equalled only by that of the wheel; but this has been inflicted only on criminals, while these on board the vessel are innocent of all but misfortune. Nor have I yet finished. I have here an account written and printed by one John Adkins, surgeon on board a vessel laden with negroes from the coast of Guinea:—‘John Harding,’ he says, ‘the commander, perceiving that some of the slaves whispered together, imagined they were conspiring to recover their liberty, and without even waiting to know if his suspicions were correct, he pronounced sentence of death on two, a man and a woman: the man was murdered instantly before the eyes of his companions; his heart, liver, and entrails were then torn out, and as there were three hundred slaves on board, they were divided into three hundred pieces, and each man forced to eat a piece, the captain threatening with the same punishment whoever should refuse this horrible food.’” A murmur of horror ran through the assembly. “Listen yet again,” cried he. “Not satisfied with this, the woman was then tied up by her thumbs to a mast, the rags that covered her were torn off, and she was flogged until the blood streamed from her whole body; they then cut off from her body three hundred pieces of flesh, which were also eaten by the rest; so that her bones were laid bare, and she expired in the most horrible torments.’”

Cries of indignation burst forth. The orator drank off a glass of *eau sucrée*, and resumed:—

“Such are the sufferings of the unlucky negroes during the voyage. Let us now see their condition when they arrive. One quarter at least die on the voyage; then scurvy and fever, attacking them as soon as they land, take off another quarter: this is owing to the change of climate from Africa to America. Now, England alone exports 100,000 blacks, and France about half that number, yearly; therefore, 75,000 blacks are annually murdered, that 75,000 more may reach the colonies. Calculate, then, the immense number of victims sacrificed by these two nations during the two hundred years that the slave-trade has existed; add to this those carried off by other nations, and you will arrive at a total of 30,000,000 creatures murdered through the insatiable cupidity of the whites.

Yet if, when the sea has taken its part, and fever its tribute, some chance of happiness remained for the rest, it would be better; if their sojourn in exile was tolerable, if they found masters who treated them as well as they do their animals; but once arrived and sold, the work exacted from these poor wretches is beyond human strength. From daybreak they begin and work till noon, at noon they are allowed to eat; but at two o'clock, under the burning sun of the equator, they must resume their labour and pursue it until evening, and all this time they are followed, watched, and punished by men with whips which they use at the least sign of flagging. Even then, before being allowed to go to their miserable huts, they are obliged to collect fodder for the flocks, collect wood for their masters and hay for the horses, so that it is often midnight before they reach home. Then there remains barely time to pound and boil a little Indian corn for their food. While it is cooking, they lie down, and often, crushed by fatigue, fall asleep, and are awoke for the next day's work, before they have had time either to satisfy their hunger or to sleep off their fatigue.

"And yet a contemporary writer, known by the number and talent of his works, has tried to prove that the slavery of the blacks, offers a much more happy lot than that of our day-labourers and peasants. At first his arguments appear sound and plausible. A workman gains in France—says he—twenty or twenty-five sous a day. How can he, on this pittance, feed himself, his wife and five or six children, pay rent, buy wood, and clothe his family; they always want for necessaries. A slave on the contrary, is like his master's horse; it is his interest to feed him well, to preserve him in health, and draw from him permanent services; he is therefore better off than the day-labourer, who often wants for bread.

"Alas! this is not true, and I bring the proof of it. Not long ago I entered a *café*, where three or four Americans were seated round a table. They were speaking of the slave-trade, and I listened. This is word for word the calculation I heard made by one of them. 'My negroes,' said he, 'cost me, one with another, about forty guineas; if I feed them well, I get about seven guineas profit, but by striking off from their food about the value of twopence a day, that gives me three pounds more, which makes about ten pounds on each negro—that is, three thousand pounds on my three

hundred negroes. It is true, that on this plan they only last eight or nine years, but that matters little, because, in four years I have been repaid my forty guineas, and everything beyond is pure profit; with that I have enough to buy a young, strong negro, instead of a worn-out one, who is but of little use; therefore, on three hundred slaves the saving is immense.' Thus spoke this human tiger, and I blushed to think that the man who uttered the words was a white, like myself. Oh! ferocious men! why will you be cruel tyrants, when you might be beneficent benefactors? The beings whom you persecute are born of a woman like yourselves, nursed like you, made by the same beneficent Creator. Is it not the same earth that bears them, the same sun which lights them? Is not God their father as well as ours? Have they not a heart, a soul, the same affections and feelings? Because the colour of their skin is not like ours, is that a reason for murdering them, carrying off their wives, stealing their children, chaining them, and making them suffer the most odious cruelties by sea and by land? Read the history of all nations. In no empire, in no century, even the most barbarous, will you find an example of a ferocity so systematic and continued. In a time when philosophy and enlightenment are spreading over Europe, must you still be the terror of the Africans, the persecutors of other human beings? Give to the earth an example of benevolence; free the negroes, break their chains, render their condition bearable, and be sure that you will be better served by free men who will love you, than by slaves who detest you!"

Bravos, cries, and applause burst loudly forth as the speaker descended from the tribune; the men rushed to meet him, and the women waved their handkerchiefs; everywhere resounded enthusiastic cries of "Liberty, liberty!"

Danton turned towards Marat; several times he had been on the point of giving way to his enthusiasm, but something of raillery and disdain in the look of his companion restrained him. He now said, "Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think," said Marat, "that it would require many sittings and orators like this to do much good to humanity."

"The cause that he pleads is a great one," replied Danton.

"Doubtless, but we have a more powerful one still to defend."

“What is it?”——“That of the serfs of France.”

“I understand.”

“You promised to follow me.”——“Yes.”

“Come, then.”

“Where are we going?”

“You have brought me among the aristocrats, who are occupied with the freedom of the blacks.”

“Yes.”

“Well, I will lead you to the democrats, who are busy about the freedom of the whites.”

Danton and Marat then left the room, unobserved.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RIGHTS-OF-MAN CLUB.

After having gone a few steps, Marat and Danton found themselves once more in the Palais Royal, where the crowd had already diminished; for it was late, and if the eloquence of the speaker had made them forget the flight of time, yet it could not stop it. Besides, this time Marat guided Danton, and he went on without a single stop, as though in a hurry to arrive at his destination. They reached the gallery, but after taking a few steps in it, they turned into a narrow passage leading to the right, and were soon out of the Palais Royal.

The Rue de Valois, where they found themselves, was deserted at that time; the proprietors of the houses whose view was spoiled by the new buildings of the Duc d'Orleans had not yet begun to make their profit by building themselves in their own gardens, besides that part of the Palais Royal fronting the street was not yet finished, and in several places was impassable for carriages, and even pedestrians. Marat found himself amidst all the confusion of stones and scaffolding, but went on as though he held in his hand the clue of the labyrinth, and turning from time to time to see if he were followed, conducted Danton to the entrance of a kind of cellar into which you descended by about a dozen steps.

All slept or seemed to sleep in the street, excepting in this place, whence from time to time sounds were audible as though from a subterranean volcano. Danton hesitated for a moment at the mouth of this gulf, into which Marat plunged unhesitatingly; he however followed him down the steps, but stopped upon the last one and looked round him. He saw an immense vaulted hall, formerly, no doubt, belonging to one of those immense houses of which part had already disappeared at that time. It had then become a tavern, and was now used for a club.

This club, still unknown except to its members, and into which you could only enter by certain signs, as to a masonic meeting, was called the "The Rights of Man." The tavern tables were still left in their places, and at that moment the pewter pots, chained to their places, were in request among several drinkers seated on worm-eaten benches, or uncertain chairs, at the bottom of the room, in an atmosphere thick with tobacco-smoke, and with the breath of so many people. Those whose means did not permit them to do honour to the wine of the establishment, and who looked with envious eyes upon those favourites of fortune, whose smaller degree of poverty allowed them to have a few pence to expend in this place, moved about like shadows. Behind was raised upon empty casks an old armchair for the president. A shop counter before it supported two candles, one burning, the other extinct, for the spirit of economy which reigned in the establishment would have regarded it as a piece of blamable luxury if two candles had burned together. There was a wide contrast between this black and smoky vault, and the elegant and refined society, and gilded hall hung with velvet, which Marat and Danton had just left.

For the time the most important person in the cellar seemed to be the master of the establishment; at least, his name was the most frequently heard.

"Jourdan, some wine," cried a colossal drinker with the voice of a stentor, whose shirt was tucked up, and who had that peculiar look and smell of freshness peculiar to butchers."

"I am coming, M. Legendre," said Jourdan, as he brought the required liquid; "but it is the fourth bottle."

"Are you afraid I shall not pay you?" cried the butcher, drawing from the pocket of an apron spotted with blood a handful of sous and smaller coin, among which shone a few crowns and half-crowns.

“ Oh ! it is not that, M. Legendre ; I know you can pay for more than that ; I would not mind exchanging my establishment for your stall in the Rue des Boucheries St. Germain ; but, M. Legendre, I have remarked always that at your fifth or sixth bottle some misfortune is sure to happen to you.”

“ To me ? ”

“ No, I am wrong ; to your neighbours.”

“ Very good,” said Legendre, with a loud laugh ; “ but as this is but the fourth, give it me without fear. Ah ! M. Jourdan, you, who have been a butcher, farrier, smuggler, and soldier, are now in your true sphere. Give us the wine then.”

“ Here, Jourdan ! ” cried another.

“ What do you want, old Herbert ? ” said Jourdan, familiarly. “ Have you any tickets left that may be useful for to-morrow ? ”

“ I have nothing left, not even my place ; for they turned me away from the Variétés, on pretext,—but it is not worth while telling you the reason.”

“ No, I am not curious,” said Jourdan, with a smile.

“ No ; but you are hospitable, particularly when you are paid. I warn you that you will have from to-morrow to feed me and this gentleman at the expense of the public ; ” and Herbert pointed to a man about thirty-six, thin, yellow, but sharp-looking, whose dress offered an odd mixture of rubbishing finery and real poverty.

“ Who is the gentleman ? ” asked Jourdan.

“ The citizen Collot d’Herbois, who plays the first tragedy parts in the provinces, and writes plays besides ; but as just now he can neither get employment, nor get his pieces played, he addresses himself to our club ; and as every man has a right to be fed, he says to the philanthropic society to which we belong ‘ feed me ! ’ ”

“ I must have an order from the president.”

“ Here it is—for two, from to-morrow. Meanwhile, as we are not yet penniless, and can pay this evening, give us something to drink ; ” so saying, he pulled out a dozen crowns, which showed, that if he had been dismissed from his place, he had not left it with empty hands.

Jourdan went for the wine, but was stopped on his way by a person who was leaning against a pillar, and who, although shabbily dressed, looked neat and clean.

“What do you want, M. Maillard?” said Jourdan respectfully; “not wine, I am sure.”

“No, my friend; I wish only to know the name of that man talking to our vice-president.”

“He—oh, wait a minute!”

“You know there are certain conditions for admitting any one here, and I wish to know if they have been fulfilled.”

“Oh! I remember—it is all right; he is an advocate or judge from Clermont. He is threatened with paralysis of the limbs, and has come to Paris to consult the doctors; he is recommended by the patriots of Auvergne, and is called George Couthon.”

“Good! and that other man, who is so ugly, and wears such fine clothes?”

“Which?”

“He who stands on the last step, as though he were too great a man to tread on the same floor with us.”

“I do not know him; but he came with some one we do know—some one who is above suspicion.”

“But with whom?”—“With M. Marat.”

“Well! my wine,” cried Herbert.

The second candle was now lighted, and Fournier, the vice-president, seemed inviting Marat to take the chair, but he refused.

“What has come to Marat, that he refuses to be president,” said some one.

“Doubtless, he wishes to speak.”

“Does he speak well?” said Collot d’Herbois.

“I should think so,” replied Herbert.

“Whom does he speak like?”

“Like!—like himself,”

At this moment the vice-president’s bell rang. Marat led Danton to the first row of the circle round the chair, and the vice-president said,—

“Citizens, the meeting is opened.”

Immediately all voices ceased, and a perfect silence was established.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE.

DANTON, born in the middle class of life, had, like most men in the same position, an ambition which led him to step out of it. With some this feeling attracts high, with others low. Danton inclined to aristocracy. Sensual and epicurean, the future statesman loved fine linen, perfumes, silk, and velvet; and though he had a rough, coarse exterior, he admired that fine white skin, which on the 2nd and 3rd September (days of terrible memory) became in the eyes of his agents a death-warrant.

Now, Danton had just left a place where he had found all he loved; the *éclat* of wax lights, the rustling of silk and velvet, the waving of plumes, and the sparkling diamonds, had breathed an atmosphere of aristocratic perfume; but, suddenly introduced into an assembly of the lowest classes of society, amidst smoky candles, dirty hands, and fœtid breaths, he awaited almost with a shudder what was to follow.

Bordier, the secretary, now rose and read aloud some of their provincial correspondence. The first fact brought before the club was this:—

“Giles Leborgue, labourer at Machecord, near Nantes, having killed a rabbit which eat his cabbages, was, by order of the owner of Machecord, tied to a post and flogged.” The details followed and bore sufficient evidence of the cruelty at that time exercised by the privileged classes towards their inferiors.

“Pierre, day-labourer at Pont St. Mesmin, having refused to work in a wet ditch, had been shut up in a hot oven, and died there from suffocation.

“Barnabé Sampson, of Pithiviers, having a wife and six children, had for himself and family during the last three months, nothing to eat but grass and leaves of trees. He was so weak that he had scarcely been able to sign his name to this declaration of his misery.”

At each fact brought forward, Marat seized Danton's hand, and murmured, "What do you say to that?"

And Danton, the voluptuary, felt something like remorse penetrate his heart, as he thought of all the pearls and diamonds he had just seen, of the men sighing, and the women shedding tears over the misery of the Africans, who suffered 2,500 leagues from France, while in France itself existed miseries not less great, griefs far more terrible.

The list was continued, and at each new fact eyes flashed more wildly. The *cause* came home to every man, and for which each was willing to struggle and suffer. Each man drew his breath more quickly, and seemed scarcely able to restrain himself until the secretary had finished, when all rushed together towards the chair of the president, each anxious to add his word not to extinguish, but to contribute to the general excitement.

Marat, without stirring, extended his hand.

"Citizen Marat wishes to speak," said the president;—"room for citizen Marat!"

"Yes, yes; Marat! Marat!" cried two hundred voices.

Marat advanced through the living pathway opened for him. He slowly mounted the four steps leading to the chair, and passing his black and dirty hand through his long hair, threw it back so as thoroughly to display the ugliness of his features.

"All who are here," said he, "have heard the groans of a whole people lamenting, who cry upon you, who have no hope but in you. Well, then, say in whom do *you* hope—to whom will you address yourselves? We know those we have to fear, tell me in whom must *we* hope?"

"La Fayette—Necker," cried several voices.

"La Fayette! Necker! Is it in those two men you place your hopes?"—"Yes, yes, yes."

"In one as general, in the other as minister?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Thus, an aristocrat and a seller of money, are your heroes, your gods. Do you know what La Fayette is? I will tell you, and afterwards I will tell you about Necker."

"Speak, Marat," cried a hundred voices in one breath.

A smile of bitter hatred passed over the face of the speaker.

"I will begin, then, with La Fayette," said he; "it will not take long; for, luckily for us, he is but commencing his career, and I have not much to say of him; but enough, I

think, to create defiance in your hearts ; for I will show him to you in his true light. Your hero was born at Chavagne, in Auvergne. If the cabalistic signs which accompanied the birth of the infamous Octavius, whom his flatterers called Augustus, did not appear at the birth of the Marquis de la Fayette, at least I can truly affirm that ambition and foolish vanity shed their malign influence over it.

“ His mother called him her Rousseau. Why ? Was it because he was to rival the glory of the immortal author of ‘Emile,’ or simply because nature had endowed this young head with golden hair ? This the future must decide ; as for me, I incline to the latter explanation, seeing that your hero has done nothing as yet to merit the first.

“ However, he was the beloved son, the cherished heir, and came out of the hands of the women as ignorant, spoiled, and wilful, as though he had been the dauphin of France himself. Then, to whom did they confide the care of developing this charming character ? Who was the intelligent, wise, and virtuous preceptor placed near him ? You all know that he was a Jesuit, taken in by charity, who drank like the Vicomte de Mirabeau, swore like a trooper, and was as great a libertine as a prince of the blood royal. Such was the Mentor of the young marquis, the future Rousseau, your La Fayette. In the hands of this man, who would have perverted even a good nature, he remained until he entered the college of Plessis.

“ There, his master was another Jesuit, who, by constant intrigue and baseness, had acquired the right of wearing a rector’s cap and calling the king ‘my cousin.’ Blondin de la Fayette, at the age of eighteen, wrote a discourse called ‘The Address of a General to his Soldiers,’ for which he received the laureate’s crown. Every one praised the young man who had, they said, written an address worthy of Hannibal or Scipio, and the women—always frivolous and weak—overwhelmed him with flattery, feeding his self-love, and bewildering his reason, each wishing the handsome ‘Blondin de la Fayette’ to throw his handkerchief to her.

“ He now appeared at the court of France,—in that poisoned atmosphere, whence shame, modesty, decency, frankness, and sincerity are banished. There he became daily more imprudent, dandyish, and false. There he contracted the habit which he still preserves, of having always a smile on his lips,

affability in his looks, and treason in his heart. Luckily, none but fools are now duped by this smile and this affability—the mask is gradually being torn off. Oh! why can I not unveil entirely to you the reality of this pretended hero, whom a blind nation places at the head of good patriots, and to whom they are willing to confide the most extensive powers?

“But you will say, ‘You show us only the hero of the court and the ball-room, not the companion in arms of Washington, the friend of Franklin.’ Why, did you not all see just now, as I did, this hero of the New World returned to his old sphere, picking up the handkerchief of Madame de Montesson, offering his salts to Madame de Beauharnais, passing his sword-knot round the neck of Madame de Genlis’ dog, clapping his hands at a speech of M. de Malonet, or wiping away a tear at the account of the misfortunes of the poor negroes? You would then have esteemed at his true value this general of the antechamber, have known what to expect from this fine aristocrat.

“If La Fayette be truly what they say, why is he there, and not here? Why is he among them, instead of us? If he has tears to shed, let them fall for the woes of Frenchmen; if he love the people, let him come amongst them; and then I, who now attack him, I who show him to you, not as you imagine him, but as he is, will open the door to him, and say—Welcome.”

Some feeble applause followed; it was evident that he had attacked one of the most popular of opinions, and that his ridicule had done little to injure him whom it was meant to wound.

“As for Necker,” returned Marat, “poor people! how they blind you; will you now hear about him? Firstly, then, I have never seen M. Necker,—I know him only by his renown, by his writings and his deeds.

“Twelve years ago, M. Necker was known only as a banker; but his riches, which made him of importance, were in my eyes only a cause for contempt, for I knew their source. It was this. Necker was born at Geneva, like Rousseau; he left it, not like him, to devote himself to the good of his fellow-creatures, but to make his fortune; and in that hope he entered as a clerk into Thelusson’s bank. By assiduity and cringing, he became cashier. He then began at once to speculate on his own account with the money.

“There was in the house a book-keeper called Dadret, who

for his long services was about to be taken into partnership. Necker supplanted him, by putting in 800,000 francs. How did he procure this sum, he who had nothing? I will tell you. An Englishman had placed this sum of money in the bank, and M. Necker had put off entering it until the next day; the Englishman died in the night, no one claimed the money, and Necker appropriated it.

“His admirers say that he was five years in office, and in war time, without laying on any taxes; but it is only a play upon words, for the interest of all the money that he borrowed were real taxes on the people.

“When Madame Jules de Polignac had a child, the queen gave her a present of 80,000 francs, and the king of 100,000. They wished to add to it the duchy of Mayenne, which was worth 100,000 francs, for 180,000 was a poor present for a king; but the upright M. Necker opposed it. It is true that, some time after, he reflected that M. Turgot had fallen, from such a refusal; and as he cared much for his place, from which the favourite was trying to dislodge him, he persuaded the queen to give Madame Jules three millions in money instead of the duchy. M. Necker was a good courtier, as you see, and Madame de Polignac lost nothing by waiting.

“Count then no more on Necker than on La Fayette; for it would be treating the nation like a feather thrown to the winds—it would be relying upon frivolity, treason, and cupidity.”

Marat paused for an instant. This time he had succeeded better; not that the Protestant banker was less popular than the aristocratic general, but that a moneyed man is more easy to attack than a man of the sword; for it is difficult to count money all day and have no dross left sticking to your fingers. Thus the applause was far greater than after his attack upon La Fayette.

As for Danton, he looked with a species of terror at this man, who, obscure and unknown, attacked thus these two idols of the day, and that idol of all times, the monarchy. And how did he attack? With truth and falsehood, with calumny and scandal. What did he care? There were combined in him the bite of the dog and the venom of the serpent. And well he understood to whom he was speaking. He let his words drop upon that thirsty, suffering, complaining multitude; he fostered that hatred, which, deep in the heart of each, needed little to make it bear its venomous

blossom and poisoned fruits. He felt now that people were disposed to listen to him, and prepared, after these two half-victories, an incontestable triumph. Therefore, extending his hands, he continued, "And now listen to what remains for me to say. If two men had killed your mother by the longest, most cruel and most painful death, would you pardon them?—No! You would not create them your guardians, your saviours, your idols. Well, these two men are the representatives of the two races that have destroyed our common mother, the earth on which we are born, which nourishes us with its substance, which receives us after our death; but which we, unnatural children, forget, when she in her turn cries for help.

"Oh! it is long since I began to listen to that mournful song, which recounts the exhaustion of France. 'We do not progress,' said Colbert in 1681, and died. Fifteen years after, we are told by those who have done the mischief, that certain places have lost a quarter of their inhabitants; others a third, some a half. This was in 1698. Nine years after they regretted 1698. 'Then,' said a venerable magistrate, called Bois-Guilbert, 'there was still oil in the lamp; now all is extinguished. Now listen to Fénelon, the Archbishop of Cambray, who is not more reassuring than the Norman magistrate. 'The people no longer live like men,' says he; 'it is no longer possible to count on their patience; the old machine will break with the first shock.' Eighty years have passed since the author of 'Telemachus' wrote thus; and the old machine lasts still, for the people grease the springs.

"What joy broke out in France when Louis XIV died. One would have thought that this man alone starved the country. Who succeeded him? Hurrah! it was the good Duke of Orleans. He loved the people—so they thought at least; but he loved England more, and he gave up to her our commerce, our honour, our state secrets; then he died, leaving us a debt of 750,000,000 of francs. 'If I were the people,' said he, 'I would revolt.' When told that they had, 'They are right,' he replied: 'they were very good to suffer so long.'

"Then came Fleury, who was as economical as the prince was spendthrift. France would now recover; but, in 1759, Louis d'Orleans showed at the council-table the bread made of fern which the people eat. It is true that, twenty years after, Foulon, who has just married his daughter to Berthier and given her a dowry of two millions, said that this bread

was too good for the people, and that he would make them eat grass.

“ In 1742, Madame de Chatonneux, the king’s mistress, said, ‘ There will be a grand outbreak if we can find no remedy.’

“ Yes, madame, and every one wonders that it is so long delayed; that the people whom they starve, of whom they drink the blood and dry the bones,—that the people half-famishing can bear so long with you and those like you.

“ Oh! terrible history of hunger, too much forgotten by historians. What pen of bronze shall write your annals! Poor people, think of this, ‘ the earth produces less and less.’ But, why does she do so, this admirable mother, fertile during 6,000 years? I will tell you.

“ It is because the peasant, having no more furniture to seize, they seize his cattle; and, these taken away, there is no more manure. The earth never regains its strength; the nurse dies of hunger, and expires, like the cattle she fed.

“ Now, as the nobles and tax-gatherers, that is to say, those exempt from taxation and those who levy it, increase every day, the taxes weigh every day more heavily on the people. Now, listen attentively; as food becomes scarcer, as bread from its high price escapes more and more from your weakened fingers, it becomes the object of still more productive traffic; and the profits are so clear, that even Louis XV. wished to share in them, and became a flour-merchant. It is strange, is it not, that a king should speculate on the life of his subjects, should traffic in famine? People were hungry under Louis XIV., but under Louis XV. and under Louis XVI., four generations have followed each other, of whom not one has had enough. Famine has become naturalized in France; its father is taxation, its mother speculation,—a monstrous alliance, which nevertheless brings forth fruits—produces children, a cruel race of bankers, stewards, ministers, and financiers. You know them, poor people; and this race your king has ennobled and glorified: they ride in their carriages to Versailles to sign the treaty of famine. Ah! poor people, instead of bread you have philosophers and economists, Turgots and Neckers; poets who translate the Georgics, write the seasons, speak of agriculture, write on agriculture, and give lectures on agriculture. You meanwhile, since the law has seized your cattle, harness to the plough yourselves, your wives, your children. Luckily, the

law will not yet allow them to seize the plough; but that will come. Oh, poor people!

“Well, when that day comes, as come it will; when the wife shall beg her husband for a mouthful of bread, while he looks wildly at her without replying; when the mother shall have only tears with which to answer to her infant’s cries of hunger, because her milk is dried up from want of food; when, in your despair, you will be forced to turn to the vilest and most disgusting food for subsistence, lucky if your brother does not tear it from you to feed himself; then, poor people, you will be disabused once for all; you will tire of your La Fayette and Neckers, and will turn to me, your true, your only friend; since I alone shall have warned you of the horrors and calamities reserved for you.”

This termination was received with the wildest applause, and Marat was literally carried from his chair. But just as all arms were extended towards him, when all hands that could not touch him were clapped in his honour, and every voice uttered shouts of applause, a knocking was heard at the door.

“Silence!” cried the master of the establishment; and instant silence reigned. They could now distinctly hear on the pavement outside the sound of arms, and then a second and more violent knocking.

“Open,” said a voice; “it is I, Dubois, the head of the watch, who wishes to know what is passing here. Open in the king’s name.”

In an instant all lights were blown out, and they were plunged into total darkness.

Danton stood for a moment uncertain, when he felt himself seized by a vigorous hand. It was Marat’s.

“Come,” said he, “we must not be taken here; the future has need of us.”

“Come,” replied Danton; “it is easy to say come; but I cannot see.”

“I can; I have lived so long in the dark, that it is light to me.”

And he drew Danton along as quickly and unhesitatingly as though they had been in broad daylight. They stepped over the threshold of a little door, and then went up a winding staircase, of which they had reached about the middle when they heard the door give way before the blows of the watch, and then a frightful tumult showed that they had penetrated into the cellar.

Marat opened a door, and they found themselves in the Rue des Bon Enfants, which was deserted and quiet; he closed the door behind him and locked it.

"Now," said he, "that you have seen both clubs, one occupied with the blacks, the other with the whites, which do you think most occupied with the true interests of humanity?"

"M. Marat," said Danton, "do me the justice to acknowledge that I recognized your merit at once; but now that we understand each other, we should know each other better."

"Yes, I know you, but you do not know me; come to-morrow morning and breakfast with me."

"Where?"

"At the stables of M. d'Artois. Ask for Doctor Marat; but I warn you that you will not breakfast in the style that I dined with you."

"Never mind; I shall come for you, and not for your breakfast."

"If that be true, I am satisfied."

"Till to-morrow, then," said Danton; and after an instant's pause, he added, "You must have suffered much."

Marat laughed bitterly. "You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Come, you are a greater philosopher than I thought."

"Then I am right."

"I will tell you to-morrow."

They separated. Marat returned to the Palais Royal, and Danton went towards the Pont Neuf. That night Danton slept badly; like Schiller's fisherman, he had plunged into a gulf, and found there unknown monsters.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COMTE D'ARTOIS' STABLES.

HAVING described where Danton lived, we have now to do the same for Marat.

At the end of the street Neuve de Berry, and of the Faubourg du Roule, stood the stables of the Comte d'Artois, a vast building, which our readers must permit us to describe, that they may better understand our story.

The prince was then about thirty-one, that is to say, in the full vigour of his age, in all the ardour of youth, in love with pleasure and luxury, but anxious to hide this as much as possible from the eyes of the Parisians, already ill disposed towards him, through the wily conduct of the Comte de Provence, who seized upon every occasion of appropriating all the popularity of the family. The Comte d'Artois, therefore, desired his architect to find for him a place wherein to spend and to gain money—a ruin and a speculation.

The architect fixed upon a Roman amphitheatre, named the Coliseum, on which all the richness of marble, bronze, and gold had been lavished in vain. In vain, also, had been promised *fêtes* worthy of Cæsar; hanging gardens, which should shame those of Semiramis; concerts to outshine those of Nero; and lotteries, from which every one should draw a prize. Nothing could attract the Parisians, wedded to their old gardens and old streets,—in sight of their old river. The Coliseum was a grand name, and one would have thought that it would have been attractive, with its sixteen acres of ground, its orchestras, and its fountains. The projectors had undertaken to spend seven hundred thousand francs upon it, and to open it on the day of the marriage of Louis XVI. with that poor princess, so adored as dauphine, and detested as queen. But, as if everything promised in the name of Louis XVI. must necessarily fail, the building was not finished at the time of the marriage; the seven hundred thousand francs swelled into nearly three millions of francs, which produced a slight deficit; still the Coliseum was not completed. It was opened, however, at

last; but it was a failure. The public never cared for it; and eventually the architect of M. le Comte d'Artois bought the whole, demolished the buildings, and adding the ground to the old nursery-garden of the king, destined a part to the construction of some new houses, and the rest for the stables of the Comte d'Artois. The stables were large and commodious, and contained accommodation for three hundred horses and four hundred people; and all the people belonging to the prince's household, with their wives, children, and dogs, lived there.

Marat, the surgeon of this community, had his own rooms, and a salary of twelve hundred francs.

At ten o'clock on the 26th of August, Danton appeared, according to his promise; and entering the massive doorway of the stables, asked for Doctor Marat.

"First vestibule, staircase B, corridor D," replied a porter, who vainly tried to cross over an enormous stomach two little hands placed at the end of two short arms.

Danton crossed the large court, where some huntsmen, already dressed in their long boots, were walking about. Through the open windows could be heard the breathing of the horses and the neighing of the stallions, as they ate their morning meal. With this noise mingled the rattling of halters and the sound of the active brushes on the shining harness; while pure water ran in streams from the large ponds where the horses had been drinking. Danton observed all, and vainly tried to stifle his admiration by his newly-awakened philanthropic ideas. As we said before, his tastes were luxurious, and we should not venture to assert that there was not in his mind, more of envy of the rich prince than of sympathy for the poor.

At last he reached the staircase B, mounted two steps at a time, and entering the corridor D, knocked at door No. 12. He listened attentively for a time; but receiving no answer, and hearing no sound, turned the key, and found himself in another corridor. A smell of cooking guided him to the kitchen, where he found a woman seated before the fire washing radishes and watching the cooking of two cutlets. Some milk was boiling in an old cracked saucepan, and some coffee in an earthen coffee-pot; while three pieces of bread were placed before the fire to toast. Danton had no need of long observation to take in at a glance the whole breakfast arranged for him by his new friend.

The epicurean smiled, and thought that there was in Marat the philosopher, a mixture of pride and of avarice, and felt somewhat disposed to tell him that a little less vanity and a few more chops, would have been more pleasing to a stomach disposed to hunger by a morning walk. But it was not exactly for breakfast that Danton had come so far; he therefore inquired of the cook his way to Marat's room. She raised her head, and replied, disdainfully, that he was at work; but, as at the same time she pointed to the door of his room, Danton opened it and went in.

Marat, a yellow handkerchief with white spots on it wrapped round his head, his arms bare to the elbow, and twisted like the withered limb of the duke of Gloucester, was writing at a little table, with several books open before him, and manuscripts on the floor around him.

Everywhere was visible industrious poverty: a penknife mended with string, a broken inkstand, worn-down pens, showing long use—everything was like Marat himself. He had placed his table far from the window, in a corner of the room; he would not be distracted, or even rejoiced, by the sun; he did not wish to see the grass growing up through the stones; and he did not desire that the little birds resting on his window-sill should sing to him of God.

Water appeared almost unknown, except for quenching thirst: he was one of those cynical poets who woo the muse with dirty hands.

At the sound of Danton's sonorous cough, he turned, and recognizing his expected guest, made with his left hand a sign, which asked leave to finish the sentence on which he was engaged. But this sentence was not quickly finished, and Danton remarked it.

"How slowly you write," said he; "it is strange in a man so alert as you are. I should have thought you all impatience and quickness. Now I see you write letter by letter, as if you were busy writing a model of caligraphy for a school."

But Marat, without appearing disconcerted, finished his line; then laying down his pen, he held out both his hands to Danton, and said, with a kind of smile, "Yes, it is true, I write slowly to-day."

"How to-day?"

"Pray sit down."

But instead of taking the offered chair, Danton drew nearer to the table, and glancing over it, "Why to-day?"

repeated he. "Have you days of movement and days of indolence, like the boa-constrictor?"

Marat, not at all annoyed at the comparison, replied, "Yes, I understand that my words need explanation. I have different modes of writing. When I write what I was writing to-day, my pen is slow: it loves to linger over the commas and full stops, the colons and semicolons, to paint to the eyes the sensations of the heart."

"What the devil are you talking about?" cried Danton, astonished at this language; "is it M. Marat in flesh and blood who speaks to me, or is it the shade of Voltaire or of Mademoiselle de Scudery?"

"Fellow-labourers."—"Yes, but not models."

"As for models, I know of but one,—the pupil of nature—the illustrious, sublime, immortal author of 'Julie.'

"Jean Jacques?"

"Yes, Jean Jacques. He also wrote slowly; he also gave to his thoughts the time to descend into his brain, to remain in his heart, and thence spread over his paper."

"But is it then a romance that you are writing?"

"Just so," said Marat, throwing himself back in his straw arm-chair, "a romance;" and his brow contracted, as with a painful remembrance.

"Perhaps a history," added he.

"An historical romance, a social one, or——"

"A love-tale," said Marat.—"Yes, why not?"

At this why not, the giant could no longer keep serious; he cast a half insolent glance on the dirty and deformed pigmy before him, and then burst into a loud laugh.

But, strange to say, Marat did not appear angry at this rather rude laugh; on the contrary, his eye fell once more on his manuscript, with a dreamy, softened look, reading to himself. When he turned again, Danton was laughing no longer.

"Pardon my laughter," said he; "but, you see, I found a romance-writer, and a sentimental one, it seems, where I looked for a *savant*; I looked for a physician, a chemist, an experimentalist; I find an Amadis."

Marat smiled, but did not reply.

"I had heard of some of your books," continued Danton. "Guillotins, though he thinks you wrong, speaks highly of them, even with their errors; but those are scientific works, books of philosophy, and not imagination."

“Alas!” said Marat, “often with the writer, imagination is but memory, and he who seems to compose, simply relates.”

Danton was about to question farther, but Marat rose quickly from his chair, and adjusting his dress a little, said, “Now, let us breakfast.”

And he passed into the corridor to tell the cook they were ready. Danton, left alone, glanced quickly at the manuscript; it was headed, “Adventures of the young Count Potosky;” the hero was called Gustave and the heroine Lucille. Then, fearing to be surprised, he began to look round the room. A frightful red-and-grey paper, curtains of printed calico, two blue glass vases on the chimney-piece, and an old leather trunk, completed its furniture. Neither spring nor summer sun could render this room gay or lively; one would have said that it refused to enter, certain of finding no plant to open, no bright surface on which to sparkle.

As Danton finished his inventory, Marat returned. He carried one end of a table all ready laid, while the cook held the other. They placed this table in the middle of the room; the cook pushed the arm-chair forward for Marat, and left without troubling herself about the visitor. Danton hoped that his host would offer no apologies, but he was mistaken.

“You see,” said Marat, “that I do not spend 2,400 francs on my breakfast.”

“Bah!” replied Danton; “if your editors gave you one hundred louis for a romance, and you could write one as quickly as I can get through a consultation, you would add another outlet to your bill of fare.”

Marat passed him the dish.

“You say that because you see there are but two, and you think that little. Do you generally eat more than two?”

“But you?”

“I never eat meat in the morning,—I could not work.”

“Not at romances?” replied Danton, treating lightly this class of literature, which appeared so serious to Marat.

“Not at romances,” replied Marat. “Had I to write a political article, I should not mind, and would willingly eat meat to excite me; but a romance is quite a different thing,—that is written, not from the head, but from the heart, and one should not eat much.”

“Ah! you are a Paladin of the pen, my dear fellow,” and he passed over the dish again.

“No, keep the two outlets.”

“Thank you,” replied Danton, “but one will suffice.” He felt no more tempted by the look of the breakfast than by that of the room or the table.

Plates of cracked earthenware, spoons which cut, and forks without points; great napkins of coarse cloth, grey salt in a saucer, thick wine sent from the nearest public-house, formed an *ensemble* not tempting to the friend of M. de la Regnière.

Therefore, Danton ate sparingly, like the city rat, and continued the conversation while Marat drank his coffee.

“Then they give you lodging here?” said he.

“Yes, I belong to the prince’s household.”

“*Aurea mediocritas*,” said Danton.

Marat smiled his singular smile.

“It is a port after the storm,” said he; “and all seems good to the sailor after a shipwreck.”

“Really, my dear Marat, you are like a Trappist to-day. One would say that you were troubled with regret or remorse. Indeed, when I see you writing romances, eating nothing, avoiding the sunshine,—

“Remorse!” cried Marat, interrupting him; “I, who have the soul of a lamb. No, luckily, I have no remorse.”

“Regrets then?”

“Ah, regrets! Yes, that is possible; every man may have regrets, and no man of strong mind fears to acknowledge them.”

Danton leaned his arms on the table, and said, “I return to what I said just now; the savant is not a savant, the philosopher is not a philosopher, the political man is swallowed up in the lover.”

And so saying, Danton, the giant, who seemed as though he could devour at a mouthful, with his large teeth, the little being before him, and whom the idea of Marat in love seemed to please immensely, laughed again loudly. However, Marat would not let this continue.

“And why not?” repeated he, and he struck his fist upon the table with a strength almost equal to that of Danton’s; for anger gives force. “In love—yes I have been, who knows; perhaps I am still so. Ah! laugh on; one would think, my dear Colossus, that God had given the monopoly of the human race to giants. Have we not the elephant and the worm, the eagle and the humming-bird, the oak and the hyssop? I saw somewhere in the Fables of *Æsop* or *La Fontaine*, about the loves of ants; and if we

invented a good microscope, we might discover the loves of animalculæ. Excuse, then, the atom Marat for having been in love."

As he spoke, Marat became livid, except where the blood mounted to his prominent cheekbones, while excitement lighted fires, and Marat even looked almost handsome at the memory of his love, or at least sublime in ugliness.

"Oh! stop," cried Danton, "do not defend yourself before you are attacked. I do not contest your power of being in love."

"No, only my right," replied Marat, in a melancholy tone. "Ah! I understand you, Danton; you look at me and say, 'He is little,—he is shrivelled,—he has red eyes,—he is bony and twisted, and these bones show where they should not; his hair is thin, his nose not straight, his teeth few and broken. How should such a one love or be loved,—what is there in him to awaken it? Confess, that you thought this, if not in so many words, yet enough to make you laugh when you heard me speak of love.'"

"But, my dear Marat——"

"Oh! do not excuse yourself; I agree with you; I have drawn a portrait of myself without self-love, I hope."

"Oh, too bad, entirely."

"No dissembling. My glass is small, but it suffices to reflect my face; and that face I know, is of a creature little fitted for love. But you may say, because one is ugly, that is no reason that one should not love; the heart may be beautiful. But I still say, he alone has the right to inspire love who came into the world handsome, strong, and perfect. Passion sits badly on a crooked form; I say this, and yet I say, I have loved and had the right to love."

Danton leaned towards Marat, as though to examine him more attentively.

"Yes, seek well," said Marat; sadly, "seek well under the skeleton, search for an Apollo among these contracted nerves and muscles. Well, you will not find it; beauty may have been there once; not long, it is true. This dull eye was once lively and pure; this brow once open; this hair fell in curls; this crooked, withered body once straight, white, and firm. Yes, it is incredible; I know it to be true. I had well-formed limbs, good feet, and slender hands; I have been handsome, and I had mind and heart. Was that enough to authorize my being in love?"

Danton made a gesture of astonishment.

"It is as I have told you," replied Marat, whose philosophy, great as it was, was not proof against this impertinent surprise.

"But did anything happen to you similar to what happened to poor Scarron,—to fall, covered with feathers, into a river, and to come out twisted with rheumatism?"

"Yes, only more lucky than Scarron, I preserved my legs. It is true they are twisted; but such as they are, they are useful."

"Come, Marat, cease this irony, and explain this metamorphosis."

"Ah, I should have to tell you much; how gentle, frank and good I was——"

"Really!"

"How I loved all that glitters; soldiers and heroes, poets and orators; how I loved women and aristocrats—perfumed dandies——"

"And how you now hate all you then loved."

"And if I tell you, of what use will it be?"

"To show me that the words you have already spoken, are not empty sounds."

Marat rose from the table and took up his manuscript. "Do you know," said he, "what you ought to do next?"

"Not to read that enormous manuscript," said Danton, frightened.

"*Parbleu!* you would be the gainer."

"*Diable!* a Polish romance!"

"Who told you that?"

"I read the title. 'The young Potosky;' does that happen to be you?"

"Perhaps."

"And she whom you loved, is she called Lucile?"

"It may be."

"They are letters, like the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' said Danton, still more alarmed.

Marat coloured. "Many original writers have adopted that form," said he. "I am not accusing you, my dear romancer; but I find that volume rather too large for reading at present. I much wish to hear your adventures. Have you travelled?"——"Yes."

"In London and in Edinburgh, I know. It was in England you published your first book."

“Yes, in England, and even in English. It was ‘The Chains of Slavery.’”

“You have also been in the north?”

“Yes, in Poland.”

“Well, then, keep me waiting no longer. I said to you yesterday after your speech, ‘You must have suffered much;’ in reply you pressed my hand, and said, ‘Come and breakfast with me to-morrow.’ I came to listen to what you tacitly promised to relate. Well, now I am here, tell me about the young man; as for the present one, all France will soon know him.”

Marat thanked Danton by a gesture for this speech, which to his vanity did not seem too flattering; then passing his hand through his rebellious hair, and drinking off the remains of the cold milk, he prepared to begin. Danton chose a place by the window, so as not to lose sight of the narrator’s face; but Marat, as though penetrating this design, drew the curtains, and left the room in a kind of half-light.”

CHAPTER X.

MARAT’S EARLY DAYS.

MARAT, after an instant’s silence, raised his head and began.

“I was born at Neufchatel, and was ten years of age when my glorious countryman, Rousseau, gave to the world his ‘Discourse upon Inequality.’ I was twenty years old when, exiled and proscribed, he returned to his native place to seek an asylum. My mother, fanatically fond of philosophers, had brought me up in exclusive admiration of this great man, and devoted all her energies to make me like him. In all this she was admirably seconded by my father, a worthy minister, and a learned and studious man, who early crammed me with all the science of which he was master. Thus, at five years old I wished to be a schoolmaster, at fifteen a professor, at eighteen an author, and at twenty a genius.

“Like Rousseau and most of our young men, I quitted home young, carrying in my head a considerable store of

learning, although it was somewhat confused ; a great knowledge of herbs, acquired in the mountains. To this I added sobriety, disinterestedness, much ardour, and a power of endurance greater than I have ever seen in any other man. I began in Germany and Poland."

"And why did you go to Germany?"

"To seek adventures and a living."

"Did you find it?"

"A very poor one, I confess."

"Yes, literature pays badly, does it not?"

"If I had confined myself to literature, I should not have lived at all ; but I had also at my service French and English, which I speak like a native."

"Yes, I remember you told me you gave lessons in Edinburgh. However, I will not interrupt you again, but content myself with listening."

"Well, then, I gave lessons, which brought me in little ; I practised as a doctor, which brought in less. I resolved, therefore, to leave Germany and go on to Poland. I was then twenty-six, had a few thalers in my purse, much hope in my heart, and excellent letters of recommendation. King Stanislas was upon the throne ; he was and is a learned and clever man, I should say, for he lives still, and philosophy, science, and the muses aid him doubtless to support the humiliations inflicted on him by Russia, Prussia, and Austria."

"I think," said Danton, "if you permit me to interrupt you once more, that the good monarch is wise to cultivate these consolations ; for I much doubt if he will die upon the throne that Catherine gave him, and which she is now taking back bit by bit."

"You are right ; but at the time of which I speak, although rumours were spreading about the division of his kingdom, he reigned peaceably. He loved science, the arts, and literature. He spent his money nobly. I, obscure as I was, emigrated then to the north, proud of my myself, my science, my fresh round cheeks and robust health. You look at me, Danton, and wonder where all that has gone ; but you will know before my story is over. In my juvenile confidence I said to myself that Stanislas Poniatowski having gained a throne by his good looks, I might, with my moral and physical advantages, realize an income of twelve hundred francs a year in some place near King Stanislas. Such was my ambition ; and possessed of this, I would return to France

to study political economy. I might become a great doctor if routine and prejudice continued, or a great minister if philosophy succeeded in emancipating mankind."

"Well reasoned; but everything must have a commencement. What was yours?"

"Why when I was hungry, which happened sometimes, I gave lessons."—"Lessons in what!"

"In everything, *ma foi!* I am nearly universal. I have, at the present time, composed, written, and printed about twenty volumes of chemical discoveries, and I believe I have exhausted every combination of the human brain upon morality, philosophy, and politics."

"The devil you have!"

"Certainly," said Marat, in a tone which admitted of no reply. "I gave lessons in everything in Latin, French, English, chemistry, medicine, and botany. The language did not hinder me, for in Poland every one speaks Latin, and I was as good a Latin scholar as Cicero."

"Did you find many pupils in the warlike country of the Jagellons?"

"I was recommended to the officers of the king, and one of them, called Obinsky, the owner of six villages, and to whom I had a pressing letter, was at Warsaw when I arrived. I hastened to present my letter to him. The Poles are affable and hospitable, and look upon the French as brothers. The prince read the letter, examined me attentively, and then bowed his head politely. He was a tall and largely-built man, with grey hair, a fair skin, piercing eyes, and loud voice, and I, who was but five feet (for I was then only an inch taller than I am now), felt somewhat in awe of him. I told you I was simple-minded, fond of grandeur, and disposed to admiration and gratitude; in fact, a being ready to receive the impression of the first injury or benefit conferred, and to become in consequence either bitter or generous. At last the prince said: 'We have many French here, but all military men; and the king, as fast as they arrive, hastens to send them either to his friend the empress or to his enemies, who are meditating a religious war in Poland. Do you know the history of these disputes?'

"'*Ma foi*, no, I confess my ignorance,' replied I, rather humiliated.

"The prince appeared charmed to meet with a learned man who confessed to being ignorant of anything.

“‘Then,’ said he, ‘you know nothing of the schisms of Soltyk, of Massalsky, and other furious Catholics.’

“‘No, my prince,’ replied I.

“‘Ah! so much the better, you will make an excellent teacher, and all the better, because you will mix no political or religious opinions with your lessons. I have a pupil for you.’

“Judge of my joy, my dear Danton, a pupil given me by a prince, absolute master in his own domains, and owner of six villages. I almost knelt—he raised me.

“‘I impose but one condition,’ said he.

“‘Speak, monseigneur.’

“‘You have letters for the king, but you must not see him?’

“I looked at my patron with surprise, which he observed, and said,—

“‘It is very natural; you are recommended to me as very clever, and I wish to have you to myself alone, but do not engage yourself at once; reflect on it. We are rather jealous and exclusive, we Sarmatians; if you will live with me and the pupil I offer you, you shall have 1,000 florins a year besides your maintenance.’”

“That was good,” said Danton.

“It was splendid, so I accepted it. The prince led me away at once, and from that day I belonged to his house, alas!” and Marat sighed.

“I understand,” said Danton, “you soon repented your engagement; your pupil was some great barbarian, red-haired, drunken, and stupid,—a Moldavian bear badly licked by his mother, who listened little or answered with blows.”

“You are wrong.”

“Then it was one of those pupils described by Juvenal—Arcadius Juvenis.”

“It was a young girl of fifteen, dazzlingly beautiful, clever, and poetical; a fairy—an angel—a divinity.”

“Ah, this becomes interesting; the romance commences, Lucile will love the young Potosky.”

“Of course,” said Marat bitterly.

“I think of the sentimental St. Preux and the lovely Julia.”

“Wait, my friend, you will have better than that, I promise you.”

“What! shall we unluckily have, instead of St. Preux and Julia, Heloise and Abelard?”

“Not at all. *Diable!* how you go on!”

“Well, I will listen; only surprise made me interested, and interest induced conjectures.”

“I pass over in silence my astonishment at the presentation which took place the same evening; like you, I expected a male, not a female pupil; but I will not describe my tremor, my blushes, my bashfulness when my philosophy was brought in contact with the velvet and ermine of Cecile.”

“Ah, Cecile, I thought it was Lucile.”

“Lucile in the romance, but Cecile in my story. It had been the name of a famous queen of that country, who, I assure you, Danton, was never more of a queen than this young girl who was presented to me as a pupil—whose master I was to be.

CHAPTER XI.

MARAT'S ROMANCE.

“I MIGHT have spared blushes, trembling, and bashfulness. The prince, after presenting me, added, ‘Cecile, this learned Frenchman will teach you French, English, and science. He will pass a year here, and in that time you will have learned all that he can teach.’

“I looked at him to see if he spoke thus through ignorance or impertinence.

“‘Oh,’ said he, for he was very quick, ‘do not be astonished, my dear sir, if I say that in a year Cecile will know all you do; it is because I know, in her aptitude and memory, she has a genius to which you cannot compare your own. Only teach, and you will see how she will learn.’

“I bowed.

“‘Monseigneur,’ replied I, respectfully, ‘Heaven keep me from doubting the merit of M^dlle. Obinsky; but still to teach so much we must have time.’

“‘Good,’ replied he, ‘I have given you a year. Well, during that year you will not quit her, so that in reality she will have the time of six ordinary pupils. In France,

girls go to balls, to court (I know for I have been to Paris), receive friends at home; they give one hour a day to the culture of their minds, and all the rest to frivolity. Here, on the contrary, the Princess Obinsky will devote twelve hours a day to study.'

" 'Well, monseigneur, permit me to make one observation.'

" 'Certainly.'

" 'Twelve hours a day for study is too much; mademoiselle could not bear it.'

" 'Come,' said the prince, smiling; 'you force me to teach you your duties. Yes, you are right; twelve hours of study at one time would destroy the best brain in the world, if unceasing and unvaried; but as here you will ride with the princess two hours every morning, and afterwards breakfast with her, then study till noon; at noon you will go out in the carriage, and people can converse in a carriage, you know, just as at dinners and receptions; in the evening you will also be with Cecile; I do not exaggerate in saying you will have twelve hours a day.'

" As the prince spoke, it seemed to me as though I were listening to some genie in a fairy tale; and as he explained his plan of education, he seemed unrolling to my eyes one of those enchanted pictures of Paradise, which, thanks to the hatchis, the old man of the mountain used to show to his sleeping disciples. I could not utter a word in reply, but I moved my hands and feet to find out if I were asleep or awake.

" During the whole of this delicious discourse however, Cecile had not ceased to fix upon upon me a cold and tranquil look, with a perseverance which even now, after seventeen years, seems to pierce my heart like an invisible blade directed against me by a secret demon.

" Tall, straight, with thick golden hair, and eyes blue and deep as a lake, she stood with her two round arms folded under her fur pelisse, and not having as yet opened her lips, so that she had appeared to me only like a draped statue. I had not yet seen her move; not even her long eyelashes had moved, and I might have believed that the human form before me, was purely and simply one of those protecting images which the Polish gentlemen placed in their castles, as the Romans did their Lares, the silent guardians of hearth and home. The father who spoke so much and so strangely, and the daughter who looked so steadfastly and did not speak at all, combined to produce on

me an effect which, romancer as I am, I cannot describe; perhaps you may imagine it."

"Peste! I should think so; but go on, my dear fellow,—I was far from expecting all these 'skys' to be so interesting. It is true that in Louvet's 'Faublas' we have a certain Lodoiska. Have you read 'Faublas?'"

"No, I never read obscene books."

"Obscene, you call it," said Danton. "*Diable!* you are particular; I do not find it more obscene than the 'Nouvelle Heloise.'"

"Do not blaspheme," said Marat.

"Well, we have nothing to do just now with 'Faublas' or 'Heloise,' but with your story. Pray go on; I beg pardon for interrupting you."

Marat resumed. "My astonishment was so great that for a moment my head seemed to turn, and I felt giddy. However, I was led—by whom or how I know not—to a great room, where I gradually recovered myself, and where I found myself surrounded by polite and smiling servants, who showed me a good bed and a good supper."

"Really, my good friend," said Danton, "in spite of my promise not to interrupt you, I cannot resist the temptation of observing that it is impossible for the fairy tale to begin better: it is exactly like the 'Arabian Nights.' I trust you did honour to the bed and the supper."

"I supped pretty well, but slept badly. After long fatigue of body, or any great excitement of mind, a nervous man sleeps with difficulty, and I had had both. I dreamed, however, and my dream was a kind of ecstasy; Mdlle. Obinsky had magnetized me with her large open eyes and motionless silence.

"I must have slept, however, for when I opened my eyes, I saw by the light of a night-lamp some clothes lying by me more suited to the climate than those I had brought with me. I rose and dressed at once, and I cannot tell you how proud I felt as I looked at myself in the glass. A riding-coat, like those since worn in France, and called *Polonaises*, trousers of violet velvet, boots with silver spurs, and a plumed hat, were the principal parts of my clothing; I found besides, hanging on the wall, above the chair on which the clothes had been placed, a hunting-knife with a carved iron handle, a whip; in short, all the appurtenances of an elegant gentleman. In this dress I felt equal to any one on earth, and

would willingly have cried, with Voltaire,—‘It is not birth, but dress, that makes the difference.’

“While I was thus admiring myself, a servant came to tell me that the princess was waiting for me. It was the beginning of March, and five o’clock in the morning had just struck; the earth was frosty, and no other light was visible than the reflection from the snow. A pale-blue light was just to be seen in the horizon, and a little rose-coloured vapour indicated the approaching rise of the sun. Such was the picture that met my eyes, as I hurried down the grand staircase, and looked out through the window.

At the bottom of the staircase I found myself in the courtyard, and there saw Mdlle. Obinsky already in the saddle waiting for me. I could distinguish only the black outline of her horse, and the ermine vest in which she was dressed as a protection from the cold. My surprise was great; this charming, frail, and delicate-looking girl up before daybreak, and ready for her exercise, while I, a man, still would have slept: all this seemed to me marvellous and almost incredible.”

“*Ma foi!* yes, and how did you get on, on horseback.”

“Wait, we are coming to that. After having looked at the Princess and the torches, I examined the horse destined for me.”

“Ah! ah! let me hear what he was like.”

“A beautiful Ukraine courser, with thin legs, intelligent head, and long mane. He beat the sand of the courtyard with his foot until I approached him, when he stopped, and seemed to be examining me to see what kind of a rider he had got.”

Danton laughed.

“He appeared to be pleased with the examination. I looked at him, in my turn, as though he were an enemy, and jumped into the saddle.”

“Oh!” said Danton, with an accent of disappointment, “were you a horseman?”

“Horseman is not the word, but at Bondey, where I was born, I often as a boy had ridden on the post-horses when they returned empty.”

“I hoped,” replied Danton, disappointed, “that you would fall off at the first trot.”

“Patience, patience, friend,” said Marat, with his bitter smile; “I was off, but not come back again.”

“Go on, then.”

“I got into my saddle, then, and without having heard a word from the princess, followed her, for she had ridden off on her magnificent black horse.”

“Were you alone?”

“No; the huntsman who had called me, followed about a dozen yards off, his carbine in his belt; but before five minutes had elapsed, my horse perhaps in order to continue his examination, resolved instead of going on, to return to the stable.”

“Ah!” said Danton, “that was very impertinent.”

“Therefore I tried to oppose it. He kicked, and I thought the moment had arrived for using my fine whip, so I gave my Bucephalus a vigorous blow, which he had no sooner received, than he sent me head foremost ten feet off into the snow.”

“Very good,” said Danton, laughing heartily.

“Poland in winter is a good country for riding—I went three feet into a wintry bed, and might have gone five.”

Danton again laughed heartily.

“Oh! oh” said he, “this is a *début* likely to spoil the romance. You have no idea how that pleases me. *Peste!* I was afraid for a minute that you had conquered the horse—perhaps even saved the life of Mdlle. Obinsky, whose black horse ran away with her.”

“Oh! do not be afraid, you may guess the end of my story, but not its details. Mdlle. Obinsky stopped, turned round on her saddle, and looked; I trembled as I shook the snow off, lest I should hear shouts of laughter, but the princess never laughed, her face remained the same as I had seen it the evening before, cold and passive. ‘At least she will ask me if I have hurt myself,’ thought I, as I resumed my saddle, while the man obligingly held my horse for me. I was wrong; Cecile never opened her mouth, and I resumed my way a little disappointed, but going neither slower nor quicker, and I followed her slightly disappointed.

“In about ten minutes my horse having, as it appeared, some new subject of complaint against me, chose a dry, hard road, bordered with stones, on which he threw me as before, but with different results.

“Instead of the soft bed that nature had before spread for me, I met with one of hard granite, so that my head and my shoulder were hurt, and several drops of blood appeared.

Cecile was about ten steps from me when the accident occurred. Day was breaking—in that country, you know, it is light at once. She saw the servant raise me, she saw me turn pale, and my handkerchief red with blood—still no sign of emotion. I was annoyed, I suffered, and in order to make her feel her inhumanity I exaggerated my suffering. I wiped my hair for a long time, so that my whole handkerchief was stained with blood. I wished to see how far the hardness of this young heart would go, as it seemed frozen, like all around us.”

“She was perhaps dumb,” said Danton.

“No; for at last her lips opened, and these two Latin words fell from them—‘*Prave equitas.*’”

“You ride badly,” cried Danton.

“Yes.”

“Oh! what a tender Sarmatian heart!”

“Had she not? I was mad with anger; with one hand I seized the mane of my rebel horse, and with the other raised my whip.

“She shrugged her shoulders and said, ‘*Cave, te occidet,*’ and went on. And certainly the enraged animal would have killed me.

“Mdlle. Obinsky spoke no more during the whole ride, but my rage increased every moment, and had arrived at such a pitch that when my horse tried to get rid of me for the third time, I let go the bridle, and seizing his mane with one hand, spurred desperately. Completely astonished, my horse set off furiously and I let him go. At last he wished to stop, but I plied the whip, dug in the spur, and forced him on. Hanging on, I tired him out at last, and conquered him. Three times this occurred, and each time I returned victorious to the princess, who pitied the beast no more than the man. I thought I should hate this girl henceforth, and tried not to look at her; but she enjoyed her ride quietly, the fresh breeze brought a glow upon her cheeks, and she returned to the palace with a glorious appetite.

I had however gained the esteem and friendship of the huntsman, and he gave me in his bad Latin, very judicious advice as to the management of my horse.

“*Diable!*” said Danton, “St. Preux’s first lesson to Julie was less rough than yours.”

“Yes; but, Danton, St. Preux began by showing Julie things she did not know, so that he made her admire him,

while I presented myself to this young savage in an unfavourable light. I felt all the ridicule and inferiority of my position, while she breakfasted quietly without looking at or caring for me; but I thought that when the lessons came, I should have my turn, and this famous genius would soon find out what I was worth.

“However, when she ceased to eat, my annoyance gained the day, and I said, ‘Mademoiselle, beg your noble father to free me from my engagement.’

“She looked steadily at me, and said, ‘Why?’

“‘Because I have twelve hours of lessons to give you, and now four have passed without your deigning to address a single word to me. If I were a stag, or a dog, I should be content with the food given to me, and act according to your caprice, but I am a man, and I earn my bread, not beg it. Let us work, mademoiselle, or separate.’

“She cowed me with her fixed and fiery glance; then, in Latin, asked me ‘What is a horse called in French,—*equus*?’ asked she.

“‘*Cheval*,’ I replied.

“‘*Anglicé*?’

“‘*Horse*.’

“And thus during ten minutes she continued to ask me the French and English names of everything connected with a horse. Then she stopped, reflected a moment, and said, ‘What is blood called in French?’

“‘*Sang*.’

“‘*Anglicé*?’

“‘*Blood*.’

“‘What is hair called in French?’

“‘*Cheveux*.’

“‘*Anglicé*?’

“‘*Hair*.’

“And thus she went through all the human anatomy. She then questioned me about the laws of motion, about the circulation of the blood, which I explained fully; then, still in the same tone, she asked me to translate into French and English about thirty verbs, fifty nouns, and a dozen expressive adjectives. She listened attentively, sometimes made me repeat a word two or three times, asked for the spelling of one or two, and then retired into her own room, leaving me at liberty to go to mine.”

“What a singular character,” said Danton.

CHAPTER XII.

MARAT'S ROMANCE CONTINUED.

"I REMAINED two or three hours alone in my room. During that time I had not only time to reflect, but to reflect profitably, I had need of more power over myself, and unluckily this strange figure of Mademoiselle Obinsky, terrible in its serenity, with her great clear eyes and queenly gestures, troubled me incessantly. She had found means to make me suffer more humiliation than I had ever suffered in my whole life before. I hated this woman, for it was impossible not to confess her superiority. There are people who seem born to command; who show it in every gesture and every word, and the princess was one of them. The dinner-hour arrived before I had quitted the chair into which I had thrown myself. They came to tell me that the princess was at table. I went down, a little recovered from my morning's ride, and above all rather more calm and disposed for observation.

"Cecile had near her at table two ladies, to whom she paid no attention, and I saw that it was her habit to take no notice of her guests; however, towards the close of the dinner she recommenced her questions, and I my replies. But I remarked so much vagueness in her curiosity, such a heterogeneous mixture of studies, and absurd pretence to universal knowledge, that I proposed to regulate our work differently when I should be more free with her, and to induce her to write down a summary at least of our conversations. I also determined to get her to purchase grammars and dictionaries, but before my projects were realized, they became needless."

"How so?" asked Danton.

"You cannot imagine in truth what happened."

"What was it?"

"After a month of riding, walking, dining, and conversations—a month, you hear—Mademoiselle Obinsky said to me at breakfast in the purest French. 'M. Paul, now that I know French and English, let us pass to another language.'

"'What!'

"I remained stupefied."

"I should think so; she dared to say that?"

"She did, and she was right, for indeed she knew French and English almost as well as I did; she remembered every word I had told her, and pronounced them with that facility which the habit of speaking the Slavonic language gives to the northern people; and once learned they were stored up in her brain, to be produced on fit occasion. All her mass of questions were the result of secret study and calculation. Every answer I gave her lighted up for her a vast extent of learning, like those miners who dig a little hole in a gigantic rock, throw in a few black grains, and all at once a flame appears, an explosion is heard, and a mass is detached that twenty men could not have loosened in a fortnight. Thus in a month she had learned what had taken me years, and yet I think myself intelligent. Whatever this girl once heard, she remembered, were it a sentence, a page, a chapter, or a volume."

"*Ma foi!* I know not what to think. I can but admire," said Danton.

"However proud Mdlle. Obinsky might be, she was certainly pleased at her triumph; but her joy did not show itself, as it would have done in others by a little more familiarity; she was as disagreeable as ever. Yet I felt that she perceived the impression she had made on me."

"Ah! she had made an impression on you?" remarked Danton.

"I do not deny it."

"Well, the romance is getting on."

"Perhaps. But let me go on, for time flies. I have painted to you the father and the daughter; you can imagine the château. Think, then, what it was for me, a young man of twenty-six, to pass spring and summer in this opulence, this society and all the enchantments of riches, beauty, and mind. I was easy to charm—I became madly in love. Yes, love! As Cecile's mind more and more governed mine, as she captivated and dazzled me by her superiority, my heart overflowed with love, and I lavished on her all the riches of my science and my philosophy, hoping that she might some day give me a corner in her heart."

"Did you confess your love?"

Marat smiled bitterly. "No," said he, "I knew too well with whom I had to deal; I had remarked too keenly the

coldness with which all my devotion was received. After three months of study, my pupil knew all my learning, and after four months, she was acquainted with every turn of my mind. I had but one thing more to fear—that she should read my heart; for on the day when I was completely seen through on that point, I felt that I was lost.”

“She was, then, made of marble,” said Danton.

“I confess that I have always thought that if ever she could have loved, she would have felt something for me. There are in all human sentiments, in the manner in which they arise or die, mysteries which we cannot explain. Cecile disdained me, never spoke to me but when absolutely necessary; never had her hand touched mine, not once had she accepted my arm when we walked; and yet I could not but help loving her, although a feeling still more powerful prevented me from telling her so.”

“There lies the romance.”

“I am sure the devil mixes with it. I told you that spring and summer had passed. There was still the same coldness on the part of this young girl, and I was becoming the most unhappy of men. All my ideas were transformed. I no longer dreamed, loved, or desired. I raved. One day, seeing her so beautiful and so cold, I had a moment’s weakness. We were in a carriage, which she drove herself. I drew near to her, and in a tone which should have moved the most cruel, said, ‘Mademoiselle, will it please you to stop the carriage? I suffer much.’ She blew on her little gold whistle, and the horses, accustomed to obey this signal, stopped short.

“‘What is the matter?’ asked she, in a brusque tone and with a piercing look.

“‘I dare not tell you, mademoiselle; it would be worthy of you to guess.’

“‘I learn everything, except guessing riddles,’ replied she drily.

“‘Alas!’ said I, ‘the tone in which you answer me, proves to me that you have understood me, but I trust I have not yet offended you. Allow me to retire before I am tempted to fail in respect.’

“‘You are perfectly free to go or stay. Go, if you like; or stay, if you prefer it.’

“I grew pale, and fell back on the seat. The princess appeared not to notice it; but the whip escaped from her

hands and fell to the ground, just as the horses resumed their course. I jumped out, not to pick up the whip, but to get crushed by the wheels. She, always cold and unmoved, divined my hardly-formed project, and with a movement of her hand, turned the horses on one side, so that the wheel only cut off the skirt of my coat. I looked at her, as I lay on the ground, and she cast on me a glance so full of menace, and looked so pale with anger, that I regretted having wished to die for such a woman. I got up.

“ ‘What, then ?’ said she insolently.

“ ‘Here is your whip,’ replied I, resuming my place beside her ; and full of excitement, as I held out to her the whip, I touched the hand which she extended for it. The contact burned me like hot iron ; I forgot to open my hand to give up the whip, and as she leaned forward to take it, her cheek struck against my forehead. I uttered a sigh, and nearly fainted.

“ She whipped her horses with fury at least twenty times, and the irritated animals set off at a frightful gallop, neighing wildly. This lasted more than an hour, during which we went about six leagues, I without moving, she without speaking. We returned to the château ; I half dead, she nervous and angry, and the horses bathed in foam.”

“ And you left after this ? ”

“ No,” said Marat, with his peculiar smile.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARAT'S ROMANCE ENDED.

THERE was a moment's silence while Marat took breath; and then he went on.

"I told you that in my veins ran fire, not blood——"

"But," interrupted Danton, "you were young, it is certain; it is possible you may have been handsome; but still I cannot see how you were to make yourself loved by such a woman."

"And who speaks of being loved?" replied Marat sharply. "I loved! Have I ever been loved in my life? Men who have never found wife or mistress to love them, have yet been loved by dogs. I once tried one, and he nearly strangled me one day, because I took from his soup a bone which would have choked him. Make myself loved! Bah! I never thought of it but at my first interview with Cecile; never since."

"Then your romance falls to the ground."

"Oh, no. You do not know me, friend; I have perseverance, and what I set my mind on I will have. You are big, you are strong, superior to me—so you think, and I do not dispute it. But, if you entered into a contest with me, of strength or eloquence, you would be beaten. Never force me to prove it. Well, I wished to be revenged on Cecile and to conquer her, and this is what I did."

"Not by violence, surely! At the first sign you made that girl would have horsewhipped you."

"I came to the same conclusion, so I had recourse to a less painful method."

"The devil! where did you learn it?"

"Had I not been a botanical doctor, and especially versed in the science of soporifics!"

"Ah, a little narcotic; I understand."

"Suppose that, if you like; but it did happen in one of our rides, the young princess was seized by an invincible sleep. Perhaps she guessed whence this sleep arose, for she cried 'Help!' Then I took her in my arms and lifted

her off her horse, and as she had completely lost consciousness, I sent the huntsman to fetch a carriage from the castle."

"But after sleep one awakes," said Danton, looking at his companion with disgust.

"Cecile awoke indeed, just as the carriage arrived with her women. There was no need to fetch a doctor. I was one, and I declared that Mdlle. Obinsky was quite recovered, and so every one was satisfied."

"And you also?"

"Oh, yes, I remember when she awoke she looked about for me; then her eyes seemed to search into the very depth of my soul."

"Oh, unfortunate man not to fly; why did you not?"

"Yes; I waited until the month of September, about two months, and then the storm burst over me. One morning, Prince Obinsky entered my room, as I was dressing for our usual morning ride. I turned at the sound and received him with a smile, for he had ever been kind and attentive to me. But he, shutting the door with an agitation which frightened me at once, said: 'Infamous Frenchman, down on your knees and pray!' And as he spoke he drew his sword from the sheath, and whirled it above my head. I followed with terror the gleaming blade, and uttered a cry. He hesitated; perhaps death by the sword appeared to him too noble for a criminal like me. Several steps now sounded in the corridor, he resheathed his sword, and opening the door,—'come,' cried he to the servants, 'here is a wretch who has committed a great crime;' and he pointed to me.

"I shuddered. If the prince were really about to declare aloud the truth, I was lost. He had resolved on vengeance: that vengeance would be my death. I believe one might be allowed to feel fear at such a moment; and I confess that sometimes when I am tried suddenly, I fail in courage as some people do in presence of mind.

"I threw myself on my knees, and with clasped hands looked imploringly at the prince. 'What have I done?' cried I, trembling and hoping at once, for it seemed to me that the prince feared to speak. But without replying to me, he turned to his servants, and said: 'This Frenchman whom I have received into my house and trusted, is a traitor—a spy of the Catholics—a conspirator sent by the enemies of our good king Stanislas.'

"As he spoke in Latin I understood. 'I,' cried I, 'a spy.'

"And," continued Obinsky, "instead of killing him honourably, as I was about to do just now with my sword, I have decided that he shall die like criminals and slaves, —under the knout. Hola! the knout for the wretch!"

"I had no time to reply, two men seized me and dragged me into the courtyard, where the sheriff (for each of these petty princes, having the right of life or death over their people, has a sheriff) had orders to have me knouted until life was extinct. At the tenth blow I fainted, bathed in my own blood."

Here Marat paused, and Danton felt almost frightened at his paleness and the ferocious expression of his countenance.

"Oh," said he, "Mdlle. Obinsky was not wrong to confide her secrets to her father; he was a discreet confessor."

"So discreet that he wished to kill me to keep my tongue quiet."

"Yet, you are not dead," said Danton.

"Thanks to the friend I had made, I hardly know how."

"The huntsman who followed us, and who had pitied me on seeing Cecile's cruelty, was the intimate friend of my executioner, and begged my life of him. He left me fainting and told the prince that I was dead. Luckily the prince did not come to judge for himself. They carried me unconscious as I was into the huntsman's room, whence I was to be taken to a little cemetery where the Polish lords bury the slaves whom they murder. However, the huntsman dressed my wound after his own fashion, that is to say he washed it with salt and water."

"You say, 'my wound,'" observed Danton, who did not appear much moved at the sufferings of his host. "I thought you said you had received many blows."

"Yes," replied Marat; "but a man who knows his business strikes always in the same place; and the ten blows made but one wound, and a frightful one, through which the life ebbs with the blood."

"Well, then, the salt succeeded, I suppose," drily observed Danton.

"Towards evening—it was Sunday I remember, and on that day Mdlle. Obinsky was to dine with Prince Czartorisky,

and to meet the king—my preserver came to see me. I was exhausted and had scarcely strength to open my eyes, but my sufferings drew from me incessant cries.

“Every one here believes you dead, and you dare to cry out,” said he.

“I replied that it was in spite of myself.”

“If our master or mademoiselle heard you,” said he, “they would not only put an end to you, but I your preserver would share your fate.”

“I tried then to stifle my cries, but in order to do so, I was obliged to keep my hand on my mouth.”

“Here is your money,” added he, offering me my purse, which contained four hundred florins, “which I had saved, which the master gave me with the rest of your things; for without money you cannot escape, and you must do so at once.”

“Are you mad? I cannot move.”

“In that case,” said my friend, phlegmatically, “I will blow out your brains with this pistol. You will suffer no longer, and I shall be free from anxiety.” As he spoke, he extended his hand towards the pistol.

“Oh!” cried I, “why save me from the knout, to kill me now?”

“I saved you,” said he, “because I counted on your own energy; because I intended this evening to give you your money, assist you to escape, and even lead you to the gates of Warsaw, if necessary; but if you abandon yourself, and when it is necessary for you to fly declare you cannot stir, and as by staying here you will ruin me as well as yourself, it is better that you alone should fall.”

“These words, and his determined manner decided me; I rose without a cry, in spite of fearful sufferings.”

“Poor devil, I fancy I see you,” said Danton.

“Poor devil indeed. I threw a cloak over my shirt all wet with blood, and the huntsman putting my purse into my pocket and taking me by the hand, led me along through bye-paths. Every step was like death. I heard ten o’clock strike upon the clock of the palace Czartorisky, and then my guide told me that he must leave me, that I was now out of danger as at ten o’clock the streets were deserted, and that by going straight along the street we were in, I should be out of the city in ten minutes.

“I thanked him as one thanks a man to whom one owes

one's life, and offered him half my money ; he refused, saying that I had not too much to take me to France, where he advised me to go as quickly as possible.

"The advice was good, and I asked no better than to follow it. Unluckily the desire alone depended upon me, the execution upon chance."

Marat had arrived at this portion of his romance, or history, when a great noise in the street stopped him. As he listened, he promised on another opportunity to renew it.

These cries and the commotion were one of the effects of the disgrace of M. Brienne and the recall of M. Necker, which was rousing the entire population.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MANNIKIN OF THE PLACE DAUPHINE.

MARAT's cook returned to her master after making her inquiries. "Ah, monsieur, we are going to have some noise."

"Noise, my good Albertine, and who will make it?"

"Monsieur, there are the workmen and young clerks crying 'Long live M. Necker!'"

"They are right, since he is minister."

"But, monsieur, they cry something else besides."

"*Diable!* and what is the other thing?"

"They cry, Long live the Parliament!"

"And why should they not cry, Long live the Parliament, since it does live in spite of all that Louis XIV and Louis XV. did to kill it."

"But, monsieur, they cry also something else far worse."

"What is it, Albertine?"

"They cry, Down with the court!"

"Ah! Ah!" said Danton, smiling. "Are you sure of that?"

"I heard it."

"But that is a seditious cry."

"The fact is," said Marat, making a sign to his guest,

“that the court has been led somewhat astray under the ministry of M. de Brienne.”

“Oh, monsieur! if you only heard the things that they are saying of him, and of some one else.”

“Who is the other?”

“M. de Lamorgnon.”

“Ah! really, our worthy Keeper of the Seals. What do they say of him?”

“To the stake with Brienne and Lamorgnon.”

Marat and Danton looked at each other, and their thoughts were easy to read in their eyes. One meant: “Does not all this proceed a little from your club, M. Marat?” And the other: “Have you not sown for this harvest a little of the gold of the princes?”

The noise, however, became more distant.

“Where are the people going?” said Marat to his servant?

“To the Place Dauphine.”

“And what will they do there?”

“Burn M. de Brienne.”

“What! burn an archbishop?”

“Oh, monsieur! perhaps it is only in effigy.”

“In effigy, or in reality, there will be something to see,” said Danton. “Are you not curious to see it, my dear Marat?”

“*Ma foi!* no. Blows will be rife there; the police are furious, and will strike roughly.”

“Well,” said he, “I can satisfy my curiosity,—nature permits me.” Danton looked at his fists complacently.

“And to me, nature counsels repose,” said Marat.

“Adieu! Then I will go and see what is taking place.”

“And I will finish my story of Potosky. I was in the middle of a description of flowery solitudes and balmy valleys.”

“Oh!” cried Danton, with a start, “I believe I hear a sound like firing,” and he rushed out of the room. As for Marat, he mended his pen, a luxury which he only allowed himself in moments of great satisfaction, and began to write quietly.

Albertine was right. The crowd had gone towards the Place Dauphine, where a considerable number of people had already collected, crying, “Long live Necker and the Parliament! Down with Brienne and Lamorgnon!” As evening

approached, workmen, clerks and shopkeepers after their day's labour, ran to see what was going on, swelling the crowd and the noise.

It began by loud sounds, noise of pots and pans. Some hand had organized a gigantic *charivari*, which like a serpent wound about Paris. As the centre of the movement was the Place Dauphine, all the streets and squares near it, were thronged with people, while from its horse the bronze statue of Henri IV overlooked the tumult. A remarkable thing among the Parisians, is the affection they have preserved for this king. Is 'it to his intellect that Henri IV. owes his enduring popularity?—to his rather problematical morality, or to his love affairs? We cannot tell, but the fact is that on that day, as on all other occasions, Henri IV attracted the attention of those around, who forced every person who crossed the Pont Neuf to stop and salute him. Now, it chanced that the third carriage that appeared was that of the Duc d'Orleans.

We have already told how this duke by Anglomania, debauchery, and above all, his speculations, had lost most of his popularity. Thus, scarcely had the crowd recognized the prince, than without more respect for him than a private individual, they stopped the horses, and led them by the bridle in front of the statue of the Bearnaise, opened the carriage door, and in that tone which admits of no reply, because it is the voice, not of a man but of a people, requested the prince to bow to his ancestor. He alighted smilingly, and polite as usual began bowing to the people.

“Bow to Henri!” was cried on every side.

“Bow to my ancestor! Bow to the father of the people!” said the duke. “Willingly, gentlemen; for you he is but a good king, for me an illustrious ancestor.”

And he bowed politely to the statue. At these words and smiles, thunders of applause arose. Amidst these bravos which he so dearly loved, the prince prepared to resume his seat in his carriage, when a badly clothed, unshaved giant, a blacksmith, with an iron bar in his hand, approached him, and laying a heavy hand on his shoulder, said, “Do not bow so much to your ancestor, but try and resemble him a little more.”

“Monsieur,” replied the prince, “I do my best; but I am not king of France, as Henri IV was, and as Louis XVI. is. I can therefore do nothing for the people, but divide my

fortune with them, which I have done in bad years and am willing to do now."

Saying this, with some pride, the duke again prepared to enter his carriage, but he had not yet done with the blacksmith. "It is not enough to bow," said he, "you must sing, Vive Henri IV" "Yes," echoed the crowd, "Vive Henri IV." And an immense chorus sung by ten thousand voices resounded through the air. The prince mingled his voice with a good grace, and then they allowed him to drive off amid the bravos of the crowd.

Scarcely had his carriage disappeared, when the tumult was augmented by the arrival of another, in which a very pale and uneasy looking ecclesiastic was immediately pointed out by a thousand menacing arms.

"It is the Abbé de Vermont," cried the five hundred voices corresponding with the thousand arms.

"The Abbé de Vermont," cried the blacksmith, in his stentorian voice; "to the fire with the Abbé de Vermont, the councillor of the queen!" And this cry was taken up by the crowd in a manner far from pleasing to the ecclesiastic in the carriage.

For the illustrious person spoken of was not in good odour with the people. The son of a village surgeon, he had been chosen on the recommendation of M. de Brienne, as French master to the future dauphiness, Marie Antoinette, and had been sent to Vienna by M. de Choiseul the confidant of Maria Theresa, as a man upon whom she could rely. The new professor had not belied his recommendation, but had thrown himself heart and soul into the Austrian party, and had become one of Marie Antoinette's most active supporters. Since then, every fault or folly committed by the queen, had been attributed to the influence of the Abbé de Vermont. But above all, they ascribed to him the nomination of M. de Brienne, his old patron.

The poor ecclesiastic, the cause of this commotion, did not seem at first to know the meaning of all these howling voices, all these arms extended towards him; and at the cries, "The Abbé de Vermont," he looked around him as though they had not been addressed to him, and seemed to be seeking the individual for whom they were intended; but he was soon forced to understand that it had something to do with him; for in a moment, the carriage was stopped, the doors opened and the abbé torn from it, and dragged in spite of his protestations towards the Place Dauphine.

In the middle of the square, a pile of mixed faggots and wood rose to a respectable height, and on it was a mannikin, of osiers dressed in a robe and cap, and on it, in enormous letters, was the name of Brienne. Around this inanimate victim, who was evidently dedicated to the flames, the people moved impatiently, waiting for the night, that their fire might look better, and attract a greater number of spectators. They were then agreeably surprised, at seeing a band of colleagues arrive as the inventors of a new programme, and saluted with frantic cries those who brought them the Abbé de Vermont, and suggested the brilliant idea of burning him with the figure.

The face of the poor abbé bore the marks of a terror easy to imagine. It might have been seen by his gestures that the unhappy man spoke and tried to make himself heard, but as every one else cried out incessantly as they urged him on, his complaints or explanations were lost in the general clamour.

At last they reached the pile, the abbé was placed against it, and the first preparations made by tying his hands. At that moment, a tall man passed through the crowd, and extending his hands towards the abbé, cried out: "Fools that you all are, that is not the Abbé de Vermont!"

"Oh, M. Danton, help me!" cried the poor man. However great the clamour, Danton's voice had been heard by some. "What, not the Abbé de Vermont?" repeated they.

"No, no," cried the abbé, "I am not the Abbé de Vermont. I have been killing myself in trying to make you hear me."

"But who are you, then?"

"It is the Abbé Roy," cried Danton, "the famous news-teller; the abbé of the 30,000 men; as they call him at the Palais Royal, when he talks under the famous tree,—the Abbé Roy, your friend, *mordieu!* Take care what you are about, my friends, you are going to burn the wrong man!" And Danton burst into a laugh which was re-echoed by all near him.

"Long live the Abbé Roy, the friend of the people," cried a hundred voices.

"Yes, yes; long live the Abbé Roy!" said the blacksmith; "but as we have got him, let us make him good for something; let him get upon the pile and confess M. de Brienne."

"And he shall repeat the confession aloud; that will be droll," cried another.

“Yes, yes; let him confess Brienne!”

The abbé made a sign that he wished to speak.

“Silence!” cried Danton, in his voice of thunder.

“Silence,” was repeated around, and soon not a sound was heard.

“Gentlemen,” said the abbé, in a clear though trembling voice, “I ask no better than to obey you, and to confess the condemned ——”

“Bravo! the confession.”

“But still, gentlemen, I must make one remark ——”

“What is it?”

“That the Archbishop of Sens is a great sinner.”

“Oh! yes, yes,” cried all the crowd, laughing heartily.

“And has consequently committed a great number of crimes.”

“Yes, yes.”

“His confession would then be long—very long—so long that you might not be able to burn him to-day.”

“Well, then, we will burn him to-morrow.”

“Yes, but the lieutenant of police, and the watch.”

“Ah! true,” cried they.

“It would, therefore, I think be better to burn him without confession.”

“Bravo! bravo! he is right, let us burn him at once. Long live the Abbé Roy!”

And the crowd separated to allow the poor abbé, who had so nearly paid for the faults of another, to fly on the wings of victory and fear, and then rushed to the fire with an accompaniment of all the saucepans in the neighbourhood. At last, at nine o'clock, a torch was solemnly brought close to the pile by a man dressed in red, amid the acclamations of the crowd whose eyes sparkled in the firelight.

CHAPTER XV

INGENUE.

OUR readers must now leave the Place Dauphine, where the effigy of M. de Brienne was burning, amidst a tumult taking place which roused half of Paris, and pass into a quarter where the most perfect silence reigned. There was in the Rue de Montreuil, faubourg St. Antoine, a house of tolerably good appearance, the property of Reveillon, the rich paper-merchant, who afterwards became a well-known man. Even then he was known in his own neighbourhood on account of his ingenious inventions and commercial activity. He was very rich, employed four or five hundred workmen in his business, by each of whom he might perhaps gain four or five francs a day, so that he constantly augmented this great fortune. The Jacobins said that he was a hard, greedy man, that he had proposed to reduce the wages of his workmen to fifteen sous a day; in fact, as the leaders of this still obscure party said, "one of those men ready to practise the theory of M.M. Plesselles and Berthier, who had replied when told of the misery of the people,—'If the Parisians have no bread, let them eat grass, as our horses do.'"

The royalists, on the contrary, held a very different opinion of Reveillon. He was, they said, a worthy man living as his father had done before him, not troubling himself with philosophy, but wise and moral. Reveillon had enemies, but he was looked upon as a man to be respected. He who can sway a thousand arms at his will is never an insignificant citizen.

On the day of which we are writing, M. Reveillon was at supper in his beautiful dining-room, ornamented with pictures. The silver on the table was more heavy than elegant, but the linen was fine and substantial; the well-cooked dishes and good wine composed an agreeable repast, of which six persons were partaking. First, Reveillon himself, two of his children and his wife, an elderly gentleman and a young girl. The old man was dressed in a long coat of an uncertain colour, which once had been olive; the fashion was at least fifteen

years old, whilst the cloth was threadbare. He was not dirty, but appeared negligent to the last degree. It certainly required some courage to walk about Paris in such a coat, especially when you had with you a young girl, such as the one whose portrait I will draw, when that of the old man shall be finished.

To return to him. His head was long and narrow, widening at the temples; his eyes were bright, his nose was long, and his thin white hair made him look an old man, although he was but fifty-four. He was called Retif de la Bretonne, a well-known and popular name then, and indeed not forgotten even now. He had already written more books than many academicians had composed lines. His faithful coat, to which he had not addressed verses, as some poets have done to theirs, but whose merits he has celebrated in a paragraph of his confessions, was the object of the constant care and mending of the young girl on his left.

This pure and fresh-looking child was called Ingenue, a strange name, given to her by her father. She, however, was worthy of her name in all points: ingenuousness shone gently from her large blue eyes, and her mouth ever parted by a smile of pleasure or surprise. Her complexion was fair, and her hair gold colour; hands beautifully formed, although rather too long (for at that age, Ingenue was fifteen, the hands and feet have attained their full size), complete the picture. She embellished the simplicity of her best dress, which, however, made up for the modesty of its material by the elegance of its form.

At the moment when we enter the room, Retif was relating to the Misses Reveillon moral stories, which he mingled with gastronomic attacks upon the remains of the dessert, for Retif de la Bretonne was both a great eater and a great talker. Reveillon, whom these moral stories did not interest as much as they did his daughters, partly, perhaps, because he knew better than they did the morality of the narrator, which took from the stories much of their effect, began at last to talk politics with his guest.

"You who are a philosopher," said Reveillon, with that tone of slight irony usual with practical moneyed men towards those of a different stamp, "my dear Retif, tell me, while the biscuits digest, why from day to day we lose our national spirit in France."

This frightened the ladies, who after waiting a moment to

see if that style of conversation was likely to continue, rose, and led away Ingenue to play in the garden.

"Do not go away, Ingenue," said Retif, shaking off the crumbs of biscuit from his coat.

"No, papa, I shall be ready when you want me."

"Very well," said Retif, happy at being obeyed, like other fathers who fancy they lead their daughters while they are led by them. Then turning to Reveillon,—“A charming child, is she not, M. Reveillon? She is the consolation of my old years, and gives me all the pure joys of paternity;” and he raised his eyes in ecstasy.

"You ought to be devilishly jolly," then said Reveillon.

"Why so, my friend?" said Retif.

"Because," replied Reveillon, "if one may believe your enemy, M. Faublas, you have at least one hundred children."

"Rousseau told the truth in his confessions," replied Retif, visibly embarrassed at this home thrust. "Why should I not imitate him, if not in talent at least in courage?"

"Well," replied Reveillon, "if you have one hundred children like Ingenue, you must write a good many sheets of paper to maintain them. What are you doing at present, my dear 'Night Spectator?'"

Retif was then publishing under that title an accompaniment to Mercier's "Pictures of Paris;" one taking the day and the other the night.

"What am I doing?"

"Yes."

"Planning a book capable of revolutionizing all Paris."

"Oh! oh!" cried Reveillon, with his loud laugh; "revolutionize Paris; it is not so easy."

"Ah! my dear friend," replied Retif, with that prescience given to poets, "perhaps easier than you think."

"And the French guards—and the watch—and the German regiments—and the body-guards—and M. de Biron—and M. de Begenval. My dear Retif, believe me, do not try to revolutionize Paris."

Either from prudence or disdain Retif did not reply to this, but said,—

"You asked me just now why we were daily losing our patriotism in France?"

"*Ma foi!* yes: explain that to me."

"It is," said Retif, "because Frenchmen have always been proud of their chiefs; in them they placed their pride and

their faith. Since the day when they raised Pharamond on the buckler it has been so. Their pride was great in Charlemagne, in Hugh Capet, in St. Louis, in Philip Augustus, in Francis I., Henri IV., and Louis XIV ; but between Pharamond and Louis XVI. there is a wide difference, M. Reveillon."

Reveillon laughed, and said,—

"Yet poor Louis XVI. is a worthy man."

Retif shrugged his shoulders, and in doing so split his coat.

"A worthy man ; just so," said he. "When French people call their chief a great man, they are patriotic ; when they call him a worthy man, they are not."

"This devil of a Retif, he always make me laugh," said Reveillon.

But Retif was not laughing, neither did he talk thus to make others laugh ; so he went on with a frown,—

"And if we pass from him they call king to the subaltern chiefs, tell me what you think of them ?"

"Ah ! as for them, dear M. Retif, all you say is devilishly true."

"Tell me what you think of d'Aiguillon ?"

"Oh ! as for him, he has met with his deserts."

"Of Maupeou ?"

"Ah ! ah !"

"You laugh !"

"*Ma foi !* Yes."

"Well, these laughable ministers are eagles compared to Brienne and Lamorgnon."

"That is true ; but you know that they are dismissed, and M. Necker returns to office."

"From Charybdis to Scylla, M. Reveillon."

"Well, you are right ; there is no more patriotism in France since we have had such leaders. I never thought of that reason before."

"It strikes you," cried Retif, enchanted at himself, and at Reveillon's appreciation of him.

"Oh ! very much."

"And this impression made on you ——"

"Is great, and personal too."

"How does it concern you ?"

"Why, I am proposed as an elector for Paris. If I am named ——"

“ Well, if you are named —— ”

“ I shall have to make a speech. Now, the decline of the national spirit in France would be a fine subject to declaim upon, and your reasons have pleased me much ; I will make use of them.”

“ The devil ! ” and Retif sighed.

“ What is the matter, my dear friend ? ”

“ Oh, nothing, nothing ! ”

“ But you sighed.”

“ Oh ! it is nothing, or very little.”

“ Well.”

“ I shall only have to find some other subject.”

“ Subject for what ? ”

“ For my pamphlet.”

“ Ah ! ”

“ Yes, it was on this subject that I had prepared arguments, capable as I told you, of revolutionizing Paris ; but since you take that subject, my dear friend —— ”

“ Well ! ”

“ I will find another.”

“ No, no,” said Reveillon, “ I cannot injure you.”

“ Oh, bah ! it is but a trifle. I should have written a few sheets about it.”

“ Wait ! wait ! ” said Reveillon, “ there is perhaps a way.”

“ A way for what, my dear Reveillon ? ”

“ If you would —— ”

Reveillon hesitated.

“ If I would what ? ”

“ If you would, your work would not be lost and I should be the gainer.”

“ Well,” said Retif, who understood perfectly, but who pretended not to do so ; “ explain your idea, my dear friend.”

“ Well ! you would have written this pamphlet,” said Reveillon, passing the sleeve of his handsome coat under Retif’s shabby one, “ and it would have been remarkable, like all you write —— ”

“ Thank you,” said Retif, bowing.

“ And it would have also have added something to your purse ; to your renown it could not.”

Retif bowed again. “ It would have pleased my friend, Mercier,” said he ; “ and I wish much to please him, because he writes so well of me in his ‘ Pictures of Paris.’ ”

“ Well, dear M. Retif,” said Reveillon, in a still more

insinuating tone; 'you will soon find another subject, while I ——'

"Well, you?"

"I shall not easily find such another subject to speak to the electors upon."

"Ah! that is true."

"I propose then, that you should go on and prepare your pamphlet, and when it is ready give it up to me. I will replace the public, and will buy up the whole edition, and spare you the expense of printing. Will that suit you?"

"There is a difficulty."

"What is it?"

"You do not know how I compose."

"No; do you compose differently from others—from Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, or d'Alembert?"

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* yes."

"How, then, do you compose?"

"I am at once the author, manager and printer; instead of the pen, I hold the composing-stick; and instead of writing a manuscript I print as I go, so that the impression costs me nothing, and my thoughts appear at once in their proper form. It is the fable of Minerva coming out ready armed from the brain of Jupiter."

"With a helmet and lance; yes, I have that painted on my ceiling."

"Do not think I am refusing you."

"Then you accept?"

"I accept the pleasure of making you this little present, my dear Reveillon; but, take care—the thing being all in type ——"

"Oh!" said Reveillon, who, in his desire to appropriate this idea of Retif's, acknowledged no obstacles, "we will take off a copy here; I have presses."

"But," began Retif ——

"Say that you accept, and that is all I require. I shall have my discourse ready (not too long, I hope), full of phrases about the Greek republics—that always produces an effect. Now, let us talk of business; tell me fairly how much you think——"

"Oh," said Retif, "do not let us speak of that."

"Oh, yes; business is business!"

"I beg you——"

"You embarrass me much."

“Why should I not do this for you whom I have known for twenty years.”

“You honour me, dear M. Retif, but I will accept only on my own conditions; every man lives by his work.”

Retif gave a sigh, which rather belied his munificent offers, and which cracked his old coat afresh.

Reveillon went on. “Listen! I sell: it is my business; and I am rich because I sell well; but I never accept gifts. Were you to ask me for some of my goods gratis, I should refuse; do you do the same. I will give you for your pamphlet, first 100 francs in money, then the papering of a room for you and a pretty silk dress for Ingenue.

Reveillon was so used to Retif’s rags that he never thought of promising him a new coat.

“Done,” cried Retif, enchanted. “Ah! the paper shall have figures, shall it not?”

“The graces and the seasons; it will suit you, magnificent naked figures.”

“*Diable!*” replied Retif de la Bretonne, who was delighted at the idea of the graces and seasons in his study; “will it not be a little strange for Ingenue?”

“Bah!” said Reveillon, “it is only that knave of an autumn that could be objected to, and we will add a few vine leaves for him. As for spring, thanks to the garlands he is very decent, and summer may pass with his sickle.”

“Hum!” said Retif, “I must see.”

“Oh!” said Reveillon, “we cannot shut up our daughters in boxes. Will you not marry Ingenue some day?”

“As soon as possible, dear M. Reveillon. I have even hit on a certain plan for her dowry.”

“Well! we say then 100 francs for the pamphlet, a pretty dress for Ingenue. Madame Reveillon will look after that; and the paper with the graces and seasons for your room, which I will send when you like, only I forget your address.”

“Rue des Bernardins, near the Place aux Veaux.”

“Very well. And the manuscript?”

“You shall have it in two days.”

“What genius!” cried Reveillon, rubbing his hands; “in two days, a discourse which will make me elector, and perhaps deputy.”

“It is all settled then,” said Retif. “But what time is it?”

“It has just struck eight.”

“Eight! Oh! quick! I must call in Ingenue.”

“Oh! let her play for half an hour longer with my daughters in the garden. There, do you hear them?”

And as Reveillon opened the door with a fatherly smile, a concert of fresh gay young voices singing in chorus was audible. The weather was warm, and pinks and roses perfumed the air. Retif passed his head sadly through the open door, and looked at the young girls dancing gaily in the evening air, and his eyes moistened as his thoughts reverted to the years of his own youth.

The beautiful child, torn from her enjoyments by the loud voice of M. Reveillon, and the gentler one of her father, embraced her companions, said good bye to them, and then throwing over her shoulders her cloak, made of the same simple material as her dress, came up to her father as he stood with M. Reveillon, and placed her round white arm upon his shabby sleeve. More adieus were said; the two fathers promised once more to keep to their engagements, and then M. Reveillon did them the unusual honour of conducting them himself to the street door, and as he passed, received the salutations of a group of his workmen, who had been talking to each other, but who stopped directly their master appeared.

Reveillon replied with dignity to this salute, made a last friendly sign to his friend Retif, and went in again.

CHAPTER XVI.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

As Retif went home, he thought over the advantages of his evening's bargain, and yet as he walked along, with Ingenuë on his arm, he did not fail to look around him and observe all that was passing. The frightened look of Reveillon's workmen had struck him.

Generally after their work, the workmen of Paris talk or sleep, unless they go to the theatre or cabaret. If they talk, it is with a kind of slow apathy which reveals their fatigue. To every true Parisian the appearance of the passers-by is significant, and he is seldom deceived as to their frame of mind.

Retif, therefore, perceiving the workmen look agitated and frightened, fancied that they were talking of some event of more than usual importance; but his imagination could go no further. What could there be, in this city of Paris,—discontent? There had been nothing else for years.

Retif therefore soon forgot his ideas about the workmen, and began to talk to Ingenuë.

"A fine house that of M. Reveillon, is it not, Ingenuë?"

"Yes, dear papa."

"A fine house—gained by work."

"And by luck," replied she; "for many work as hard who do not succeed so well."

"Hum!"

"You for example," continued Ingenuë, "who work twelve hours a day, and who have talent."

"Granted, granted."

"You have not a fine house like M. Reveillon, dear papa."

"No," said Retif, "but I have something else."

"What, then?"

"A real treasure."

"A treasure!" cried Ingenuë, with a *naïveté* worthy of her name; "why do you not use it, dear papa?"

"Dear child, it is a treasure to myself alone; and if I can share it with no one, at least no one can take it from me."

“What is it, then?” said Ingenue.

“It is, firstly, a pure conscience.”

Ingenue gave a half pout.

“What is the matter?”

“Nothing papa—I was only jumping over the stream.”

“I repeat, then, a pure conscience; it is inestimable.”

“My father, has not every one that treasure?”

“Oh, child—Did you remark the workmen at Reveillon’s door?” said Retif, to change the subject; “there are two passing who have the same look.”

“Have they?” said Ingenue, drawing on one side to let three men pass who were running towards the quays.

“Worthy fellows!” continued Retif; “they run to their meals after their hard day’s work with a step as rapid and eager as ours when we hasten to some pleasure.”

“Doubtless, papa.”

“What lot more happy than that of the wife who waits for one of them, in summer at her door, in winter at her fire. One hears in the house the chatter of the children and the boiling of the pot containing the family supper. At last the husband arrives; he holds out his arms to his wife and children, and receives their caresses—rather long for his impatient appetite. The supper smokes on the table; the children crowd around, their stools knocking together; and the mother, who has prepared all this, smiles at the contemplation of this tranquil happiness. And thus passes every day.”

“Listen,” cried Ingenue, who appreciated all this moral less than the author of it; “I think I hear a noise over there.”

Retif listened. “I hear nothing,” said he. “Is it not the sound of carriages that you hear?”

“Oh, no, father; it is like the sound of an immense number of voices.”

“Good!—voices. But why an immense number? Beware of exaggeration, Ingenue.”

“I did not say I was sure, father.”

“I was saying, then, my child, that the happiness of the poor is relatively greater than that of the rich.”

“Oh!” said Ingenue.

“Yes, for it is composed of a small number of animal pleasures, and a great number of moral ones. Ah! you are looking at those beautiful horses in that lady’s carriage.”

“I confess it, papa.”

“Remember the words of Rousseau, my child—‘The wife of a collier is more estimable than the mistress of a prince.’”

“Yes, but estimable is not happy, papa.”

“Oh! Ingenue, what happiness is possible without esteem? I dream only of one thing for you.”

“What is it, dear papa?”

“That a good workman, with hands nobly hardened by work, shall ask for your gentle and delicate one.”

“Would you give it?”

“At once.”

“But then, what would become, for you, of that happiness you paint so well? Who would light the fire and boil the soup? Who would hold out their arms to you when you return without money from the publishers? You see, if you got rid of me, you would be sacrificing your own happiness to that of another.”

“To yours. Is not that a father’s duty?”

“No, not to mine,” cried Ingenue, “for I should not be happy.”

These words struck Retif, and he turned to look at his daughter’s face, but another impression had already effaced that under which she had spoken, and she was looking around her with alarm. The noise was now distinctly heard both by Retif and his daughter.

“I hear now,” said he. “There are voices, numerous and angry ones.” And he turned to the right.

“We are going out of our way, papa,” said Ingenue.

“Yes, I am going to see the cause of the noise; it will doubtless furnish a chapter for my ‘Nightly Spectator.’”

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TUMULT.

GOING ON, guided by the noise, Retif and Ingenue came out on the quays, and the tumult was no longer a doubtful thing.

"It is at the Place Henri IV. or at the Place Dauphine," cried Retif.

"Come, Ingenue, come quickly; by waiting we shall lose all there is to see."

"Yes, papa," replied the young girl, who, though out of breath, still hurried on. They arrived at the corner of the quay where the crowd was great; and though kept at a distance by the fire of the burning effigy, they danced and sang in chorus.

The spectacle was picturesque; all the figures were lighted up by the flames, all the windows were occupied and illuminated: Retif was delighted.

Ingenue, pushed about by the crowd, had too much trouble to keep her dress in order to give to the spectacle all the attention it merited. Retif, having inquired the cause of this tumult, applauded this triumph of economical and reformatory ideas; but just as he was applauding with commentaries worthy of his philosophy, a great movement took place in front of him, and the crowd in front pressed back on the place where he stood. They had seen the hats of the soldiers of the watch, and here and there the manes of their horses, as they shook them in their rapid approach.

"The watch! the watch!" cried thousands of terrified voices.

"Bah! who cares," replied some of the bolder ones, who remained obstinately in their places, in spite of the efforts of the timid who tried to fly.

At the head of the soldiers galloped their commander, Colonel Dubois, an intrepid and yet patient soldier, a type of those officers who remained immovable as their horses amidst the confusion of a Parisian tumult. But that evening,

Dubois had strict orders, and would not allow the people to burn publicly the effigy of an archbishop and the keeper of the seals, before the very face of Henri IV. He had then hastily collected a handful of soldiers, and hurried towards the place of sedition, where he arrived at the moment when the riot was at its height. He had with him about 150 men, with whom he forced his way into the centre of the Place Dauphine.

He was received with ironical cries, and when he advanced towards the groups and ordered them to disperse, was answered by shouts of laughter and hootings. He then declared that he would charge if the resistance continued. They replied to his menaces with stones and sticks.

Dubois then commanded his men to charge. They put their horses to the trot, and gaining a little space, thanks to the panic which cleared away the nearest groups, began to gallop, and soon put to rout those who came from curiosity. Indeed, in the Parisian riots, there are always two distinct elements: the rioters, who begin the disorder; and the spectators, behind whom the rioters shelter themselves when the tumult has once reached a head. The idlers routed, then the rioters remained.

Among the spectators Retif and Ingenue first tried to fly, but a crowd of terrified people separated them, and Retif fell into a frightful *mêlée* of arms and legs, and wigs and hats lost by their owners. Ingenue, left alone, uttered piercing cries at every shock of that animal without reason or guidance, called a crowd.

Torn to pieces, stifled and hurt, she was about to fall in her turn, when a young man hearing her cries ran to her, overturning several people in his way, seized her round the waist, and drew her towards him with a strength of which no one could have believed him capable.

“Mademoiselle, let us be quick,” said he.

“Monsieur, what do you want?”

“Only to extricate you.”

“Where is my father?”

“I know nothing of your father; but you will be stifled—killed. Profit by this empty space.”

“My father!”

“Come along, the soldiers are about to fire, and balls are blind. Come, mademoiselle.”

Ingenue heard the cries of the rioters trampled under the

horses' feet, and the imprecations of men struck down in the dark; then she heard a shot fired.

The ball struck Dubois in the shoulder. Furious, he called to his men to fire. They obeyed; and, at the first discharge, ten or twelve corpses lay on the ground.

Meanwhile, Ingenue was borne rapidly away by her unknown preserver towards her own dwelling, calling constantly for her father.

"Your father, mademoiselle, will doubtless have gone home in the hope of finding you there. Where do you live?"

"Rue des Bernardins, near the Place aux Veaux."

"Well, lead me there," said the young man.

"*Mon Dieu!* monsieur, I know little of Paris," said Ingenue, "I never go out alone, and besides just now I am so troubled. Oh, my poor father! If anything has happened to him!"

"My friend," said the stranger, turning to a man who was behind them, "show me the Rue des Bernardins, if you please."

The man bowed without replying, rather with the air of a guide who obeys, than of a passer by doing a service, and walked before them.

After a little while, "Oh, here we are," cried Ingenue, "we are in the street."

"Well, now that you are no longer so troubled, you can recognize the house, can you not mademoiselle?"

"Yes, monsieur," said Ingenue, trembling more and more, and hurrying on. They arrived at last before Retif's door, in a dark corner of this sombre and solitary street, lighted by one single red lantern which swayed in the wind. Ingenue then first dared to look at her protector.

He was a young man with a noble face, an elegant figure, and his dress, although disordered, his linen, as well as the aristocratic perfume of his hair, his *tout ensemble*, revealed a person of rank. While Ingenue thanked him timidly, he found her beautiful, and told her so by bold looks.

She disengaged her arm from his.

"Will you not let me come in with you, to assure myself that you are in perfect safety?" said he in that easy tone then common to a class never accustomed to be refused.

"Monsieur, my father not being at home, I dare not ask you in."

“How will you get in yourself?”

“I have my key.”

“Ah! very well. You are very beautiful, my child.”

“Monsieur!” cried Ingenue, with a sigh which betrayed her anguish.

“What do you want?”

“Monsieur, I am dying with anxiety as to my father’s fate.”

“Oh! you want me to go away?”

“If you could save my father as you have saved me!”

“She is charming. What is your father’s name?”

“He is an author called Retif de la Bretonne.”

“Oh! the author of the ‘Pied de la Fauchette’ and of ‘La Paysanne Pervertie,’ and you are his daughter. What is your name?”

“Ingenue.”

“Ingenue?”

“Yes, monsieur.”

“Adorable! and quite worthy of your name.” And the unknown stepped back, in order to look better at the young girl, who mistook this movement for a mark of respect.

“I am going in, monsieur,” said she; “but tell me your name, I beg, that I may know to whom I owe so much.”

“Mademoiselle, I shall have the honour of seeing you again.”

“*Mon Dieu!*”

“What is it?”

“That man who, after having shown us the way seems to be waiting.”

“Yes, it was he who guided us.”

“But what does he want since we have arrived? Take care, monsieur, our street is very deserted.”

“Oh, do not fear, that man belongs to me.”

Ingenue, half frightened, took her key and prepared to go in. The young man stopped her.

“I have an idea,” said he.

“What is it, monsieur?”

“This impatience is hardly natural; a girl does not quit so quickly a man who has served her, unless she expects another.”

“Oh! monsieur, can you think so?” cried Ingenue, growing first red and then pale.

“I have seen more extraordinary things than that. Why should not a pretty girl have a sweetheart?”

Ingenue, ashamed and frightened, opened her door quickly, glided in, and the key turned in the lock.

"An eel," cried the stranger, "a real eel."

Then turning to the man who waited,—

"Auger," said he, "you have seen this young girl; you know her address and her father's name. Remember, she must be mine."

"Yes, monseigneur," replied the other respectfully; "but I must observe to your royal highness that Paris is not safe just now; they are still firing at the Place de Grève, and balls are blind as your highness remarked to that little girl."

"Let us go then, but remember the address."

"I know it, monseigneur."

"I believe she is expecting her lover."

"I will have the honour of letting your royal highness know that to-morrow."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRISTIAN.

INGENUE went into her own house all the more quickly, because she dreaded one thing and hoped another; if she feared a young man in the street, she hoped to see one in the house. This was why she had been in such a hurry to go in; why she had looked about her while Retif was exhausting himself in elegant moralities; and, above all, why instead of being moved as she might have been, by the devotion of the stranger who had rescued her from the crowd on the Place Dauphine, she merely thanked him in such a manner as to awaken his suspicions.

He whom Auger had called monseigneur had not been very wrong in his conclusions.

Indeed when Ingenue entered, she found seated on the staircase a young man, who rose as he recognized her step.

"Is it you, Mdlle. Ingenue?" said he.

"Yes, M. Christian."

“ I have been waiting impatiently for you. Has your father gone as usual to get his candle from the grocer’s ? ”

“ He has not come home: he will, perhaps never come home again. ”

“ You alarm me; in what a tone you speak, mademoiselle ! ”

“ Do you not know that they are fighting ? ”

“ Fighting ! Where ? ”

“ At the Pont Neuf, the soldiers and the people. ”

“ Is it possible ? ”

“ They are firing and killing every one. I was nearly killed myself; perhaps my poor father has been shot. ”

“ Do not cry, do not cry; there is hope. ”

“ Oh no, he would be here ! ”

“ What ! no hope—since you are here. I was saved, but he—— ”

“ Who saved you ? ”

“ A young man. Ah ! M. Christian, my father does not return. ”

“ Shall I go to look for him ? ”

“ I should like it, and—— ”

“ I had counted on this moment to say a few words to you. I know where you have dined; I saw you come out with your father, and I ran on to be here first, to wait for you on the staircase. ”

“ But, M. Christian—— ”

“ Ah ! how long you were ! how impatiently I waited—how often I opened and shut the door of the little room that I have hired here, in order that I might have the right of coming in with my key like the other lodgers. Ah ! Mdlle. Ingenué, for the last six weeks I have seen you every day, and on these occasions only have I addressed you when your father was not present. I can refrain no longer, and I beg you to tell me what you think of me. ”

“ M. Christian, I think that you are a young man very good and very indulgent towards me. ”

“ Is that all ? ”

“ But this room that you have hired, and in which you do not live—this dress which is not your ordinary one, and this having to ask of me what habit alone can inspire in women—— ”

“ Habit ? ”

“ In short, M. Christian, you see clearly into your heart, but I do not into mine. ”

“Mademoiselle, I think that if we are seen talking thus on the stairs, you will be compromised.”

“Let us say good night, then, M. Christian.”

“What! you will not allow me to sit down for once in your room, and talk to you. You do not love me!”

“How you talk, M. Christian—love you!”

“Oh! I should have thought you less cold. Your eyes speak a different language from your lips.”

“Some one is coming—go away.”

“It is that curious old woman from whom I hire my room. If she has seen us ——”

“*Mon Dieu!*—pray go away,” cried Ingenue.

“And there is a door opening below. What shall I do?”

“They will think ill of me, and I am doing none,” cried Ingenue.

“Quick! quick!—into your own room. The old woman is coming down, and some one else is coming up.”

Ingenue, under the influence of fear, opened her door, and Christian rushed in after her. They drew the bolts, Christian with a palpitating heart, and Ingenue with one full of anxiety about her father. All at once a rapid step resounded outside, and a loud voice cried, “Ingenue! Ingenue! are you there?”

“My father! my father!” cried the young girl, joyful yet frightened.

“Open, then,” cried Retif.

“What shall we do?” murmured Ingenue to Christian.

“Open the door,” said he, doing so as he spoke.

Retif rushed into his daughter’s arms, almost weeping with joy.

“We are then both saved,” cried he.

“Yes, father, yes! How did you escape?”

“Thrown down, and trampled under foot, I escaped the balls. Then I ran off, looking for you, and calling you. Oh! what have I not suffered on the way, and when I saw no light in your window. But, God be praised, here you are! How did you escape?”

“A generous stranger carried me out and brought me here.”

“Oh! you did not light your lamp. How the darkness terrified me!”

“Dear father!”—and Ingenue embraced him again. She hoped that Christian would profit by this moment to escape;

but on the contrary he advanced, and Retif saw him over his child's shoulder.

"Who is it?" cried he. "Ah! the gentleman is here."

Ingenue stammered something.

"Monsieur," said Christian, drawing near, "you are doubtless surprised to see me here with mademoiselle."

"Without light!" said Retif.

These words made the young girl hang her head.

"If," continued Retif, "you are the preserver of my daughter, I am ready to thank you."

Ingenue tremblingly lighted a candle, and Christian said,—
"I came here monsieur, to declare my love to your daughter."

"Oh!" cried Retif, surprised, "do you then know my daughter?"

"I have known her a long time."

"And I was ignorant of it."

"Mademoiselle was also ignorant. I have but three times had the honour of speaking to her,—when I met her."

"Really! How?"

"Monsieur, I have a room in this house. I am a working man, and earn enough to live comfortably."

Retif glanced at the young man's hands.

"What do you gain?" said he.

"From four to six francs a day."

"That is good," said Retif, who, however, continued to look at Christian's hands, which were rather too white for those of a workman.

The young man perceiving this, put them out of sight. Retif was silent a moment.

"Then," said he, "you came here to tell my daughter that you loved her."

"Yes, monsieur; I arrived just as mademoiselle closed her door. I entreated her to let me come in——"

"And she consented?"

"Monsieur, I talked to her of you, about whom she was anxious."

"Yes, yes;" and Retif looked at Ingenue, who was blushing like a rose.

"Is it possible," thought he, "that he should not love and be loved?" He took Christian by the hand. "I know your feelings," said he; "now tell me your intentions."

"I wish to obtain your daughter's hand in marriage, if she can love me."

“What is your name?”

“Christian.”

“An odd name.”

“It is mine.”

“It is foreign.”

“I am a foreigner—or rather my parents were. My mother is a Pole.”

“And you are a workman?”

“As I had the honour of telling you,” said Christian, astonished and uneasy at these repeated questions.

“Stay here, Ingenue,” said Retif, “while I show monsieur something of the family into which he solicits the honour to enter.”

Ingenue sat down, and Christian followed Retif.

“This is my work-room,” said he, showing Christian into an adjoining apartment, hung round with portraits and engravings, “and these are the portraits of my ancestors—my father, mother and grand-parents. These engravings represent the most interesting scenes from my romances. The former were worthy farmers sprung from the lower class, although I pretend to be descended from the Emperor Pertinax, as you know.”

“I was ignorant,” said the young man, surprised.

“Then you have not read my works,” said Retif coldly.

“If you had, you would have found there a genealogy which I drew up myself, and which shows unanswerably that my family descends from Pertinax, which means Retif in Latin.”

“I did not know,” repeated Christian.

“It must be of little consequence to you, a workman, to have a father-in-law descended from an emperor.”

Christian coloured at Retif’s glances. It is true they were very keen.

“But,” continued Retif, “what will surprise you is, that the blood of the emperors has failed in my veins, and that of the farmer reigns there alone, and that no emperor should have my daughter’s hand if he asked for it. The farmer appears to me the ideal of aristocracy; and I would not ally myself with a king, or even with a simple gentleman.”

“All you say is very wise,” replied the young man; “but it seems to me to be rather prejudiced and arbitrary.”

“How so?”

“Philosophy may destroy nobility; but I think, while it attacks the race, it should respect good members of it.”

"Assuredly; but what conclusion do you draw from that?"

"Oh! none," cried Christian quickly.

"Yet you, a workman, defend the nobility."

"As you, the descendant of an emperor, take the opposite side against me, a workman."

"You have mind, monsieur."

"If I have just enough to understand you, that is all I aim at," replied Christian.

Retif smiled, and Christian thought he had made his peace. But Retif was what Pertinax means in Latin, "head-strong."

"Confess," said he, to the young man, "that you came here to make my daughter love you, and with no other aim."

"You are wrong, monsieur, and I have asked for her hand."

"Confess, at least that you know she loves you."

"Must I be frank?"—"It is the only way."

"Well, I trust that Mademoiselle Ingenuë does not dislike me."

"You have seen certain signs?"

"I believe so, and that has emboldened me," continued the young man, duped by this false kindness.

"I see, then," cried Retif suddenly, "that you have taken all your measures, and have skilfully employed against poor Ingenuë all your snares and seductions."

"Monsieur!"

"I see that you have taken a lodging in the house near her, and that this evening thinking me absent, perhaps killed, you introduced yourself into her room."

"Monsieur, monsieur, you judge me wrongly."

"Alas! monsieur, I am a man of experience; I know these arts, I am about to write a book which will be my greatest work, called 'The Human Heart Unveiled.'"

"You do not know mine, I assure you."

"Who speaks of the human heart includes all hearts."

"I protest——"

"It will be useless; you have heard all I have to say."

"Yes, but let me speak in my turn."

"Of what use is it?"

"A just man should hear both sides; a romancer who paints feelings so well, should give ear to them; let me speak."

“Speak, then, since you wish it so much.”

“Monsieur, if your daughter has some liking for me, will you make her unhappy? I say nothing of myself, although I might be worth considering.”

“Ah!” cried Retif, seizing on this word. “Yes, yes, worth, that is not what I reproach you with; you are worth too much; I confess it.”

“No irony, I entreat.”

“I am not ironical, my dear sir, but you know my conditions; my ultimatum, as they say in politics.”

“Repeat them,” cried the young man sadly.

“A workman or merchant is the only person I would accept for my daughter.”

“But since I am a workman——” began Christian timidly.

But Retif, raising his voice, cried, “A workman! look at your hands;” and drawing himself up in his old coat, with a majestic air, bowed to Christian in a manner which admitted of no reply.

CHAPTER XIX.

BETIF'S SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED.

ALMOST turned out by the democratic descendant of the emperor Pertinax, Christian repressed before the table on which Ingenue was leaning trembling and with a palpitating heart. Christian trembled still more, as he cried, “Adieu, mademoiselle, adieu,—since your father is the most cruel and most immovable of men.”

Ingenue made a bound towards her father, and looked at him with eyes which, if they did not contain a defiance, at least uttered the most energetic protest. Retif, however, conducted Christian to the door, and, bowing politely, reclosed and locked it behind him.

On returning, he found Ingenue still standing motionless, where he had left her; she did not speak to him.

“You are angry with me?” said he.

“No, I have no right to be angry.”

“How do you mean, no right?”

“Are you not my father?” said Ingenue, in a bitter tone, and with an ironical smile.

Retif started; never had he seen her look so before. He went to the window, opened it, and saw Christian going slowly away, with every mark of deep distress. For a moment the thought struck him that this young man, whose alliance he had refused, might really be a workman; but he reflected again upon his elegant language and white hands. “Such a lover could not be a carver,” thought he, “unless he were one like Ascanio or Cellini, that is to say, a gentleman.”

It was evident, however, that this gentleman loved Ingenue well enough either to attempt to carry her off by violence, or to sacrifice his own life in a fit of despair. How he would have to reproach himself if either event happened—not to speak of the fury and vengeance of Christian’s family. What remorse for a feeling heart, for a philanthropic soul, for the friend of M. Mercier, the greatest philanthropist since Jean-Jacques Rousseau? What would people say of a novelist capable of such an abuse of parental authority? He determined, at all events, to satisfy himself as to what Christian might really be; so, taking his hat and cane, he ran towards the door. Ingenue, whether she understood what was passing through his mind, or whether she was incapable of bearing rancour, smiled upon him as he went out; and, encouraged by this smile, he descended the stairs with the agility of a lad of fifteen. He then began to follow Christian, keeping in the shade, and at such a distance, that the young man should not be able to recognize him if he turned his head.

Christian went rapidly on, without once looking back, and at last reached the Pont St. Michel. Retif saw him stop there, and half put his leg over the parapet. He was just about to cry out to stop him from throwing himself over, as he feared he was about to do, when the cries from the Place Dauphine redoubled in vehemence, and a frightful explosion was heard.

Both the listeners started at the sound, and Christian, leaving the bridge, ran quickly towards the scene of action. “He has changed his resolution,” thought Retif, “and is going to throw himself in the way of the bullets: he is decidedly a gentleman.”

Retif, therefore, began to run after Christian, who glided like an eel through the fugitives coming towards them, and through groups of men, brandishing knives and guns with ferocious cries.

It is now time to tell the reader what happened after the first discharge of firearms by the soldiers. Furious at seeing several men lying dead or wounded on the ground, the crowd, seeing the soldiers a little disordered by the charge they had made, had attacked them boldly, with stones, sticks and bars of iron, and hammers; for it is curious how at such times everything becomes a weapon. The struggle had then been a hand-to-hand one, and had cost the lives of several soldiers. Seizing their pistols, rifles, and swords, the rioters had succeeded in getting rid of the watch, and proud of this first success, proceeded to attack another body of soldiers on foot, who had not taken the part of their comrades, which they should have done and thus have placed the rioters between two fires. Thus, after their first victory, the people taking this inaction of the foot soldiers for weakness, attacked them; they defended themselves badly, threw down their arms, and sought safety in a flight, which ended in the death of the greater number of them.

In the first moments of anger and enthusiasm which follow a victory, the people demolish and burn, and when they have no living creatures on whom to wreak vengeance, they attack inanimate objects. It was just at this moment of popular triumph and delight, that Christian and Retif arrived. But this triumph did not last long. Reinforcements, sent in haste, had received the victors on the Place de Grève, by a fire so well maintained, that a third of those who arrived there were mowed down. This was what Christian and Retif had heard from the Pont St. Michel.

Christian ran along the quay; the guardhouse, where the soldiers had been stationed, was burning and the flames lighted up the whole river as far as the Louvre, forming at once a terrific and magnificent spectacle. But the incendiaries had forgotten the guns which the soldiers had left there, and these guns were all loaded.

Just then, as the roof of the little building fell in, a noise was heard, and then twenty different explosions which were followed by cries, and again four or five people lay on the ground. The first who fell was Christian, who had received a ball in the thigh.

Retif would not have understood this fall, had he not seen the crowd press forward to pick up, help, and pity the wounded. Foremost among them was an immense man, with an ugly, though expressive face which looked grand from emotion. This man flew to help Christian, as did Retif, and both heard his first words. They questioned him as to his name and address. Half-fainting, he did not notice that Retif stood by him.

“I am called Christian,” said he; “and am page to M. le Comte d’Artois; carry me to his stables, there is a surgeon there.”

Retif uttered an exclamation half of grief, half of triumph at hearing his suspicions confirmed, then as seven or eight people had undertaken to carry the wounded man, and as the tall man promised not to leave him till he had seen him under the care of the surgeon he had mentioned, Retif returned slowly to his own house, debating whether or not he should communicate this accident to his daughter, or whether he should let this unlucky passion die away in silence and forgetfulness, a plan which always succeeds if fathers have to deal with a love largely mixed with self-love.

Now, we must abandon Christian, who is being carried to the stables of the Comte d’Artois, and Retif who is going home, to finish our brief sketch of this beginning of the civil war. The riot, which was opposed by the municipal authorities in a feeble manner, and with confidence in the hitherto habitual superiority of the troops lasted for some hours. It recommenced on the next day, and lasted until the third. Then the troops were victorious. The greatest disaster which happened to the people, was their attack on the house of the Chevalier Dubois, which was met by the soldiers who attacked the rebels on two sides, and drove them back at the point of the bayonet with a slaughter which filled the street with blood.

After this the riot ceased, *but the revolution had begun.*

CHAPTER XX.

AUGER, THE TEMPTER.

THE day after this riot, of which the result had been so unfortunate to our young page, and to the scarcely-born love of Ingenue, the man who had acted as the guide of her preserver, entered boldly into Retif's house.

This man, who made his appearance like those mysterious people who enter at the end of the second act, and change the whole course of the drama, was a kind of servant out of livery about thirty-two years of age, with a flat bold face, a remnant of those grand lackeys of the last century, of which the race was beginning to die out. He was dressed in dark grey, and might have been taken for a *bourgeois*, or a clerk in his Sunday dress.

Ingenue, who was always expecting to hear something of Christian, was looking out of her window when this man with a bow and a smile entered the door, and found his way up the winding staircase, which after sixty steps led to Retif's apartments.

Astonished as she was at being bowed to by a man she did not know, Ingenue, taking it for granted that it was some friend of her father's, opened the door at the first knock.

"M. Retif de la Bretonne?" asked the unknown.

"Yes, monsieur, he lives here," replied Ingenue.

"I know that, mademoiselle; pray be good enough to tell him that I wish to speak to him."

"My father is composing, monsieur, and he does not like to be disturbed at his work."

"I am sorry to trouble him, but what I have to communicate is of great importance." And as he spoke, the stranger quietly entered the room, and laying down his hat and cane, seemed determined to take no refusal. After which, sitting down in an arm-chair, he drew out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead, with an expression which seemed to say, "Mademoiselle, you live very high."

Ingenue looked at the stranger with astonishment. It was

evident to her, that the orders she had received from her father were already half infringed.

"After all, mademoiselle," said the stranger, "I might as well say what I have to say to you as to your father."

"Then, pray do so, monsieur, for I should prefer not to disturb him."

"Yes, yes," continued the man, with a look which made the young girl involuntarily lower her eyes, "it will, perhaps, be better; for the affair may be very well settled between you and me; your father, in fact, has nothing to do with it."

"But what can it be then?" said Ingenue, timidly.

"It is about yourself, mademoiselle."

"About me?" cried she, in astonishment.

"Doubtless, you are pretty enough not to be surprised at that, I should think."

Ingenue blushed. "Pardon me, monsieur," said she, "but I should like to know to whom I have the honour of speaking."

"Oh! mademoiselle, my name would tell you nothing, for you certainly do not know it."

"Still I should like to know."

"My name is Auger, mademoiselle."

Ingenue bowed; but, as he had said, the name told her nothing. There was in the young girl an air of such innocence, that, little sensitive as he was to such impressions, Auger continued to look at her and say nothing.

"I am waiting, monsieur," said she, at length.

"In fact it is difficult to say."

Ingenue blushed again, and this blush appeared to be a barrier over which the stranger could not step.

"*Ma foi!*" said he, "I would rather speak to your father than to you."

Ingenue seeing that there was no means of getting rid of him, determined to go to her father.

"Stay here, then," said she, "and I will go and tell my father."

Retif was at work on his paper, and as usual, composing instead of writing. This was a double economy of time and money. Retif was a great worker, and like all such when disturbed too often, he complained loudly; but when his door had not been opened for two or three hours, he did not dislike being disturbed, although he grumbled a little to keep up appearances.

"Excuse me, papa," said Ingenue, "but here is a stranger, a M. Auger, who wishes to speak to you on important business."

"M. Auger; I do not know him," said Retif, reflecting.

"Well, then, my dear sir, we will make an acquaintance," said a voice behind Ingenue.

Retif de la Bretonne turned, and saw a man standing behind his daughter.

"Ah! what is it?" said he.

"Monsieur, will you be good enough to give me a private interview," said Auger.

Retif dismissed his daughter.

Auger followed her with his eyes until the door was shut, and then with an air of relief, "*Ma foi!* now I am free," said he; "the innocent look of that girl froze the words on my lips."

"And why so, monsieur?" said Retif, with an astonishment which was destined to increase, all through the conversation.

"On account of the question I have to ask," said Auger.

"And what is that?"—"Is your daughter free?"

"What do you mean? I do not understand you."

"I will make myself understood."

"Pray do."

"I asked if your daughter had no husband?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor lover?"

"Ah! monsieur," cried Retif, drawing himself up.

"Oh! I understand," said Auger, with great coolness, "that at first sight the question seems impertinent, but it is not so."

"Ah! you think so," said Retif, astonished.

"Assuredly not, for you would like to see your daughter rich and happy."

"Doubtless; that must be the desire of every father."

"Well, then, monsieur, Mdlle. Ingenue would miss her good fortune if she were not free."

Retif thought that the man had come to ask his daughter in marriage, and he scanned him from head to foot.

"Oh! a proposal," murmured he.

"Yes, monsieur, a proposal. What do you intend to do with the young girl?"

"Make her an honest wife, sir, as she is an honest girl."

“That is to say, marry her to some mechanic, artist, or poor devil of a poet or journalist.”

“Well, and what then?”

“I suppose you have had many such proposals.”

“Only yesterday, monsieur, I received a most honourable one.”

“You refused it, I hope?”

“And why do you hope it?”

“Because I come to make a better one to-day.”

“Better! but you do not now what that was.”

“I do not care.”

“But——”

“I do not wish to know, for I am very sure that what I have to offer is better.”

Oh! oh! thought Retif, Ingenue is getting up in the world.

“Besides, I know, or rather I guess——”

“Who the proposal came from?”

“Yes, a little short young man.”

“That is right?”

“Without a farthing?”——“I do not know.”

“Without a business?”

“Excuse me, he called himself a carver.”

“He called himself?”

“Yes, for really he was a gentleman.”

“Well, M. Retif, I offer you something better than that. I come to propose to you a prince.”

“To marry my daughter?”——“Yes.”

“Are you joking?”

“Not in the least; take it or leave it.”

Doubt began to arise in the heart of Retif, while the colour mounted to his face.

“To marry, you say,” repeated he in a defiant tone. “A prince marry a poor girl!”

“Oh! I do not tell you that he will marry her at Notre Dame,” said Auger, impertinently, encouraged by the patience of Retif.

“Then, monsieur, where will he marry her?” said Retif, looking keenly at him.

“Come,” said Auger, laying his hand familiarly on Retif’s shoulder, “a truce to pleasantries; let us look fairly at the thing, dear M. Retif; the prince has seen your daughter, and he loves her.”

“What prince?” asked Retif, in an icy tone.

“What prince!” said Auger, a little taken down, in spite of his effrontery. “*Pardieu!* a very great prince, immensely rich.”

“Monsieur,” replied Retif, “I know not what you mean by all your smiles; but I am sure that what is promised, is either too much or too little.”

“Let me tell you what is promised, M. Retif—money, a great deal of money.”

Retif’s face bore so marked an expression of disgust, that Auger hastened to say, “Money; one would say that you had never had any in your life, and knew not what it is.”

“Really,” said Retif, “I hardly know if I am asleep or awake; but if I am awake, I am very patient to listen to you.”

“Listen to me, M. Retif, and hear my definition of money. Oh, you who compose attend to this. Money, my dear Retif——”

“Monsieur——”

“Ah! you interrupt me in the beginning.”

Retif looked around him, as if to see if there was no one to help him to kick Auger out; but he was alone, and unable to contend against a strong young man like him. He therefore took patience. Besides, in his character of observer and painter of manners, the conversation was not without interest for him, and he was willing to see how much of princely insolence remained in this new order of society, which affected philosophy and aspired to liberty. Auger, who could not guess what was really passing through Retif’s mind, and who having always found men despicable was accustomed to despise them, went on,—

“Money, my dear M. Retif, means a room in a better house than this, in a better street, with better furniture; nothing like your old worm-eaten tables and rickety chairs, but arm-chairs in good Utrecht velvet and rosewood; silk curtains, good carpets for winter and polished floors for summer; a valet to take care of all; a good clock, in buhl or bronze, on the chimneypiece; sideboards, covered with china and silver; cellars, full of Burgundy for the days you do not work, and Bordeaux for the days you do work.”

“Monsieur, monsieur,” cried Retif.

“But let me finish, *morbleu!* A good library, not like the shabby books I see on those old shelves there, nailed up

by yourself; but handsome and good, or rather bad books, for those are what you gentlemen authors like the best. Voltaire well bound, Jean-Jacques Rousseau gilded, the 'Encyclopedia' complete, one thousand volumes. Then a plentiful store of wood for fires, and lamps and wax-lights in abundance; in your wardrobe, coats, waistcoats, trousers, dressing-gowns, lace and fine linen; a gold-headed cane—you would look fifteen years younger at least, and all the women would turn to look at you."

"The women!"

"Yes; as they did when you were but twenty-five, and took such loving walks with Mdlle. Ginant and three others. Ah, you see that I have read your books, M. Retif de la Bretonne, although they are so badly printed. I know your history also. Well, you shall have all I promise, M. Retif—house, money and furniture—all that and more, or I will forfeit my name."

"But the end of all this?"

"Is, that the prince in marrying your daughter gives all this for her dowry."

"Ah! you are laughing at me," cried Retif, furiously; "or else you have come seriously to propose to me an infamous bargain."

"As for that, my dear M. Retif, I come to propose to you a bargain, but you miscalc it; it is not an infamous but an excellent one—excellent for you and for your daughter."

"But, do you know, monsieur, that it is simply dishonour that you are proposing to me?"

"Dishonour! are you mad?"

"Well, it seems to me——"

"Dishonour! good; Mdlle. Ingenue Retif dishonoured in being loved by a prince! On my word, I am puzzled; or have you really persuaded yourself that you descend from the emperor Pertinax?"

"What!" cried Retif, with growing astonishment, "is it then the king?"

"Almost."

"M. le Comte de Prov——"

"No names, M. Retif. It is the money of his royal highness the prince. What the deuce do you want more? And when such a prince knocks at the door, my opinion is that it should be opened to him."

“ Oh !” cried Retif, “ I refuse ; I prefer poverty.”

“ It is all very fine,” replied Auger ; “ but really you have too much of that already. You compose with much trouble books which are not always good ; you gain less and less, and the older you get the less you will gain ; you have had the same great coat for twenty years ; and Mdlle. Ingenuë to whom I offer half a million, has hardly a dress to put on.”

“ Monsieur,” cried Retif, “ speak of what concerns you, I beg.”

“ So I do. It concerns me that Mdlle. Ingenuë, being beautiful should be elegant ; and no one I declare would have worn a silk dress or walked before her footman with greater grace.”

“ It is possible ; but I refuse.”

“ How foolish ! Why do you refuse ?”

“ Monsieur, you insult me ; but I will call Ingenuë, and she shall answer you herself.”

“ Do not do that, it would be more foolish still ; but I bet that if you do call her, I shall persuade her.”

“ What ! you will corrupt my child !” cried Retif.

“ Why the devil do you think that I took the trouble to come here ?”

“ Horrible !” cried Retif, with a theatrical gesture.

“ Firstly,” continued Auger, “ the prince of whom I speak is charming.”

“ Then,” said Retif, naively, “ it is not M. de Provence.”

“ Then, you see, I have good-naturedly come to ask your permission, when if necessary we can do without it.”

“ What !”

“ Yes, doubtless ; I tell you that I come from a prince, that is to say, a very powerful man ; he has but to take your daughter, and my permission is not necessary for that.”

At these imprudent words, Retif stamped with anger.

“ Take my daughter !” cried he. “ Let them come—these fine lords, these oppressors, these tyrants !”

“ There, there, dear M. Retif,” said Auger, with a mocking air, “ all that has been said and written a hundred times, from Juvenal to Rousseau, from Tacitus to Diderot. Take care, dear M. Retif, take care !”

“ I will rouse the neighbours.”

“ We will have you arrested, as troubling the public peace.”

"I will write against the prince."

"You will be taken to the Bastille."

"But I shall come out, and ——"

"Perhaps not; you are old, and the Bastille will last longer than you."

"Perhaps," said Retif, in a tone that made even Auger start.

"Then you really refuse what all our great noblemen solicited, in the time of our beloved king, Louis XIV "

"I am not a great nobleman."

"You prefer that the first blackguard who comes should take your daughter."

"The wife of a coalheaver is more respectable than the mistress of a prince."

"When Rousseau wrote that in a book dedicated to Madame de Pompadour, he was what he often was, a stupid ill-tempered animal. But this is what will happen to you; your daughter will not be the wife of a prince, but the mistress of a coalheaver."

"Back, tempter!"

"Consult your daughter; for believe me, if I do not persuade you, some other, with less to offer will persuade her. Only reflect, that it is the proposal of a prince, who is quite capable of pleasing your daughter without my intervention, and in spite of yours. You shall have riches and mystery; protection for your books, which would no longer risk being burned by the hand of the hangman; in one word, every advantage and no regrets. Would travelling please you?"

"None of it pleases me."

"*Diable!* You are hard to please; what do you want?"

"That my daughter shall be honourably married."

"We shall reach that by a flowery path; your daughter shall marry, I promise you."

"What! after the prince has dishonoured her?"

"You *will* use that absurd word."

"It is the only one that expresses my thoughts."

"Ah! my dear sir, then your thoughts are as absurd as your words. The good graces of a prince of the blood, honours, not dishonours; and believe me that many who would not marry your daughter without name or fortune, will feel honoured at marrying her with a great name, and a dowry of thirty thousand francs at least. Ah! my dear

M. Retif, papas and mamas listened with a different air in the reign of Louis XV.; and they did well. I, myself, have seen in the hands of M. Lebel, whom I had the honour to know in my youth, and who was good enough to give me several valuable counsels for my conduct in life, letters from noblemen of the highest rank, asking as a favour that their daughters should be admitted into that nice establishment, the '*Parc-aux-cerfs*,' and having but one fear, that they should not be thought pretty enough to be admitted. Well, you have not that fear about Mdlle. Ingenue, for she is charming."

"Monsieur," said Retif, "what you say is unhappily true. France has had a season of depravity, in which the great seem to have lost all shame. Yes, I know that when your pretended well-beloved king, your tyrant, Louis XV., took for a mistress Madame d'Etoiles from the *bourgeoisie*, and Madame Dubarry from the people, the nobility loudly claimed their privileges of furnishing mistresses to the king; but, thank God, that time is past. Louis XV is dead, and we are on the road to regeneration. Cease then to tempt me, M. Auger, for it is useless; and to tell you a truth, and give you a piece of advice, you follow a vile business, and I advise you to change it, and become an honest workman instead of what you are, an instrument of perdition, tears, and dishonour. I have only to add, that as you have no more need of me, nor I of you, we had better part."

"Willingly, dear M. Retif; for really you are not much more amusing when you preach than when you write; but I must declare one thing first, to which you force me."

"What is it?"

"War."

"Do so."

"And now you are warned."

"So be it."

"I will besiege Mdlle. Ingenue, and her house."

"We will defend it."

"I pity you."

"And I do not fear you."

"Adieu, then; my next attempt will be with the girl herself."

"Try."

"I shall have old women to speak to her."

"I will meet them."

"The prince will come."

"I will open to him."

"And what then?"

"I will make him ashamed of his love."

"How so?"

"With such discourse as he has never before heard."

"He will be *ennuyé*."

"Then he will go away."

"Really, M. Retif, you are a clever man. There will be pleasure in fighting you."

"Ah!" said Retif, as if to himself, "no one knows how I desire to keep that young girl pure."

"For whom?"

"For myself, *morbleu!* I love her; and the purity of a daughter is a father's richest treasure."

"Well, I am tired of listening to all that—I will go. *Au revoir*."

"Adieu."

"No, no; we shall meet again before long. Listen to this noise."

"What noise?"

"In my pocket."

And, taking out a handful of gold, he displayed the corrupting metal before the eyes of the old man. Retif shuddered, and the tempter saw it.

"This," said he, "is what M. Beaumarchais calls the sinews of war. It is very pretty stuff for the demonstration we are about to make with it in the honour of Mdlle. Ingenue."

And with this terrible menace, Auger went out backwards, displaying his gold. This skilful *sortie* terrified Retif more than all the rest. When Auger was gone, he remained pensive and sad.

"Yes, he is right. He will take my daughter from me,—if not now, soon." Then raising his arms pathetically, "Dreadful times," cried he, "when a father is forced to listen to such things, and dare not kick out him who says them, for fear of being sent to the Bastille. Luckily, my friend Mercier declares that all this will be changed." Then, after a pause, he continued, "Ingenue is a good and wise girl; I will consult her."

"He then called Ingenue, and, making her sit down beside

him, recounted to her the dazzling offers made by Auger, and did not conceal the terror that they inspired in him.

Ingenue laughed. She had in her heart that which renders one strong against all seductions—a true love.

“You seem brave,” said Retif. “What gives you so much confidence? With what talisman do you hope to combat wickedness, vice, and power? With what forces will you repulse the prince’s love?”

“With a few words, father.”

“What are they?”

“I love some one else.”

“Good! then we are the strongest,” cried Retif joyfully, turning to go on with his work.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE INGENUOUSNESS OF INGENUE.

RETIF as he arranged his type, meditated over his daughter’s last sentence. His reflections tranquillized him a little as to any chance of her acquiescence in the projects of Auger, but at the same time made him uneasy as to the state of her heart. A young girl capable of saying so frankly, “I love some one else,” could not be without a certain resolution—of consequence to the father of a family. So that, little by little, Retif slackened his work, compressed his lips, and came to the conclusion that he ought to know more about Ingenue’s love, and its object. He therefore advanced towards his daughter who was sitting pensively by the window, playing with the stalk of a clematis whose stem trembled outside the window in the first autumn breezes. Retif drew a chair, and sitting down by her, prepared to employ in the interview all the resources of his diplomacy.

“My love,” said he to her, “you know then what it is to love, since you said just now that you loved some one.”

Ingenue raised her large blue eyes to her father’s face, and said with a smile,—

“I believe I do, father.”

“And how do you know—who can have taught you?”

"Firstly, father, you forget that you often read me passages from your books."

"Well?"

"In your books there is always love."

"That is true; but I always chose the best passages to read to you."

"The best passages?"

"I mean the most innocent."

"Is not love then always innocent?" asked Ingenue, with a simplicity which was perfectly unaffected.

"Charming! charming!" cried Retif. "I must write down that. It is at once the pendant and corrective of your other speech."

And, taking a piece of paper, he wrote down with a pencil Ingenue's sentence, which went into his vast pocket, where there were already hundreds of other notes of the same kind.

Then he went on, "You said, 'Firstly, father,' therefore there is more to tell."

"I do not understand."

"Where else but in my books have you learned what love is?"

Ingenue smiled, but did not answer.

"Come," said Retif, "let me hear how you discovered that you loved."

"I did not know that I loved, father, until I saw some one whom I did not love, and then I discovered that my heart belonged to another."

"You saw some one whom you did not love?"

"Yes, father."

"When?"

"The night of the riot."

"And who was this some one?"

"A handsome young man."

"Of what age?"

"About twenty-six or twenty-seven."

"*Bon Dieu!*" cried Retif, "and you never told me, my child."

"Yes, father, I told you that separated from you, lost and trembling with fear, I accepted the arm of a stranger who brought me home."

"Alas! alas! how many handsome young men are mixed up with our affairs, my poor Ingenue."

"It is not my fault, father," said the young girl, naively.

"No, certainly not, my child—it is not your fault. A handsome young man, about twenty-six—elegant?"

"Very elegant, father."

"Just so. Handsome eyes, tall, slender, the under lip a little hanging?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Try and think."

"I believe you are right."

"It was the prince."

"Ah! probably," cried Ingenue.

"Why probably?"

"Because, to reassure me, when I was frightened by a man who had followed us, 'Fear nothing,' he said, 'that man belongs to me.'"

"Ambushes! snares!" cried Retif. "Alas! my house has lost its quiet. Oh! these great folks. Oh, liberty! But now that you have told me about the man you do not love, tell me about him you do love."

"But you know well who that is, papa."

"Never mind, tell me."

"It is M. Christian."

"I thought so," murmured Retif, and he looked very anxious.

Indeed, the romancer was much puzzled how to direct in the proper path, the romance of his daughter's life. He felt as undecided as when he had first seen the young man fall, whether or not to tell Ingenue of her lover's misfortune. A bad feeling gained the ascendant, as it generally does with men. Retif was like all fathers, rather jealous of his daughter. He treated her like an imaginary personage; and that this child, whom he had called Ingenue, should in any way belie her name, would have spoiled not only his dramatic combinations, but his model. He therefore said nothing. To tell her that her lover was wounded would be to double her interest in him, and consequently her love; while on the contrary, to leave her in ignorance might induce doubt in her heart.

"Alas!" said he, "M. Christian."

"Well," said the young girl, with a dryness that promised much moral vigour in the future, "what have you to say against M. Christian?"

"That he is a liar, only trying to deceive you like the other."

“Why do you think so?”

“Because he told you he was a workman, and he was not.”

“I know it.”

“What, you know it?”

“Yes; it was easy to see.”

“And you saw it?”

“At once. What then?”

“What then!”

“Yes, what then?” replied Ingenué, in the same firm tone.

“Well, then, we will examine the subject, and see whether Mdlle. Retif de la Bretonne, who refuses the love of a prince, will accept that of a page.”

“A page!” cried Ingenué, with an accent of terror which did not escape Retif.

“Yes, the page of a prince,” continued he, believing he had made an impression, so pale was Ingenué, and so bad was the reputation of the gentlemen pages throughout the whole of France. She hung her head, and continued to murmur, “a page!”

“Yes, a page of M. le Comte d’Artois,” added Retif, “that is to say the valet of a libertine.” Then, as if afraid of what he had said, he lowered his voice as he went on, “For, we may say, with the noble frankness which belongs to an honest man, and a free one;” and here he spoke so low, that his daughter could hardly hear him, “that M. le Comte d’Artois is an arrant libertine, a destroyer of young girls, a *roué* destined to continue the infamies of the Regency.”

“Well,” interrupted Ingenué, who had recovered herself a little; “but what has all that to do with M. Christian?”

“What has it to do with him? You know the proverb, ‘like master, like man.’ We cannot imagine that M. Christian can be a model of virtue.”

“Why not?” murmured Ingenué, feebly.

“It is impossible; for if he were so, he would not remain in the service of his royal highness.”

“Oh!” said the young girl, “do you not exaggerate, father?”

“And besides, I have an idea,” cried Retif, with an energy which increased with his triumph, “who knows if he did not come here with the same object as the other?”

“What other, father?”

“This Auger! *pardieu*, it is as clear as daylight; M. Christian is an emissary of the same prince. The Comte d’Artois sent his page; but the page having failed, he sent Auger.”

Retif pronounced these last words with so joyful an accent, that Ingenue looked quickly up, with some suspicion, not of the misfortune which had happened to Christian, but of some obstacle having been raised between them by her father.

“How, failed? What do you mean?” said she.

Retif saw the imprudence of which he had been guilty, and coloured.

“Doubtless,” said he, “he failed when I showed him that I knew he was not a workman.”

“That is true,” replied Ingenue, “but how did you know he was a page?”

“By following him.”

“You followed him?”

“Did you not see me go?”

“Did he then tell you that he was a page of the Comte d’Artois?”

“No, he did not tell me.”

“Then how do you know?”

“I saw him go into the stables, and then I said to the porter, ‘Who is that young man?’ and he replied, ‘He is a page of Monseigneur le Comte d’Artois, who lives here.’”

Ingenue hung her head.

“However, on that side you may be quite reassured; it is all over.”

“How so?”

“Because he will return no more.”

“Who will not?”

“M. Christian.”

“M. Christian will return no more,” cried Ingenue, with anguish.

“Because he is furious at having failed. No seducer ever pardons a defeat.”

“But, since you say that he came for another, and not for himself.”

“All the more reason; and since Auger came, M. Christian has renounced the scheme.”

The grief on Ingenue’s face alarmed her father.

"Come, my child," said he, "you are proud, are you not?"

"Yes."

"You would not allow any man to despise you?"

"Certainly, not."

"Well then, he must despise you, who came to make a bargain for you for another."

"M. Auger?"

"No, the page. I know you do not love M. Auger, *parbleu!*"

Ingenuë shook her head. "M. Christian never bargained for me."

"He never told you so, but that was the truth."

She shook her head again, and said: "It was an odd method of pleading for another, to make me love himself."

This simple logic crushed Retif.

"Oh!" stammered he, "do not trust to that, my poor Ingenuë, these libertines have so many tricks."

"M. Christian had none," replied Ingenuë resolutely.

"They lay snares."

"M. Christian laid none."

"You cannot know that."

"On the contrary, no man who laid snares would have been so gentle, affable, and submissive to my least wish as M. Christian was."

"Why there lay the snare."

"He would not have respected a young girl, as he respected me."

"Yes, if he was reserving her for another."

"Then he would not have embraced her."

"He embraced you?" cried Retif.

"Yes," said she simply.

Retif crossed his arms and walked dramatically about his little room.

"Oh, nature!" murmured he.

"Explain to me," said Ingenuë.

"I will explain nothing," growled Retif, "but I repeat that M. Christian was a libertine to embrace you."

"Oh, no father; I embraced him also, and I am no libertine, father."

The simplicity of this speech once more disarmed Retif's anger, and he said once more quietly, "Then I have but one thing more to add, my child."

“What is it, father?”

“If M. Christian is no libertine, but loves you purely, my rejecting him will be in vain; he will return.”

“Oh, I am sure of it.”

“Then if he does not return——” Retif stopped, for he felt that he was committing a bad action.

“Well, if he does not return?” said Ingenue.

“Will you then believe that you were deceived in him, and that he sought you through caprice or libertinism?”

“My father!”

“Will you believe it? Speak, for with that obstinate look you seem heartless.”

“Oh!” said she, smiling.

“Well?”

“If M. Christian does not return, I confess it will surprise me much.”

“And only surprise you?”

“No, it will make me suspect——”

“That he was sent by the prince, like M. Auger?”

“No, never.”

“But what then?”

“That you have discouraged and frightened him, and have prevented him from loving me as he wished.”

“And how did he wish?”

“How can I tell; perhaps, without wishing to marry me.”

“Ah!” cried Retif joyously, “now I find my daughter once more. Well, I will make a bet with you, if you like.”

“My father,” said Ingenue, with visible suffering, “do not jest, I beg; you grieve me.”

But Retif either did not or would not hear.

“I will bet,” said he, “that in a fortnight—no, a fortnight is not enough,—that in a month from this time, M. Christian will not have reappeared.”

“Why just a month?” said Ingenue: “if he cease to come, why should it be for a fortnight, or a month, and not for ever?”

“Oh!” said Retif, somewhat embarrassed; “I said a month, I might have said six months, or a year, or for ever.”

“Well, then, I am more learned than you, father.”

“You!”

“Yes, I; and I say, that if he does not come within a month, he will never come at all. Indeed if he is coming I believe he will be here before to-morrow.”

“Very good,” cried Retif, quite pleased. And he thought, “Before a month has passed, Christian will have forgotten Ingenue, and she him.” This worthy writer about love reckoned this time without youth, and fortune which almost always protects youth. As Ingenue felt sure of seeing Christian either on that day or the next, she waited calmly and hopefully, while Retif resumed his composition.

CHAPTER XXII.

AUGER DISMISSED.

AUGER had been profuse in promises to the Comte d’Artois and in menaces to Retif. It now remained for him to realize both, if he could; but there lay the question.

As for the promises, we have seen the result of his first attempt upon Retif, and as for the menaces, times were a little changed, and *lettres de cachet* were no longer as easily obtained as in the time of M. de Sartines. Louis XVI. still occasionally sent an author to St. Lazare or the Bastille; but, at least, it was necessary for him to have committed, or to appear to have committed, some fault.

Therefore, to ask for a *lettre de cachet* against Retif, on the ground that he would not consent to his daughter’s dishonour, although it might have been an excellent plan with Louis XV., would not have answered with his successor; and Retif knew this when he bravely accepted war.

He busied himself in watching Ingenue, and baffled Auger completely for a week. That was something, for Auger had only asked for a fortnight. Retif never quitted his daughter; he sat at the window with her, and when Auger appeared at the end of the street, he smiled ironically at him, and bowed with an air of triumph.

The Mercury of the Comte d’Artois became furious, for Retif’s precautions extended to the most minute details. Not a loaf, not a packet of grocery entered the house with-

out being subjected to an investigation. Retif invented *ruses de guerre* for the pleasure of combating them.

When he went out with Ingenue he was a perfect Argus, having in the skirts of his old coat more eyes than Argus had in his whole body.

Auger was at work night and day, but always without success. He was repulsed when he sent emissaries, who had the door shut in their faces by Retif himself. He was repulsed when he wrote or got others to write, or when some old woman tried to approach Ingenue and slide a letter into her hand, and repulsed if he tried to exchange a single glance with Ingenue, who gave him no encouragement whatever.

It therefore only remained for him to employ violence, as he had threatened, and one evening he tried.

Ingenue was returning from her usual walk with her father to Reveillon's house, when Auger rushed upon them, and tried to separate her from her father, with the intention of carrying her off in a carriage which he had in waiting.

Retif, instead of engaging in a struggle in which he would certainly have come worst off, passed his stick between Auger's legs, and cried for the watch, in which Ingenue joined. Auger stumbled over the stick and fell, then, rising, was about to make a fresh attempt; all the windows however had been thrown open at the sound of the cries, and at the same time a body of the watch appeared at the end of the street, and he had barely time to escape by running away at full speed, grumbling against Providence who protects innocence, and patrols who protect the weak against the strong.

But Auger did not give up; he determined to try again.

"Had I not been alone," thought he, "I could have carried her off, and once in the prince's house, the rest is his business." He therefore engaged an accomplice.

But Retif was still more determined to keep his daughter than Auger was to carry her off. Since the last attempt, therefore, every time that Retif returned with his daughter he got some of Reveillon's men to follow them, and they, not too well disposed towards the aristocrats, were anxious for an opportunity of giving Auger a lesson, and willingly consented to keep themselves out of sight, so as to induce him to believe that his victims were alone.

Auger dressed himself as a coachman, and he and his companion, simulating intoxication, strolled along the street singing a popular song in a drunken fashion.

When Retif reached the Rue des Bernardins it was half-past nine, and the place deserted ; Auger tumbled against Ingenue, and declared that he would embrace her. She screamed, but he seized her in his arms ; Retif cried out for help, but Auger's companion seized him by the throat.

The signal, however, had been given and heard, and before the two heroes could take another step, they were surprised by four vigorous men armed with sticks, who attacked them furiously, accompanying each blow with an epithet not the more welcome for being deserved.

Auger and his companion were therefore forced to let go their prizes, and the father and daughter reached their own door, ran up the five flights of stairs, and had time to station themselves at their window before the correction administered in the street was over. It must be confessed that the four avengers acted with more than justice, and found so much pleasure in the work, that they continued it until Auger's companion was left senseless on the ground. As for Auger himself, after having had a good beating, he was fortunate enough to make his escape.

This scene made a great sensation in the neighbourhood. The commissary took the wounded man into custody, and spoke of having him hanged as a highway-robber.

M. Auger now lost both his hope and his enthusiasm, and it was with a crestfallen air that he went to see the prince as he was getting into bed. Unluckily for M. Auger, his royal highness was that evening in a very bad temper ; he had lost 2,000 louis to the Duc d'Orleans, by running French horses against his English ones ; he had been lectured by the king for his irreligion, and had been looked coldly on by the queen for having turned his back on the king : that evening, therefore, the prince was not amiable.

Auger knew all this, but he could not choose his own time. He had asked only for a fortnight,—it was now seventeen days, and the prince had said,—

“I have heard nothing of M. Auger for a week ; let some one bring the fellow to me.”

Now, as M. Auger was not beloved by any one, a lackey rushed down stairs at once to execute the prince's order, and ten minutes after, M. Auger was in the antechamber. When he presented himself, the prince was beating his pillow to let out his anger.

“Ah ! M. Auger,” cried he, “here you are at last ; it is

very lucky, on my word. I thought you had gone to America. Have you been successful, however?"

Auger replied by a deep sigh.

The prince understood.

"What," cried he, "have you not got me the young girl?"

"Alas! no, monseigneur," replied the unhappy messenger of love.

"And why not?"

"Because all the misfortunes in the world have accumulated upon me." And he related as pathetically as he could all that had happened.

The prince listened without the least sympathy, and Auger was in despair.

"You are a fool," said his royal highness, when all was told.

"It is true, monseigneur," said Auger, bowing.

"But that is not all; you are a bad servant."

"Oh! your highness! as for that——"

"A—rascal!"

"Monseigneur!"

"It is not enough to fail, but you must compromise my name, by getting beaten in my livery, which was not too popular before."

"But, monseigneur, it was not my fault."

"I will disown you; I say more——"

"Oh! monseigneur! you can say no more."

"Yes, I can; if they seek for you, I will let them hang you."

"It would be a sad recompense for the injuries I have received, and the trouble I have taken for you, monseigneur."

"Wonderful injuries—great trouble. A little, obscure, unknown girl, whose only guardian is an old man."

"Those who attacked my companion and myself were not old men, monseigneur."

"One may be beaten once, I allow, but all the more reason for taking revenge."

"It is not an easy thing, monseigneur; all the neighbourhood is in arms."

"Fine reasoning. Where force fails you should try cunning."

"The old father is a real fox, monseigneur."

"Get rid of him."

"Impossible! he is both iron and cotton."

“What do you mean?”

“Iron to strike, and cotton to receive blows.”

“Wheedle the daughter.”

“To do that, monseigneur, I must be able to speak to her, or, at least, to see her; it is impossible to do either.”

“You have not the least imagination,” cried the prince, in a fury; “you are a brute—a stupid animal, not equal to a Savoyard—below an Auvergnat. I wager that the first man I should lay hands on—the porter at the corner of the street would manage better than you, M. Auger.”

“I dare to think not, monseigneur.”

“But, monsieur, how then did Bontems, Bachelier, and Lebel manage? or the regent’s valet? or M. de Richelieu’s secretary? Did they ever fail? Impossible! *morbleu!* It is the first time that a prince has ever heard that word.”

“But, monseigneur, the force of circumstances——”

“Folly! M. Auger, nothing forces men; on the contrary, it is men—clever men, I mean—who force circumstances. *Cordieu!* M. Auger, I saw the little girl, and could have gone into her room; and had I felt sure that she had not some lover hidden close by, ready to make a scandal, and even then, had I been a simple officer of my guard, and not myself, I would have done so, and not have come out until the next morning. Is not this true?”

“Certainly, monseigneur.”

“But no, I did the thing like a prince, I paid my man, and the whole affair fails through his folly. It is my misfortune to be a prince of the blood—every little clerk would laugh at my failure.”

“But, monseigneur, Lebel, Bachelier, Bontems, and all the others whom your highness has named, lived in a different time.”

“Yes, I know it, in a time when princes had servants so faithful, so intelligent, and so clever, that they had only to wish and have.”

“Monseigneur, those were good times; these are bad.”

“And in what were those times better than these?”

“Monseigneur, Bachelier had blank *lettres de cachet*—so had Bontems and Lebel; besides which, they commanded all the police. As for the Duc d’Orleans, the regent, he had so many great ladies, that he never descended to the *bourgeoisie*, and the present duke gets his horses and his mistr

“Good! and M. le Duc de Richelieu, who courted the princesses of the blood in spite of their father. Is Mdlle. Ingenuë more difficult to deal with than Mdlle. de Valois?—and is M. Retif de la Bretonne more powerful than Philippe d’Orleans?”

“I venture to repeat to your highness that the good times are gone; what was formerly considered a favour is now looked on as a dishonour. Indeed, monseigneur, I know not if it be the princes or the women who are changed, but all is different now; and the proof of it is, that your royal highness declares that if those who made the attempt upon Ingenuë are pursued, you will give me up to be hanged. Is that very encouraging, monseigneur? Give me a *lettre de cachet* for M. Retif de la Bretonne—he has deserved it a hundred times over, so it would be no injustice; give me a body of men to revenge ourselves on those who beat us, and I will guarantee that we shall have the girl in a few days, only for that one must neither fear blows nor noise; the blows I do not mind—I received them bravely, but the scandal your royal highness does not like.”

“No, certainly, I do not,” cried the prince. “A fine way of satisfying me truly, by compromising my name. *Pardieu!* if I gave you an army of 3,000 men, it is almost certain that you could conquer M. Retif; if I give you four cannon from the Invalides, it is probable that you will force their door; but what I want is skill, imagination, and diplomacy. You tell me that times are changed, since I have not had you hanged. If young ladies are more troublesome to catch now than they were in the time of Bachelier and Lebel, you must show yourself more clever than they. I hear every day that the world progresses; progress with it, monsieur—march with the age.”

Auger tried to reply; but the prince, now quite absorbed by his anger, sat up in bed, and pointing to the door with a haughty gesture, said,—

“Go, monsieur, go!”

“Monseigneur,” replied Auger, bowing, “I will do better next time.”

“Not at all; you do not understand. I tell you to go, and return no more.”

“What, monseigneur?”

“I have no more need of your services.”

“What! your highness dismisses me?” cried Auger.

“ Yes.”

“ Without a reason ? ”

“ How without a reason ? ”

“ I mean, without my having committed a fault.”

“ It is a fault to fail, and that you have done.”

“ Monseigneur, let me try again.”

“ Certainly not.”

“ Perhaps I shall think of some plan.”

“ Useless. If I want the girl I will have her, but through some one else, and that will show you that you are an ass. Go.”

The prince this time spoke in a tone to which it was impossible to reply. He took a purse from a table by the side of the bed, threw it to Auger, and turning his face to the wall, said no more.

Auger, thunderstruck at what he felt to be black ingratitude, picked up the purse and went out, saying, loud enough for the prince to hear, “ Good ! I will revenge myself.”

But as this menace could not concern him, M. le Comte d'Artois took no notice, but began to snore. He was wrong ; for all enemies are great, even to a prince,—witness Madame Dubarry, who was for a time a greater princess than any princess of the blood, but who had for her enemy a little negro, who caused that head to be cut off, on which in sport she had so often tried the crown.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ABBE BONHOMME.

THE reader wonders doubtless what sort of revenge M. Auger, a miserable valet, could take on his royal highness the Comte d'Artois, a prince of the blood. M. Auger had, it is true, lost his fortune and his future prospects, as there is sometimes a different future than the gallows for such wretches. He figured no longer at court, and he no longer found that bread of servitude which has such charms for base and degraded souls. Such losses cannot be forgiven.

M. d'Artois should have thought of this before he made an enemy of M. Auger; but he had all the carelessness of youth.

Three days after this violent scene between the master and the valet, a man, pale and out of breath, presented himself at the house of the curé of the little parish of St. Jacques du Chardonnet.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon of a splendid autumn day, when the curé, who had completed his day's work and finished his dinner, was seated in his garden-chair, reading, not his breviary but a pamphlet which had just appeared, and which some attributed to M. de Mirabeau, others to Marat. Whoever the author, it was in favour of reform.

This worthy curé held a sort of faith not then defined, but common ten years later. A mixture of incredulity and religion. Full of patriotism and philosophy combined, our curé feared God; yet he occupied himself rather more than was necessary with the temporal affairs of France. He was one of those who, four years after enthusiastically took the oath of fealty to the constitution, and assisted the revolution; one of those honest Utopians and irreproachable traitors whose offices the queen refused so disdainfully when she went to the scaffold.

The Abbé Bonhomme was reading his pamphlet, when Jacqueline, his servant, called him to speak to this pale and

dishevelled man. Hiding his pamphlet in a bush, he desired Jacqueline to conduct him to where he sat

Priests are like doctors, somewhat of physiognomists; for it must be confessed that people do not visit them generally unless they stand in need of them; so that they scrutinize by instinct, and always feel uneasy as to what kind of service is required of them.

The Abbé Bonhomme—a good name—judging from the man's appearance that he was of the lower class and in trouble, sat down again, and raising his spectacled eyes to the face of the new-comer began with these words:

“Well, monsieur, what do you want with me?”

The man stopped; his emotion, feigned or real, was visible; he rolled his hat between his trembling fingers.

“A bad face,” murmured the Abbé Bonhomme; “a bad face.”

And he looked to see if Jacqueline was within call. The man saw the effect he had produced, and took a very humble air.

“M. le Curé,” said he, “I come to place a confidence in you.”

“Ah,” thought Bonhomme; “it is some robber who is pursued. A bad affair.”

“Monsieur,” replied he; “a priest is not a notary; he does not receive confidences, but confessions.”

“That is precisely the favour I desire to obtain of you, sir. Will you hear my confession?” said the man.

“Peste take the fellow,” said the curé; “I was so comfortable when he came. But, my dear sir,” added he, “a confession is a serious thing, and cannot be heard in a garden. Wait till I am at the church, in the confessional, and then——”

“In that case, sir, permit me to ask you when you will be at the confessional?”

“To-morrow, or the next day.”

The man shook his head in a despairing manner.

“I cannot wait till then,” said he.

“I am sorry; but I always make a strict rule on this subject. I hear confessions in the morning from eight till twelve, and never later, unless in urgent cases.”

“That will be too late, M. le Curé. I must have absolution at once.”

“I do not understand,” said Bonhomme uneasily.

"It is easy to understand; I want absolution before I die."

"My dear friend, allow me to say that you do not look at all like a man in danger of death."

"And yet, M. le Curé, it will come in an hour."

"How so?"

"Because after having received absolution for my crime——"

"Ah! it is then a crime you wish to confess?"

"An abominable crime, M. le Curé."

"Oh!" cried Bonhomme, with growing anxiety, and looking around him to see what would be his means of flight or defence, in case of danger.

The man went on: "A crime, which after having committed I cannot live, and for which I must have absolution before I appear before God."

"But," objected the curé, "you have adopted an impossible plan."

"How so?"

"I cannot let you kill yourself."

"Oh! prevent me," said the man, with a smile which froze the priest with terror.

"If I cannot prevent you," said he, "it will be because I shall be weaker than the devil. You must understand, that when I speak of the devil, I mean the evil spirit; for," added he, "you do not suppose me capable of believing in the devil like a priest of the middle ages; and yet the Scripture speaks of him, so that really I should be doing right to believe in him."

"But you prefer not doing so," replied the man, with a gentleness which was not exempt from irony.

"One has one's own ideas, friend."

"Doubtless, M. le Curé, you have yours and I have mine, and particularly that of throwing myself into the Seine, as soon as I have received absolution."

"But," replied the curé, "I cannot absolve you, if you have such intentions; suicide is a mortal sin, the desire alone constitutes a sin; you must not destroy what God has made."

"Are you quite sure that it was God who made me?" asked the sinner, with a second touch of irony.

The curé looked at his penitent with the air of a man whose reason has made an immense concession to faith.

"It is in the Bible that God made man and woman. I repeat, then, that if you die you will die in a state of mortal sin, which is not a right thing, especially if your conscience be already burdened as you say."

"Overladen, crushed, M. le Curé, so that I can no longer support the weight; you see before you a man reduced to despair."

"Come, come," said the curé, whose charity, awakening, began to conquer his fears; "your despair may be cured."

"Oh! M. le Curé, if you know a remedy, tell it to me."

"I am the doctor."

"Oh! M. le Curé."

"Yes; it is to me that suffering souls address themselves."

"Therefore I came to you."

"You are welcome, my son."

"You consent then, to hear my confession?"

"Yes." And the worthy curé rose to go to the church; but it was so bright, warm, and fine in the garden that the curé could not bear to leave it, and he sat down with a sigh. "I have heard it said," continued he, "that God loves a confession of sins in the open air under the heaven that he has created, better than in the walls of a cathedral."

"That is my opinion also," murmured the sinner humbly.

"Well, then, you can relate to me here in this quiet retreat all that you would have said in the confessional."

"Willingly," said the man; "must I kneel down, my father?"

The curé raised his eyes, and saw at a window his servant looking curiously at them.

"Look," said he, "there is Jacqueline; she would think it strange if she were to see you on your knees, and come and interrupt us; sit down, therefore, by me, and begin."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONFESSION.

THE man frowned, made some grimaces of grief, and gave a few convulsive starts. The curé, half-frightened again drew back a little.

“What is your name?” said the curé.

“Auger, sir.”

“Auger; and what is your business?”

“M. le Curé, I was in the service of Monseigneur le Comte d’Artois.”

“In what capacity?” asked the curé, with surprise.

“In the capacity”—Auger hesitated—“of confidential man.”

The surprise of the curé augmented, as we may easily believe.

“But,” said he, “the prince is a powerful protector, my friend, and you might it seems to me, find in his protection a sovereign remedy against your misfortunes, whatever they may be.”

“But, M. le Curé, I no longer belong to the prince.”

“He has, then, sent you away.”

“I have left him.”

“Why?”

“Oh! because the sort of services I had to render did not suit me. One may be poor and yet have human feelings.”

“You astonish me,” cried the curé, with interest, and drawing near again; “what sort of service could M. d’Artois require that you hesitated to render?”

“M. le Curé, do you know the Comte d’Artois?”

“As a charming prince, full of mind.”

“Yes; but full of dissolute habits.”

“Oh,” said the priest, colouring.

“You know what I mean, do you not?”

“I am here to listen, my son.” And the worthy man began to believe that the obscurity of the church and the privacy of the confessional would have been best for the things that he was about to hear.

"I was then," continued M. Auger, "in the service of M. le Comte d'Artois for his pleasures."

"Oh, my son."

"My father, I warned you that I had things both shameful and terrible to relate."

"How could you make up your mind to such an employment?"

"One must live."

"By perseverance you might doubtless have found some better method," said the priest.

"So I have often told myself when too late."

"How long did you remain with his royal highness?"

"Three years; at last I quitted him."

"Very late."

"Better late than never."

"You are right; go on."

"I was charged by the prince——ah, my father, shame chokes me."

"Courage, my son."

"I was charged by the prince. Alas, how can I relate such things to a worthy man like you!"

The priest crossed himself.

"I was charged by his royal highness to corrupt a young girl in the neighbourhood."

"Oh! *mon Dieu!*" cried the curé, with visible horror.

"Yes, M. le Curé, a beautiful and charming girl, the pride and hope of her old father."

"Dreadful!"

"You see I am unworthy of pardon."

"No, for all sin there is mercy; but it is very dreadful to have undertaken such a commission."

"Alas! I feel it now; but the habit of crime hardens."

"And you were unlucky enough to succeed?"

"No, M. le Curé; if I had succeeded, I should not now say, 'I will kill myself,' for I should have already done so. You consent to hear me?"

"Yes, you interest me," said the priest naively. "Go on, my son; as yet, I have not heard of any crime."

"You are very good, M. le Curé," said the man with his former tone of irony; "but we have not yet come to the end."

The curé shuddered. "*Mon Dieu!* what remains for me to hear?" said he.

“I accepted the infamous task of corrupting this young girl for the prince’s pleasure, and applied myself to it with a kind of rage, for it is wonderful with what energy and zeal even the worst actions may inspire one.”

“It is true,” said the priest; “it would be easy to reach Heaven with half the pains that we take to do wrong.”

“The first time I failed.”

“The young girl resisted?”

“No; it was the father I tried.”

“The father?”

“Yes; by trying to persuade him to sell his daughter.”

“You tried?”

“Yes, M. le Curé. I hope that is not a crime already, is it?”

“If not a crime, at least a very bad action,” replied the worthy man, shaking his head.

Auger sighed. “Luckily,” said he, “the father refused, and he was very firm, for I pressed him hard.”

“Worthy father!”

“I then resolved to address myself to the daughter.”

“Fatal perseverance.”

“Luckily, letters, menaces and presents all failed; I was always baffled.”

“On your honour, were they honest people? Did they know that you came from the prince?”

“They did.”

“I am astonished that you did not desist, finding them so firm.”

“I was hardened, M. le Curé,” and Auger sobbed.

The priest pitied this great grief, and to calm him said, “These are not unpardonable faults; you exaggerate them.”

“But M. le Curé, I have not yet come to the end of my story. The time at last arrived when, having failed by persuasion and cunning, I determined to try force. I attempted to carry off the young girl.”

“*Mon Dieu!*”

“I bribed a man, one of my friends, who was strong and resolute, and who undertook to seize the father while I carried off the daughter. Ah! M. le Curé, we made the attempt in the open street—blood flowed, and the attack cost a man his life.”

“A murder!”

“Here is the crime, sir, of which I am guilty; and as

man's justice, which has forgotten me until now, may awake, and as I do not wish to perish on a scaffold, I have resolved to offer my soul to God, after the absolution that I trust you will give me in virtue of my repentance."

The accents of Auger were so pathetic, his gestures so eloquent and supplicating, and his tears indicated so much remorse, that the worthy curé was moved; he felt, besides, that terror natural to pure men when they find themselves in the presence of a great criminal; he trembled at once with fear and compassion.

"You murdered the father?" murmured he.

"Oh no! Thank God, I have not assassinated," cried Auger.

"Then your friend did it?"

"Nor he either."

"And yet the father fell a victim?"

"No, not the father."

"But who then? Explain yourself."

"The friend whom I had engaged to help me in this unlucky attempt."

"Ah!" said the priest, much relieved, "it was not the poor father who was killed. That is fortunate; the death of that innocent man would have been a heavy charge against you at God's tribunal. But explain to me, for I do not understand."

"It is dreadful. The young girl and her father, fearing my attempts, provided themselves with an escort. My friend was so dreadfully wounded in the struggle that he has since died, and I am guilty of his death, since it was at my request that he engaged in the affair. Yes, I am the assassin, M. le Curé, the real assassin. I persuaded him to join me—I was the cause of the crime."

So saying, Auger gave way again to the most frantic grief.

The curé was thunderstruck. He felt how much infamy was concealed behind these sighs and tears; he deplored the evil done, and thanked God for having prevented any more misfortunes. Auger, who saw clearly all that was passing through the priest's mind, let him think, and continued to give way to despair. At last the curé stopped him.

"I understand your grief," said he, "and yet you are less guilty than I anticipated."

"Oh!" cried Auger, "do you mean it, my father?"

"I speak in the name of God."

“Is it possible?” cried Auger; “is there yet mercy for me in this world?”

“God offers you, if not entire pardon, at least consolation. But I have still more to ask.”

“Alas! you know all, my father.”

“Except the end of the adventure.”

“Well, after the death of my comrade, my eyes were opened. I ran at once to M. d’Artois, who expected me, and instead of taking the new orders he had to give to me, I broke with him and came away.”

“You did well,” replied the priest naively, “although it was dangerous.”

“Oh! for a man resigned to death, nothing is dangerous, my father. What can happen worse than death!—Shame. Well, suicide would spare me that, and on this I resolved; but your absolution will fortify me against it.”

“You know,” replied the priest, “that I can only give you absolution after a formal promise that you will not attempt your life.”

Auger cried out, groaned, and continued to persuade the curé that never did a more repentant sinner present himself before a priest. He carried his lamentations over his guilt so far, that the good priest could contain himself no longer, and said, “My son, the greatest criminal in this affair is not you.”

“Who is it, then?” cried Auger, with an admirably simulated surprise.

“It is the prince who urged you on; the prince, forgetting his station (for the responsibility of princes is great), drove you into crime for his own pleasures. Each caprice of the great costs us little people either a portion of our honour or of our happiness; they fatten on our blood and drink our tears. Oh, my God!” cried he, in that style of apostrophe common at that time, and brought into fashion by Rousseau, “hast thou made men powerful only to destroy the weak? When will arrive the day so long expected, when they shall protect them?”

And he stopped, for he began to remember, that if M. d’Artois could have heard him, it might do him much injury.

“Come, come, my son,” said he to Auger, “do not weep. Your fault is immense, but your repentance is so great that you have moved me. Continue to repent, and continue,

also, to live. The repentance of years will efface the fault of a day."

"May I hope so, father?"

"Yes; for the heaviest account will not be demanded from you, but from the prince who instigated you."

With this admirable proposition the priest succeeded in drying the eyes of Auger. But the play was not yet played out. Suddenly Auger cried out,—

"Oh! M. le Curé, I see that it is impossible for me to live."

"And why so?" said the curé, who did not feel inclined to renew the contest.

"Because a terrible idea has occurred to me, which will never let me rest night or day."

"What is this idea?"

"That if I live I ought to obtain the pardon of those against whom I sinned. Do you think I can sleep quietly in my bed with the image of that young outraged girl and offended father crying for vengeance against me?"

"Calm yourself, my son."

"Calm myself!" cried Auger, with growing agitation, "when I can fancy I hear them reproaching me with my crime? How can I be calm when I may meet them any day in the street, and hear their voices? Calm myself!—never, never!"

"Come, for the love of God, be reasonable, or I retract my absolutism," said the priest.

"But you understand me, father, do you not? These victims of my wickedness live close by, only a few steps off—I may meet them as I go out."

"Who are they—do I know them?"

"By name, doubtless. The young girl is called Ingenué, and the father Retif de la Bretonne."

"What, Retif de la Bretonne—the romancer, the pamphleteer?"

"*Mon Dieu!* yes, father."

"The author of the '*Pomographe*,' of the '*Paysanne pervertie*,' and those dangerous books?"

"Yes, father."

"Ah!" said the priest.

Auger, appreciating this "ah!" at its just value, saw how much the name of his victims had destroyed the priest's interest in them.

“And yet,” murmured the curé, as if trying to do justice, “he resisted bravely. I should not have expected it from the sentiments in his books.”

“Yes,” said Auger; “it is incredible; and yet I am forced to believe that the daughter is a model of purity, and the father of honour. The esteem, therefore, of these worthy people, is more precious to me than life, and without it I cannot live.” And he began to weep again.

The curé looked at him with an embarrassed air, which seemed to say, “What the devil can I do for you?”

“*Mon Dieu!*” cried Auger, “is there no way of making my peace with these worthy people? Must I remain laden with their curses—a weight which crushes me?”

“Let me hear what you wish,” said the priest. “What reparation have you to offer?”

“Oh, anything they desire. But I have acted such a part that I must inspire them with horror. But if I had at least the hope——”

“Of what?”

“That they would know my repentance and the extent of my remorse.”

“Well,” said the worthy curé, “shall I tell them?”

“Oh, my father, you would save my life.”

“But,” continued the curé, rather embarrassed, “I do not know them; and I confess that I feel no great attraction towards M. Retif de la Bretonne,”

“I understand that, father; but if you do not aid me, who will? If you, who know my shameful secret, will not help me, must I go through a second trial, and confide it to another?”

“Oh, no; do not do that.”

“Then what am I to do—die without pardon?”

“Well, I will go and see M. Retif, and, if I can, I will obtain your pardon; and then——”

“Then, my father, you will be a benefactor that I shall bless God for having placed upon my path. You will be the good angel who has conquered the bad.”

“Go in peace, my son,” said the priest, with a sublime abnegation; “I will do what you wish.”

Auger threw himself on his knees before the worthy man, and seizing his hand, kissed it, and then went away with arms uplifted to heaven.

CHAPTER XXV

AUGER PARDONED.

WHILE Auger was confessing to the curé of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, Retif was exulting over his triumph. To have baffled Auger was much. There now remained Christian to deal with, and he seemed to Retif the most dangerous adversary. Christian—or rather, his influence—had at once made Ingenue decide against Auger. Now, that Auger was gone, she would dream only of Christian. We have heard what she said to her father about his reappearance; but that day passed and the next, yet the watchful eye of the young girl could not distinguish far or near any face or figure which looked like Christian's.

Then began a series of reasoning, by which she tried to excuse him. From what cause could this long absence proceed? Was it false shame at having assumed a wrong station? That was not probable. Was it fear of Retif? A bad reason. Was it anger at his treatment? But as that treatment had proceeded from Retif, not from Ingenue, what mattered it? But, however good or plausible these reasons might be, with great indulgence, for twenty-four or even forty-eight hours, could they excuse an absence of eight days? There was certainly something in it that Ingenue could not fathom.

During this time Auger had made his various attempts, and had been beaten; and this had served to distract Ingenue's thoughts. But after the victory, she became more thoughtful than ever. Soon her surprise changed into doubt, and this enemy to love began to invade her heart. She asked herself if the experience of her father was not greater than her own, and shuddered as she began to fear that she must believe what her father had said. She began to think that Christian had sought her only for amusement, that his love was but a caprice, and that finding obstacles in his way, he had turned to some one else.

The Machiavellian idea broached by Retif, that he had been an emissary of the Comte d'Artois, she never enter-

tained for a moment. She had repulsed it at once from her pure and generous mind.

Retif followed the course of these ideas through her pure and innocent heart, and gloried in a growing melancholy, which he believed would soon turn to indifference. Meanwhile however, the house was sad.

One evening, when Retif came down from his attic, where he had been drying upon lines some sheets of his magazine, the curé Bonhomme was announced.

Retif was a philosopher, and like all philosophers of that epoch, although not an atheist, had little to do with priests. His daughter Ingenue alone confessed to an old curé—who had also confessed her mother—on the eve of the four great festivals.

Hearing his daughter then announce the curé Bonhomme, Retif supposed that he had come about some charitable work, and, as he had no money, he felt annoyed at the inopportune visit. Bonhomme, with a mysterious air, asked for a private interview, and Retif showed him into the room which was at once his study and printing-room, but as he passed he gave a look of annoyance to his daughter. He offered a chair to the good curé, and sat down by him, but the conversation began on each side with a kind of antagonistic feeling. Before long, however, the patriot curé and the philosophical romancer began to understand each other, and to see that each though by a different road, was progressing towards the same end.

When the autumn wind shakes the forest trees, we see the leaves of the oak, the sycamore and the beech roll all together. And it was then the autumn, almost the winter of the 18th century, and the wind of the revolution had begun to blow roughly. Could we repeat each phrase of this conversation, we should see how well the worthy curé pleaded the cause of Auger, the *bête noire* of the house. Charity is a virtue which comprises all others; we are wrong to say faith, hope and charity, for the last implies the two others.

The curé pleaded for Auger with so perfect a faith in his penitence that Retif was staggered, and then rendered skilful by his desire of success, he painted Auger as the involuntary agent of aristocratic tyranny. He succeeded.

Retif, looking at the subject in this point of view, blamed only the Comte d'Artois, and then the curé began to excuse the prince on the ground of his education, so that at last, after having cursed first Auger and then the prince,

Retif ended by cursing only the aristocracy. But now, the cause pleaded and gained, came the concluding request for pardon.

"Pardon him," cried the good curé, telling how Auger's life hung upon forgiveness.

"I pardon him," said Retif majestically. The curé uttered a cry of joy.

"Now," said Retif, "let us go to Ingenué and tell her about it; it is a good lesson for youth. A young girl who sees crime either punished or repentant, may form some idea of divine justice."

"I like that thought," said the curé.

They went to Ingenué, and found her, like sister Ann, at her window, and like sister Ann, she saw no one coming. Retif touched her on the shoulder; she turned with a start; then seeing her father and the curé, she smiled sadly on the one, curtsied to the other, and sat down again. Retif recounted to her the repentance of Auger. She listened without interest; it mattered little to her whether Auger was an honest or a dishonest man. Alas! she would have been willing that Christian should have committed as many crimes if he would but repent in the same fashion.

"Well," said Retif, "are you content with this reparation."

"Oh! yes, quite."

"Do you pardon the poor man?"

"Yes, I pardon him."

"Ah," cried the curé, overjoyed,—“the poor wretch will have new life put into him. Your generosity is great, M. Retif, but this is not all, there yet remains a more meritorious task for you to perform; and you will do it, I am sure.”

Retif began to entertain his former fear, as he saw the curé looking at him with a smile on his lips and persuasion in his eyes. He shuddered, and to ward off the attack, said, “Oh, I believe him to be richer than you and I together, curé.”

“There you are wrong,” replied the curé. “He has refused the money of the prince, even the wages that were due to him, and has given away his savings in charity, that he might retain none of the polluted money given him for wickedness.”

“Nevertheless, M. le Curé, you will confess that it would be strange that after having done us so much wrong, M. Auger should ask us for help.”

“And did he ask you for aid, my opinion is that as a good Christian you should give it to him; and the worse he has behaved to you, the more meritorious it would be.”

“However——”

“But,” interrupted the curé, “that is not the question; for Auger wants nothing, and asks for nothing but work; he wishes to live as an honest man.”

“What does he want, then?” said Retif, much relieved.

“It is not he who asks, but I who ask for him.”

“What do you ask then?”

“What every good citizen may ask of his neighbour without blushing—work.”

“Ah! ah.”

“You employ many people, M. Retif.”

“No, for I set my own type; besides, M. Auger is not a printer.”

“He would do anything to live honestly.”

“*Diable!*”

“If you cannot help him yourself, you have friends.”

“Friends; *parbleu!* certainly we have friends, have we not, Ingenue?”

“Yes, father,” replied she absently.

“Let me think. There is M. Mercier; but he like me, employs no one.”

“Oh!” said the curé.

“Think, Ingenue.”

The young girl raised her blue eyes. “M. Reveillon,” said she.

“Reveillon, the paper-maker, who has a manufactory in the Faubourg St. Antoine?” asked the abbé.

“Yes,” replied Retif.

“Mademoiselle is right,” said the curé; “he is an excellent man for the purpose; M. Reveillon employs many workmen.”

“But what is M. Auger fit for?” said Retif.

“Oh! he is tolerably well educated, that is easy to see. Speak then to M. Reveillon for him; you may safely recommend him.”

“I will do it to-day, only——”

“Well, what is it?” asked the curé.

“It will be a bad recommendation to M. Reveillon, who has daughters; for I must tell you that it was M. Reveillon who lent us his workmen to punish M. Auger.”

“Tell him of his repentance.”

“Such men are very incredulous,” said Retif, shaking his head.

“But do not abandon a victim to the crimes of the great.”

This was enough, and Retif promised to do what he could.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN ARISTOCRAT AND A DEMOCRAT.

As it was already late when the Abbé Bonhomme left Retif, in spite of the news of Auger's repentance, he would not venture out with his daughter after dark; it was not till the next day, about noon, that Retif went according to his promise to see M. Reveillon. When he arrived, Reveillon was talking to one of his neighbours.

His two daughters seized hold of Ingenue, and begged Retif to wait until their father had done talking to M. Santerre.

“What, Santerre the brewer?” asked Retif.

“Yes, M. Retif; listen to them.”

“*Diable!* how loud they talk.”

“It is always so when they talk politics.”

“But they seem angry.”

“That is very likely, for they never agree about anything; but still, as they do business together, they never really quarrel, so we never mind it however loud they may cry out.”

Retif listened to what was going on in Reveillon's room.

“Ah! they are speaking of M. Dubois,” said he; “a fine subject for controversy.”

“He did well,” said Reveillon, “and acted as a brave soldier, and a good servant of the king.”

“He is a wretch,” cried Santerre, “he fired on the people.”

“Yes; but people who were rioters.”

“What! because you are rich, you wish to keep to your-

self the right of having an opinion ; and because they are poor, they must suffer without complaint or redress."

"They should not trouble the public peace, and act against the king and the law."

"Reveillon," cried Santerre, "do not say such things, my friend."

"Why not, if I think them true?"

"No; and above all not before your workmen."

"And why not?"

"Because one day if you do, they will burn your warehouses."

"Well, if on that day, we are lucky enough still to have M. Dubois at the head of our watch, he will come with a squadron and fire on them, as he did on that mob at the Pont Neuf and the Place Dauphine."

"*Diable!*" murmured Retif, "if he had found himself like Ingenue and me in the midst of the firing; if he had seen the dead lying there, and the wounded carried off——"

But while Retif made these reflections, Santerre cried out, "Ah! you would call in M. Dubois. Ah! you would fetch the watch. You would let them fire on poor defenceless fellows. Well, I declare to you that at the first shot my men should come and assist yours."

"Your men?"

"Yes, and I at their head."

"Well, we shall see."

At that moment the door opened, and Reveillon and Santerre came out; Santerre was very red, and Reveillon very pale, and they nearly knocked down the young girls, who were listening uneasily, and Retif, who pretended to have heard nothing.

"Good morning, my dear M. Retif," said Reveillon.

"Ah! M. Retif de la Bretonne," said Santerre, smiling from the top of his colossal body.

Retif bowed, happy to be known to M. Santerre.

"A patriot writer," continued the brewer.

Retif bowed again.

Meanwhile Reveillon, convinced that all they had been saying had been overheard, saluted Ingenue in rather an embarrassed manner.

"You overheard us," said Santerre, laughing, like a man who confident in his cause, is willing to repeat his words to any one.

"You spoke rather loud, M. Santerre," said one of Reveillon's daughters.

"That is true," replied Santerre, with his loud voice and laugh, for he had already forgotten all animosity; "this devil of a Reveillon approves the government in all they do."

"The fact is," said Retif, willing to please the brewer, who was a person of influence, and with whose opinions he sympathized, "that there was warm work the other evening round the statue of Henri IV."

"Ah! were you there then M. Retif?" asked Santerre.

"Alas! yes; Ingenue and I—were we not Ingenue?—and we nearly stayed there too."

"Well, you hear, my dear Reveillon; M. Retif and his daughter were there."—"Well?"

"And they are neither 'mob' as you said just now, nor disturbers of the public peace."

"Well, they are not killed; but if they were, what business had they there at all?"

"Oh! oh!" said Santerre, "is it a crime for a *bourgeois* of Paris to walk about Paris? Come, come, M. Reveillon, if you wish to be a deputy, be a little more patriotic."

"Oh! *corbleu!*" cried Reveillon, annoyed, "I am as good a patriot as you, M. Santerre, but I do not like disturbances for they destroy trade."

"Ah! just so. Let us have a revolution, but let us neither displace nor annoy any one," cried Santerre, with quiet raillery.

Retif laughed at the brewer, feeling himself supported, turned towards him: "You were there," said he, "do you think that there were three hundred people killed, as they say?"

"Why not three thousand?" said Reveillon; "a naught more or less is of no consequence."

Santerre's face took a more serious expression than it might have been supposed capable of.

"Were it but three," said he; "is the life of three citizens worth less than the wig of M. de Brienne?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, I tell you that three hundred were killed, and many wounded."

"You call those citizens!—a mob who wished to pillage M. Dubois' house? They fired on them, and they did right; I repeat it."

"Well, and you are wrong; many very respectable people fell victims in this affair—did they not, M. Retif?"

"Why do you ask me?" said Retif.

"Why, because you have just told us you were there."

Retif began to be embarrassed at the turn that the conversation was taking, and at the interest it began to excite.

"Ah!" said one of Reveillon's daughters, "you may say many honest people were victims."

"*Parbleu!* why not?—balls are blind; they say that the wife of a councillor was killed."

"Poor woman!" said Mdle. Reveillon.

"And a draper from the Rue Bourdonnais, and——"

"Many others," interrupted Retif. But Santerre was not a man to be stopped.

"They even say that some aristocrats fell," cried he.

Retif coughed loudly.

"Really!"

"Yes; a page, for example."

Retif turned red and Ingenue deadly pale.

"A page!" murmured she.

"Yes, a page of M. d'Artois," said Santerre.

"No, no, M. de Provence," cried Retif, to hide a feeble cry uttered by his daughter.

"They told me M. d'Artois," persisted Santerre.

"And me, Provence," insisted Retif, with a great effort, moved by the pale cheeks of Ingenue, who, half-fainting, seemed to hang on their words.

"D'Artois or Provence, it matters little," said Santerre; "it was the page of an aristocrat."

"Bah!" said Reveillon, "you say d'Artois, Retif says Provence; you see you know nothing about it. Are you very sure that it was a page at all?"

"Not quite," said Retif, delighted at this unexpected help.

"Oh, but I am sure," said Santerre.

"How do you know?" said Reveillon.

"Oh, very simply; he was carried to the stables of M. d'Artois, and my friend Marat humanely gave him up his own room, and attended him."

"But," said Reveillon, "did Marat tell you himself?"

"No," replied Santerre, "it was not Marat who told me, but Danton, who heard it from Marat."

"And who is Danton?"

“An advocate. You will not call him one of the mob, though he is a patriot.”

“Well, if there be a page wounded,” said Retif, speaking for his daughter, while he seemed to mingle in the conversation,—“there are more than a hundred pages in Paris.”

But Ingenue did not hear.

“Wounded,” murmured she,—“only wounded!” And she breathed again, but her cheeks were still pale.

Retif hastened to turn the conversation.

“Dear M. Reveillon,” said he, “I came here to-day to ask a favour of you.”

“What is it?”

“You know the odious plot to which my daughter and I would certainly have fallen victims, had it not been for your brave workmen.”

“Yes, *pardieu!* And my men treated rather roughly one of these odious aristocrats, of whom you spoke just now, my dear Santerre. Tell my neighbour all about it Retif.”

Retif asked no better, and he related the story with all the embellishments that his imagination could add. The tale pleased Santerre much.

“Bravo!” cried he, at the account of the blows that had fallen on the aggressors,—“the people strike hard when they do begin.”

“Well, and what is it now?” said Reveillon,—“are they annoying you again? Is M. le Comte d’Artois stirring?”

“No,” replied Retif, “it is M. Auger.”

“Then I know but one plan—finish him off,” said Santerre, with his loud laugh.

“Useless,” said Retif.

“How, useless?”

“He repents, and passes into our camp with arms and baggage.”

He then related the whole story of Auger’s repentance. He was listened to with a silence full of sympathy. It was an uncommon thing to hear of at that time. Santerre was delighted.

“A brave man,” cried he,—“he has expiated his fault well. How furious the prince must have been!”

“That we can imagine.”

“The brave fellow must be recompensed,” continued Santerre. “What is his name?”

“Auger.”

“Well, what can we do for him?” asked the brewer, overflowing with patriotic joy.

“That is what I was about to tell you,” said Retif. “I said just now that the poor fellow had deserted with arms and baggage; but the fact is, that he has deserted without, for the honest fellow would take with him nothing that had belonged to the prince. Therefore he is poor, and wishes to work and become a true patriot.”

“Bravo!” said Santerre, applauding this high-sounding speech,—“bravo! he shall not die of hunger; I adopt him.”

“Really!”

“I will take him as a workman and give him a crown a day, and feed him. *Cordieu!* what a sensation that will make in the neighbourhood; how the aristocrats will growl!”

At these words, Reveillon began to feel that he was playing an inferior part, and tried to regain his ground.

“How warm you are about it,” said he to Santerre.

“Oh! I am never lukewarm.”

“But, my dear fellow, I am not lukewarm either when it concerns doing a good action; and to prove it to you, though I am not in need of any one I will take Auger into my own house.”

Retif smiled and looked delighted.

“Not at all,” said Santerre; “you say that you have no need of any one, and I in my brewery have work for any number.”

“And I,” cried Reveillon, growing warm, “every day, in spite of the bad times hire some unfortunate. Besides, I believe it was to me that M. Retif addressed himself.”

Retif bowed in acquiescence.

“Then it seems to me also,” continued Reveillon, “that the preference should be given to the oldest friend.”

Retif took Reveillon’s hand and pressed it.

“Granted,” said Santerre, “but between ourselves, neighbour, since it is an enemy of the aristocrats who is to be provided for, his place is rather with me than you.”

“Bah,” said Reveillon, “and who administered to Auger the beating which was fatal to his companion, and nearly killed himself? M. Retif, did not the curé say that his companion was dead?”

“Yes, he did.”

"I yield," said Santerre, vanquished by this last argument.

"You are right to be a patriot, or to pretend to be one; it may do you good." And he accompanied these words with a significant glance. Reveillon followed him to the door, and they pressed each other's hands in a friendly way; the politicians had done disputing and the men were friends. Santerre bowed graciously to Retif, with whom he was pleased, complimented the young ladies, and promised to send them some apples, as he was going to make cider, and then went out. The young girls led Ingenue to their own room.

"You take Auger, then," said Retif, when they were left alone.

"Yes; but we must see what he can do," said Reveillon in a tone of bad temper, which did not presage a very happy life for Auger.

Retif saw that the merchant had acted under pressure, and he tried to prove to him that he had not done so badly as he feared.

"Besides being an act of good policy," said he, "which will establish your name as a good citizen and enlightened patriot, you will really do well; for it seems that the man has had a good education."

"Education!" murmured Reveillon, "is not very necessary, it seems to me, for a workman in a paper-manufactory."

"Why not?" said Retif; "education leads to everything."

"Even to mixing colours," said Reveillon; "for I believe that is what your *protégé* will have to do."

"Hum! My *protégé*!" murmured Retif. "You will allow, my dear friend, that his rights to my protection are singular."

"Well, he has a right to mine, since you present him to me."

"Certainly; I present him."

"Well, then, send him to me; and when he is here, and I have talked with him, and have found out what he is capable of, it will be time enough to decide what to do with him; but, *mordieu!* let your M. Auger behave himself."

Retif thought enough had been said, so, opening the door, he called to Ingenue,—

"My love, all is settled; let us once more thank our good friend, M. Reveillon, and go and announce to the curé of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, that if M. Auger wishes to be honest his way is clear before him."

Ingenue embraced her young friends, Retif pressed Reveillon's hand, and they took leave.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RETIF'S DINNER.

RETIF felt pleased as he walked home, for he had made the acquaintance of Santerre.

Santerre sold beer, which is always drunk, because people must drink; and after all, beer is the cheapest drink next to water. Reveillon sold paper-hangings, which if necessary, men can do without; and Retif knew that there were countries—Spain for instance—where ten pieces of it are not consumed in a year.

The one was a kind of half-artist, and *bourgeois* as he was, he was occupying himself with shades, colours and effects. The other was a man of solid standing; and whereas in the house of the former one might starve in times of tumult and scarcity; at the house of the latter there was always a certainty of plenty.

The one had mills, perfectly greased, moved by the water and the wind, and machines moved by horses, that one man could direct;—the other directed three hundred workmen, had for friends all those whose dry throats were moistened by his beer.

The one dealt with the poorer class of *bourgeois*; for at that time all the great and rich houses were hung with silk or damask;—the other dealt with a whole people. All this was independent of personal qualities; and though Retif much esteemed Reveillon, yet he honoured Santerre and feared him a little.

Reveillon was little, thin, with eyes sunk under his grizzled eyebrows; he calculated pen in hand, and always went two or three times over his calculations. Santerre wore huge whiskers and moustaches, was built like a Hercules, and yet was as gentle as a child; he cried out very loudly, but generally ended with a laugh; he had a frank countenance, and parted with his money as freely as he gained it; he

calculated mentally, and never made a mistake. In short, he he was a worthy man who hated bloodshed, and this the Royalists themselves confessed. On the 10th of August he was at the Tuileries, but he protected the royal family instead of insulting them. On the 2nd and 3rd of September he was not in Paris. As for the famous drum that was beat on the 21st of January, it is not certain that it was he who ordered it; many say that he had no hand in it.

Retif could not divine all that Santerre would eventually become, but yet he spoke much of him to his daughter; and as soon as he returned home, he wrote a line to inform the curé of his success. The worthy curé came at once, and found the father and daughter at dinner. Ingenue had prepared some soup, a dish of cabbages, with sausages and slices of bacon cut thin and fried; some wine in a bottle, water in a jug, half a loaf, and some fruits delicately reposing in a basket filled with vine leaves, composed a repast whose vulgarity could not destroy its excellence. They were just eating the soup, when the door opened, and the curé Bonhomme appeared. He entered gaily and courteously, and bowed to Ingenue, who offered him a chair.

“M. le Curé,” said Retif, colouring a little, “the dinner of an honest man recommends itself; we are just beginning, and this is not Friday.”

“No, thank you, my dear sir.”

“Accept, M. le Curé,” said Ingenue in her gentle voice.

“I know the dinner is poor,” said Retif, smiling.

“Not at all—not at all!” cried the curé; “the soup smells excellent; and I think I must send Jacqueline to learn how it is made.”

“Well then, M. le Curé.”

“But I have dined.”

“Oh! M. le Curé,” said Ingenue, smiling, “you told my father the other day that you never dined till one, and it is only half-past twelve.”

“Well,” said the curé, “since you reproach me so charmingly, I confess that I have not dined.”

“Quick—a plate,” cried Retif.

“But, no——”

“Why not?”

“No, M. Retif, I will not dine with you to-day.”

“What is your reason?”

“It is——” the curé hesitated.

“ Well ? ”

“ Because I am not alone.”

“ Ah ! ” said Retif ; “ but who is with you, then ? ”

“ On the stairs out there I left a grateful man, M. Retif.”

“ Ah ! ” said Retif. He understood ; so did Ingenué, for she kept silence.

“ A heart filled with joy and regret.”

“ I understand : M. Auger, I suppose.”——“ Himself.”

Ingenué uttered a sigh. This disquieted the curé.

“ The poor man was with me when you sent me the good news, and he begged me to let him accompany me.”

“ *Diable !* M. le Curé,” said Retif.

“ Grant him this last favour, my friend ; have you not pardoned him ? ”

“ Doubtless, I have pardoned him, and yet M. le Curé, you must understand——”

“ Did you make any mental reservations when you granted this pardon ? ”

“ No, certainly, but——”

“ Surmount this weakness. Be charitable to the end, and do not retain any rancour after the pardon you have granted.”

Retif turned to his daughter, who lowered her eyes and remained silent ; carried away, however, by the warmth of the priest, he uttered a “ Yes ; ” and immediately the excellent curé opened the door, and let in a man, who in great disorder and shedding a torrent of tears, threw himself at the feet of Retif and Ingenué. The curé began to weep, and Retif was also moved. As for Ingenué, she was unable to restrain a cry on seeing Auger, and felt as though a cold steel had pierced her heart.

Auger, who had carefully prepared his speech, pleaded his cause eloquently, and quite carried away Retif. Men of imagination are easily moved.

Ingenué looked with her clear innocent eyes at the man who might have proved so fatal to her.

Auger was not ugly, but he was vulgar looking. He had quick eyes, a forest of hair, good teeth, and a healthy look ; he was little, well made and dressed with great neatness ; but his forehead was low and bad, and his mouth disagreeable.

Unluckily, however, Ingenué was incapable of suspecting all that such a mouth revealed, and the opinion she formed of Auger was not very unfavourable.

He repeated all we have already told of his contrition, remorse and despair; related his sufferings and his irresolutions, and ended by declaring his intention to become the most industrious and honest of men. He had to deal with simple and good people, whose suspicions once allayed, believed and admired all. As he went on to speak of the prince, he saw the interest that Retif took in his account of the servants, equipages, and apartments of the Comte d'Artois; the details of his suppers and parties he glossed over, so as to be fit for Ingenue's ears.

When he saw the pleasure that the young girl herself took in the description of the furniture, of the dresses and horses, of the pages—when, in a word, he saw that they had forgotten the ravisher in the narrator, he began to believe that his pardon was really granted, and that he was received, if not with pleasure at least with indifference, and that was a great step from the disgust in which he had formerly been held.

But with that marvellous instinct which a noxious animal exhibits while in pursuit of his prey, he felt that he ought not to prolong his visit, so he took leave with a gratitude and politeness that completed the conquest of Retif, and almost reassured Ingenue on whom he bestowed a respectful smile and a low bow.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHRISTIAN AND THE SURGEON.

WE may now return to poor Christian, who was borne by benevolent arms to the stables of the Comte d'Artois, under the guidance of that tall man, whom our readers doubtless recognized as Danton. The people crowded to see the handsome young man with black hair and pale cheeks, from whose wounded thigh the blood oozed at every moment.

The door of the stables was opened at once, when he was recognized as the young page belonging to the household; and then they sent for M. Marat. He was busy at his manuscript, copying the pages of his favourite Polish romance.

"Very well," said he, not much pleased at being disturbed; "lay him on my bed, and I will come."

Every one retired at these words but one man. "Ah! it is you, Danton," said Marat.

"Yes, do you know what has been going on?"

"A good deal of it."

"At all events, there was warm work; and I bring you a specimen of it."

"Yes, a wounded man. Do you know him?"

"Not the least in the world; but he is young and handsome, and as I love all that is young and handsome, I felt interested in him, and brought him here."

"Is he of the lower class?"

"No; an aristocrat, in every sense. Small hands and feet, delicate features, high forehead. You will detest him at the first glance."

Marat grinned.

"Where is he wounded?" asked he.

"In the thigh."

"Ah! the bone is probably broken; there will be an operation to perform. Here will be a fine young man, a grand aristocrat, condemned to walk with a wooden leg." And Marat rubbed his hands. "My legs are twisted," continued he, "but at least they are legs."

"A wound in the thigh is then serious?"

"Oh! very serious. There is first the artery, which may be injured; then the bone. A bad wound!"

"All the more reason for attending to the patient without delay."

"I am coming."

Marat rose slowly, and leaning on his hands, re-read in that attitude the last page of his romance, corrected a few words, and followed Danton. They went through the corridor which was full of people, who after bringing in the patient were waiting to witness the operation. One thing struck Danton, that besides the evident pleasure which Marat took in operating on an aristocrat, he appeared to have a kind of understanding with many of those present, members probably of some secret society to which he belonged. All these spectators, however, the people of the hotel rather roughly dismissed.

Then, with scarcely a glance at the wounded man, Marat proceeded to arrange his instruments, amongst which the knife and the saw held a prominent place. He laid them out with the lint, slowly, noisily, and with the cruel solemnity of the surgeon who loves his profession, not because he cures but because he cuts. Meanwhile, Danton approached the young man who was lying with half-closed eyes in that state of numbness often produced by gunshot wounds.

"Monsieur," said he, "your wound may entail a painful operation, if not a dangerous one; is there any one in Paris whom you desire to see, or whom your absence may render uneasy? I will convey a letter for you if you wish it."

The young man opened his eyes.

"Monsieur, there is my mother," said he.

"Well, I am ready. Will you give me her address? I will write if you cannot, or else will merely send for her."

"Oh, monsieur! I must write myself," said the young man, "I shall have strength, I hope. Give me a pencil, not a pen."

Danton took from his pocket a little portfolio, from which he drew a pencil, and tore a blank leaf. "Here, monsieur, write," said he.

The young man took the pencil, and in spite of the pain which caused the perspiration to run in large drops off his forehead, and drew groans from him in spite of his closed teeth, he wrote a few lines which he gave to Danton. But

this slight action had exhausted his strength, and he fell back almost fainting on the pillow. Marat heard him groan, and advancing towards the bed, said, "Come, let me examine you."

The patient made a movement as though to withdraw his wounded limb from the doctor, whose appearance was not calculated to inspire much faith in any one who had the misfortune to fall into his hands. Marat, in his night costume, with a handkerchief tied round his head, with his crooked nose round eyes, and insolent mouth, did not appear to Christian an inviting Esculapius.

"I am wounded," said he, to himself, "and I would not have cared if I had been killed, but I do not wish to be maimed." With this idea in his mind he stopped Marat's arm just as he was about to examine the wound. "Pardon me, monsieur," said he, "I suffer, it is true, but still I do not desire to give myself up to a doctor as one for whom there is no hope. I beg you then not to commence any operation before having held a consultation, or asked my opinion."

Marat raised his head to reply with some insolent speech, but at the sight of that face full of nobleness and calm serenity, he remained motionless and dumb as though struck to the heart. It was evident that this was not the first time that Marat had seen the young man, and that his appearance awoke in him some sentiment which the doctor himself could not account for.

"Did you hear me, monsieur?" continued Christian, who took this silence for the worse of all symptoms, the hesitation of uneasy ignorance.

"Yes, I heard you, young gentleman," replied Marat, in an almost trembling voice; "but you do not suppose that I wish to do you any harm."

Christian was struck in his turn by the contrast between this hideous face and these benevolent sentiments kindly expressed.

"What is that instrument, monsieur?" said he, pointing to the one that Marat held in his hand.

"It is a probe, monsieur," replied the surgeon, in an almost timid voice.

"I thought that a probe was usually made of silver."

"You are right, monsieur," said Marat, and gathering up all the instruments which he had laid on the table, he went

out to fetch a collection of instruments of the finest quality, and in a splendid case, which had been presented to him by M. le Comte d'Artois, in return for a book which he had dedicated to him. He then again approached the bed, but this time with a silver probe.

"Monsieur," said Christian, not yet reassured in spite of Marat's eagerness to comply with his wishes, "I spoke of a consultation; I would wish to hear not only your opinion, of which I do not dispute the value, but that of two or three others of note."

"Ah! true," said Marat, with a bitterness which he could not hide, "I have no name, or authority, only talent."

"I do not doubt it, however; but for a wound so serious as mine is, I think three opinions are better than one."

"So be it, monsieur. We have Dr. Louis in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and in the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg, Dr. Guillotin. Do these two names appear to you a sufficient guarantee?"

"They are two names well-known and respected," replied the patient.

"I will then send for them."

"Yes, if you please."

"You are aware, monsieur, that they may differ from me in opinion."

"You will be three; the majority shall decide."

"Very well, monsieur," and Marat obedient to the voice of the young man who appeared to exercise so great an influence over him, opened the door, and gave one of the stable-men the address of the two surgeons, with an order to beg them to come at once.

"Now, monsieur," said he to the young man, "that you are certain that nothing will be done without a triple opinion, let me at least probe the wound and prepare the necessary dressing."

"Oh, pray do so, monsieur," said Christian.

"Albertine," said Marat, "get ready cold water and bandages." Then to Christian, "Courage, monsieur; I am about to probe the wound."

"Is the operation very painful?" said Christian.

"Yes, but quite indispensable; and I will be as gentle as possible."

Christian only replied by presenting his leg to the surgeon.

"Above all, hide nothing from me," said Christian.

Marat bowed in sign of assent, and began the operation. At the introduction of the probe into the wound, which became covered with a bloody foam, Christian turned pale, but less so than Marat.

"You do not cry out," said Marat. "Cry out, I beg."

"Why, monsieur?"

"Because it would relieve you; and not hearing you cry, I imagine that perhaps you suffer more than you really do."

"Why should I cry out?" said Christian. "You do your best, and indeed your hand is lighter than I hoped. Fear nothing then, but go on."

But as he spoke the young man put his handkerchief to his mouth and tore it with his teeth. The operation lasted perhaps half a minute. Then Marat, with anxious brow, withdrew the probe and applied a cold-water bandage to the wound.

"Well!" said Christian.

"Monsieur, you wished for a consultation; let us wait until my colleagues arrive."

"Let us wait," repeated the young man, letting his pale head sink upon the pillow.



CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CONSULTATION.

THEY had not long to wait. Dr. Louis arrived in about ten minutes and Guillotin soon after. Christian received them with a sad smile. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have received a severe wound, and as I am a page to his royal highness the Comte d'Artois, I was carried here, where I knew I should find a surgeon. Now, whatever confidence I have in this gentleman, I wished to have your opinion also on my wound before deciding upon anything."

"Let us examine the wound," said Guillotin.

"Lend me your probe, monsieur," said Louis to Marat.

A shudder passed through the young man at the idea of having to undergo the operation a second time, and by the trembling hand of an old man.

"It is needless," said Marat. "I have already probed the wound, and can give you all the information you desire as to the passage of the ball."

"Then," said Dr. Louis, "let us go into the next room."

"Why, gentlemen," said Christian, "that I may not hear what you are saying?"

"So that we need not frighten you needlessly, monsieur, by words which may seem to you to mean more than they really do."

"Nevertheless," said Christian, "I wish everything to pass before me."

He is right," said Marat; "and I wish it also."

"Very well," said Dr. Louis, and he began to question Marat in Latin. Marat replied in the same language.

"Gentlemen," said Christian, "I am a Pole, and Latin is almost my mother-tongue, therefore if you do not wish me to understand, you must choose some other language. Only I warn you that I know a great many."

"Let us speak in French, then," said Guillotin; "the young man seems brave and resolute." Then to Marat. "Go on, we will listen."

But at the words, "I am a Pole," Marat seemed strangely moved, and could scarcely speak. He wiped his forehead, and looked at the young man with an expression of anguish.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the ball entered at the top of the thigh and struck directly on the bone, then deviating slightly it lodged between the bone and the muscles. I could feel it with the probe."

"Very bad," murmured Dr. Louis.

"Very serious," repeated Guillotin. "Are there splinters?"

"Yes; I brought away two or three with the probe."

"Very serious," repeated Dr. Louis.

"However," said Marat, "there is no hemorrhage; and as far as I can judge, no injury of the larger blood-vessels."

"If the bone is fractured," said Louis, looking towards Guillotin—

"There is nothing left but amputation," said he.

Marat turned pale. "Excuse me, doctor," said he; "but reflect; for a simple fracture it would be a terrible thing."

"I believe amputation to be necessary."

"And, why?" Let me hear," said Marat; "I shall listen

with the respect due to the author of the 'Treatise on Wounds by Fire-arms.'"

"Because, firstly, in a few days violent inflammation will ensue, and from that will follow gangrene; secondly, because during the inflammation the splinters will produce irritation and give the most insupportable pain, which pain will probably bring on lock-jaw, so that the limb will not be preserved and the patient will die; and, thirdly, because even if we avoided gangrene and tetanus, the patient remains liable to suppuration, which would weaken him to the last degree, so that if you were then forced to amputate the limb he would die under the operation."

"I do not deny any of your reasons," said Marat; "but they do not appear to me sufficient to justify immediate amputation. You have looked at everything in the worst point of view doctor; as for me I hope for better results."

"But how do you intend to deal with the inflammation? Let me hear how you will fight against it in a young and vigorous subject."

"I will bleed him."

"Good for the general inflammation, but there remains the local."

"I will treat it with cold water, it is a method which I have often found to succeed."

"But the splinters."

"I shall take no notice of them at present, but as they present themselves we will extract them whenever we can do so without danger to the patient."

"But the ball, the ball," persisted Dr. Louis.

"That at least must be extracted," said Guillotin.

"It will come of itself."

"How so?"

"The suppuration will push it forward."

"But it is impossible to leave it in the wound."

"Why not? A ball is not necessarily fatal."

"Where did you discover that?" said Dr. Louis.

"I will tell you. One day in Poland I was hunting. I was a poor hunter by the way, for the chase is a cruel pleasure, and I am humane by nature."

The two doctors bowed.

"Well, one day then when I was hunting, I mistook a dog for a wolf and sent after him three balls; one lodged in

the loins, another in the shoulder, and the third broke a rib. I extracted the last, the first came out of itself at the end of ten days, and the third remained in without doing any mischief. Well, why should nature, who acts in the same way on all animals, not do as much for a man as for a dog?"

Dr. Louis remained thoughtful for a minute, then said, "Take care, monsieur; what you have told us as a personal observation is curious certainly, but science does not rest upon exceptional cases. My opinion is that you would risk the life of your patient, by persisting in a theory which is in opposition to all surgical experience."

Marat bowed with a firm calm look. "I take the responsibility," said he.

"Remember, monsieur," continued Doctor Louis, "that surgery is advancing, and the way to make it respected is to hazard nothing, to be careful of the lives of patients and to cure if possible."

"Monsieur," said Marat, "I recognize the justness of your words, and the soundness of your opinion, but you have too great a respect for custom; I place conscience before it."

"But if the young man dies," said Louis, "what will your conscience say, after having acted contrary to the opinions of all those whose experience has made their words law?"

"There are," replied Marat, "two laws which in my opinion supersede that of experience, those of humanity and progress. Surgery is not meant only for operations—the word signifies 'help by the hand.' I do not disguise from myself the boldness of my attempt, but I take the responsibility. Excuse me, doctor, but my eyes have something to make up for their ugliness, and that is their clear sight. I see plainly the day when surgery shall have made a great advance—the surgery that cuts is but an art, that which cures is a science."

"I should understand your obstinacy better," said Louis, "were the wound in the arm; but a gunshot in the thigh!"

"I take the responsibility," repeated Marat.

At these words, which cut short all further consultation, the two doctors bowed, and Guillotin held out his hand to Marat with true sympathy.

"May you succeed," said he, "I wish you success with all my heart."

"I wish it, but I doubt it," said Louis.

“And I feel sure of it,” replied Marat. And he bowed out the two doctors, who went out repeating that all the responsibility lay upon Marat.

This long discussion instead of fatiguing had excited poor Christian, and when Marat returned to him, he found his eye bright with fever. He held out his two hands to Marat with gratitude.

“Monsieur,” said he, “receive my thanks for the way in which you defended my poor leg. If I keep it, it is to you I shall owe it, and I shall be eternally grateful. If all that is predicted by these gentlemen should take place, I shall die with the conviction that you have done all that was possible to save me.”

Marat took the hands held out to him, with so visible a trembling, that Christian looked at him with astonishment, and wondered at an emotion so uncommon with doctors.

“Monsieur,” said Marat, “did you not say you were Polish?”

“Yes.”

“Where were you born?”

“At Warsaw.”

“How old are you?”

“Seventeen.”

Marat closed his eyes, and felt ready to fall. “Is your father alive,” asked he, eagerly.

“No, monsieur, my father died before my birth; I never knew him.”

Marat looked more strange than before, but began immediately to prepare for Christian a slightly aromatic drink, and then proceeded to the formation of a singular machine, by the help of which he trusted to combat the inflammation. It was a sort of fountain fixed to the wall, from it a straw let fall, drop by drop, cold water on the wound, which was only covered with a simple bandage.

Christian watched him with astonishment and gratitude; he was so eager and anxious, that the object of all this care felt profoundly astonished.

“Then, monsieur,” said Christian, “you take no notice of the ball?”

“No, replied Marat, “better to leave it where it is, since it is not adhering to the bone, for in trying to find it I might do serious injury. I might, for instance, destroy one of those useful clots of blood that ingenious nature, always the best

doctor, will be sure to form; no, either the ball will fall with its own weight, and one fine day we shall have but to cut the skin and extract it, or if it annoy us, we will make an incision afterwards at the nearest point."

"Very well," said Christian; "do as you think best, monsieur. I place myself entirely in your hands."

"Ah," said Marat, with a smile that was almost tender, "then you no longer distrust me?"

The young man prepared to speak.

"Oh, do not deny it," said Marat, "just now you felt very distrustful of me."

"Excuse me, monsieur, but I did not know you; and, without doubting your talent,——"

"The fact is," said Marat, speaking half to himself and half to Christian, "that not knowing me, my appearance could not inspire confidence, for I know how ugly I am. My costume I believe, is not attractive, and as for reputation—I have none. And yet you see, I know how to defend legs from those who wish to cut them off, for I have seen more, learned more, and worked more than them all. What was it, monsieur, that reassured you to me?"

"Well, it was the change in you from rudeness to gentleness and kindness. When I saw you first enter with your hands full of those frightful instruments, I took you rather for a butcher than a doctor. Now on the contrary, you are as kind as a woman to me, and look at me as a father might look at his child, and I am sure will not give me unnecessary suffering."

Marat turned away.

What was that soured heart trying to hide? Was he ashamed of his own good feelings, as another might have been of bad ones? Or what hidden feeling passed through that gloomy mind?

At that moment a noise was heard outside, and a woman rushed in crying in an agonized voice,—

"My son! my Christian!—where is he?"

"My mother!" cried the young man, raising himself in his bed and holding out his arms.

At the same time the tall figure of Danton appeared in the door-way looking for Marat; but at the sight of this woman, and at her first words, he had uttered a cry and rushed into the darkest corner of the room.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ROMANCE LOOKS LIKE HISTORY.

THE wounded man had reckoned on greater strength than he possessed, and fell back half fainting on his pillow. The mother uttered a cry for help, but Danton alone approached her, and reassured her by showing her that her son was reopening his eyes, and soon she would feel his arms round her neck.

As for Marat he had not stirred, but seemed from the dark corner where he had taken refuge, to be devouring with his eyes the picture presented by the mother and son.

The mother was a woman still beautiful, though no longer young. Her features, now bearing the impress of deep emotion, were noble and haughty-looking, while her clear blue eyes and fair hair showed the northern woman in all her aristocracy. Leaning over her son, to whose forehead her lips were pressed, she displayed a fine figure and remarkably beautiful feet.

The young man had, indeed, reopened his eyes, and the mother and son exchanged one of those glances in which an immense amount of thankfulness to Heaven shines. Then, in a few words, Christian, without saying where he was coming from nor how he had happened to be on the Place Dauphine, related to his mother how he had been wounded, how he had asked to be carried to the prince's stables, and how through that gentleman's kindness (pointing to Danton) he had been placed on a litter and brought there; how the surgeon of the place had defended him against the two doctors who had wanted to cut his leg off, and how the care and attentions of this surgeon had as much as possible lessened the pain inseparable from such a wound. And as he spoke, he looked round the room in search of Marat, who shrank more and more into the shade.

After having expressed her love for her son, Christian's mother wished to express her gratitude to his preserver.

"But where then is this generous and learned man?" said she, looking round her, and turning her eyes to Danton as though to beg him to tell her.

Danton took a light, and, advancing to the corner where Marat was, said, laughing,—

“Here he is, madame. Judge him neither by his dress nor his face, but by the service he has rendered you.”

And as he spoke he threw the light at once upon Marat’s face, and that of the lady, on which was an expression of gratitude, while that of Marat showed only terror.

But scarcely had their looks met than Danton saw that something incomprehensible to strangers was passing in the minds of these two people.

Marat started back as though he had seen a ghost, and would have fallen but for the wall behind him.

On her side, the lady looked quite calm for a minute, but presently Marat’s astonishment, his paleness, and his half cry, seemed to recall to her mind a trace of something formerly known, and, changing countenance she staggered back against the bed, as if to seek a refuge near her son, or to protect him from some danger, murmuring,—

“Oh! can it be possible?”

This scarcely intelligible scene had for witnesses only Danton and Albertine, for Christian worn out with suffering and emotion, had closed his eyes and lay half asleep.

But Marat, after seeming struck by so violent a blow, conquered his emotion by a great effort; and the mother, passing her hand over her face, seemed endeavouring to shake off a troubled dream.

“Madame,” stammered Marat, incapable, with all his self-command, of saying more.

“Monsieur,” replied the lady, with a slightly foreign accent, “my son and I have much cause of gratitude towards you.”

“I have but done my duty to the young man, as I should have done to any one else,” replied Marat. But in spite of himself his voice trembled.

“Thank you, monsieur. Now, can I have my son carried home?”

A sort of struggle took place in Marat’s heart. He approached the bed on which Christian lay in the deep sleep of exhaustion, and, without looking at his mother, said,—

“You see, he sleeps.”

“I do not ask you that,” replied she; “I ask you if there would be danger in moving my son?”

“I believe that there would, madame. And, believe me,”

added he, in a trembling voice, "the young man will not be badly cared for here."

"But I, monsieur?" said the mother, turning her eyes full on Marat.

Marat bowed. Then, overcoming his emotion, said,—

"I will have the honour of yielding to you my poor apartment. The perfect cure of your son depends on his present treatment, and on his being kept perfectly quiet. I will come and see him twice a day. You will know the hour, and can either remain or retire as you please. All the rest of the time you will be alone with him."

"But you, monsieur?"

"Do not be anxious about me, madame," said Marat, in a humble tone.

"But, monsieur, after the service you have rendered to Christian, and, through him, to me, I cannot turn you out of your own house?"

"What does that matter, so long as the young man progresses favourably, and is spared the risk of moving?"

"But where will you go?"

"There must be some vacant attic about the place."

The lady made a movement.

"Or, better still," continued Marat,—“here is M. Danton, who fetched you, and who is one of my friends; he will give me a lodging as long as it is necessary for your son's health.”

"Assuredly," said Danton, who had been occupied in watching these two troubled faces—so lost in surprise and conjecture—as to have taken no part in the conversation.

"Then, I accept," said the lady, throwing her cloak upon a chair, and sitting down by the bed.

"What must I do for the child?" said she.

"Never let the water which drops on his leg stop, and give him every hour the aromatic drink that Albertine will bring."

Then, incapable of sustaining a longer conversation, he bowed, and passed into the next room, where he exchanged his old dressing-gown for a coat, and took a hat and a cane.

"Do not forget your manuscript," said Danton, who had followed him, "you can work at your ease in my house."

Marat did not seem to hear, but took his arm, and Danton felt him tremble as he bowed to the unknown lady.

Once on the staircase, Marat had to reply to various

questions from people who had lingered about to ask for news of his young patient. But when they were in the street, Danton said,—

“Come, let us have a little confession.”

“Oh, my friend, what an adventure!” cried Marat.

“Potosky, real Potosky, an epilogue to our Polish romance.”

“For pity’s sake do not jest.”

“Really, my poor Marat, I thought you were able to laugh at anything.”

“This woman,” said Marat, “with her proud northern beauty, this mother so tender and fearful for her son——”

“Well?”

“Do you know who she is?”

“It would be odd if it were your Mdlle. Obinsky.”

“It is herself.”

“Are you quite sure?” said Danton, still trying to jest.

Marat looked grave.

“Danton,” said he, “if you wish to remain my friend, do not jest about that part of my life. Too much suffering is connected with it, too much of my youthful blood flowed then for me to think of it coolly. Then, if you call yourself my friend, and do not wish to martyrize with words one who has already suffered too much, listen to me seriously now.”

“I will,” said Danton; “but first let me make a confession.”

“What is it?”

“You will not be angry?”

“I am never angry—proceed.”

“Well, I confess that I did not believe a single word of the adventures that you related to me this morning.”

“Ah!” said Marat, with irony, “I understand.”

“You could not believe that I had been young and handsome.”

“What would you have? St. Thomas was a believer compared to me!”

“You would not believe that I had been courageous or bold, or that any one could ever have dreamed of loving me. You could not believe any of this?”

“Well, but now I apologize, and say that I believe it all.”

“And that shows,” murmured Marat, as though speaking

to himself, "how foolish and silly—how mad and stupid, is he who opens the flood-gates of his heart, and lets flow into a dry and ungrateful soil, the torrent of his memories. I have been a coward not to keep my griefs to myself—a fool to have believed for a time that you had a heart—a fool to have confided my secrets through vanity—yes, vanity—and at last, not even to be believed!"

"Come, come, Marat," said Danton, shaking his companion by the arm, "do not be angry, since I apologize—what more would you have?"

"At least," said Marat, "if you could not believe that I have been handsome, at least you may believe that she was beautiful."

"Oh, yes, she must have been astonishingly beautiful; I believe, and pity you."

"Ah! thank you," said Marat, ironically.

"But," cried Danton, struck by a new idea, "the dates?"

"What dates?"

"That of the young man."

Marat smiled.

"Well?" said he.

"He cannot be more than seventeen."

"Perhaps not."

"Then it is not impossible——"

"Not impossible?"

"That he might be ——"

And Danton looked at Marat.

"Oh," replied he, bitterly, "do you not see how handsome he is, he cannot be what you mean."

As he spoke these words, they entered Danton's house. They had crossed Paris without remarking any other traces of the evening's tumult, than the smoking remains of the pile where the figure had been burned. It is true that had it been daylight, they might also have seen the blood on the pavement, from the Place de Grève to the Rue Dauphine

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARAT'S APARTMENTS.

Now that we have followed Marat to the house of his friend, let us return to Christian whom we have left upon his bed, suffering as much from mental as bodily pain. His mother installed herself at his bedside, and tried to soothe him with loving cares and affectionate words; but the young man, instead of yielding to this gentle influence, brooded over the remembrance of his love which had been so rudely repulsed. It was some days before his mother discovered that he had a secret, a second wound more dangerous than the first one; but seeing him so silent and sad, she attributed this melancholy to the physical pain against which he was fighting.

But this sadness gained upon the mother also; she suffered in seeing her son suffer, and became worse every day; her courage failed her, and she began to despair. This heart of iron softened little by little, and kneeling by the bed where Christian lay, she hoped and prayed for hours at a time for a smile which never came, or which if it did come as a duty, was sad and constrained. The man so profoundly hated, and yet more thoroughly despised, was anxiously waited for, and if he were absent longer that usual eagerly inquired for; for she felt that if any one watched her child with an anxiety almost equal to her own, it was he. She watched for Marat's arrival, and as soon as she heard his step or his voice, opened the door in spite of her repugnance, overwhelmed him with questions, begging and entreating him to do his utmost. But Marat felt that his heart of ice melted only for her child, and that could she have killed him, on the condition that each drop of his blood should restore an atom of health to her son, she would instantly have plunged a dagger into his heart.

He never came near the house without deep anxiety and uneasiness. It is easy to guess that what he suffered in the presence of this woman, he suffered also in the absence of Christian. To her questions, raising the sheet which covered

the young man, and removing the dressing from the wound, he replied one day: "Look, the work goes on slowly but constantly; this curing of the wound, which neither art nor science can hasten, nature proceeds with at a sure and equal pace; where she works our hands are useless. See, the inflammation has disappeared, the flesh begins to recover itself, the broken bones to rejoin."

"But then," said the anxious mother, "if, as you say, and as I hope, Christian is going on well, why does this fever continue? The inflammation has ceased for a week, and it seems to me that the fever should have gone also."

Then Marat would feel the young man's pulse, while he, with a deep sigh, would endeavour to withdraw his hand.

"I know not how to answer," said he, anxious or more anxious than herself, "it is inexplicable."

"Inexplicable?"

"I mean," said Marat, correcting himself, "that I cannot explain——"

"Tell me all, monsieur. I do not wish to be surprised by misfortune. I have a soul capable of looking misfortune in the face." And as she spoke, her eyes sparkled with love and resolution. Marat did not reply.

"Pray, monsieur, explain to me," continued she.

"Well, madame, your son destroys with his mind all the progress of his body."

"Is that true," said the countess, seizing a hand which Christian vainly tried to withdraw; "is that true, my son?"

A bright blush spread itself over Christian's face, but seeing that he must reply, "No, no, mother," he cried, turning his head, "no, the doctor is wrong, I assure you."

Marat smiled sadly and hideously, and shook his head in token of incredulity.

"I assure you, doctor," continued Christian.

"But, he would tell me for he loves his mother."

"Oh, yes!" cried Christian, in a tone which left no doubt of his truth.

"And besides," continued the countess, turning towards Marat, "what grief could he have?"

Christian was silent. Marat looked at both, shrugged his shoulders and prepared to take leave after his own fashion, by bowing brusquely, and pushing his hat violently down on his head. But the countess extended her hand towards him, and as if under a magnetic influence, Marat stopped suddenly.

“Monsieur,” said she, “we have taken your house from you, and it must inconvenience you sadly. Where do you lodge?”

“Oh, never mind that, madame,” replied Marat, with his most sardonic smile; “where I lodge, and how I live, matters little.”

“You are wrong, monsieur,” replied the countess, “it adds to my comfort and to that of my son, to know that in taking your house we have not so inconvenienced you, that your kindness has become disagreeable to you.”

“But, madame, those who know me, know that I mind nothing.”

“Ah! if my son could but be moved.” Marat looked angrily at her.

“What!” said he, “are you dissatisfied with the way in which I treat him?”

“Oh, monsieur,” cried Christian, “we should be very ungrateful if we thought such a thing; a father really could not have been more careful of his son.”

The countess shuddered and turned pale, but always mistress over herself.

“Monsieur,” said she, “you have attended Christian with too much skill and devotion for me ever to have a thought of putting him into other hands; but, still, I have my own house, and could he be moved there, we should inconvenience you no longer.”

“All is possible, madame,” replied Marat; “but you would risk the young man’s life.”

“Then God forbid,” cried she with a shudder.

“About forty days more,” said Marat.

The countess appeared to hesitate for a moment; then she said,—

“May I at least hope that you will accept some compensation.”

Marat gave one of his bitterest smiles.

“When M. Christian is cured,” said he, “you will pay me as all other doctors are paid. There is a kind of tariff for that.” And he moved again towards the door.

“But at least, monsieur,” said the countess, “tell me how you live.”

“Oh! that is very simple. I wander.”

“You wander?”

“Yes, madame; but do not let that make you uneasy;

just now it is very advantageous to me not to live at home."

"Why so?"

"Because I have many enemies."

"You, monsieur," said the countess in a tone that seemed to imply, "I do not wonder."

"You do not understand," replied he. "Well, I will explain. Some people pretend that I have some talent in medicine and in chemistry, and that I apply it in curing the poor gratis. Besides, I am somewhat of a writer—I write articles for the patriots on politics which are read. Some accuse me of being an aristocrat, because I live in the prince's house; others accuse me of being too much the other way. So I am hated by both parties. Then, nature has made me sour-looking and feeble-looking, although that appearance is fallacious for I am strong, and if you knew how much I have suffered already."

He stopped.

"Ah! you have suffered," said the countess, with a cold look, which froze Marat's heart.

"Oh! do not speak of that," cried he; "let me forget the past. I wished only to say that what I may suffer in the future can never equal what I have suffered in the past: thus if you had any idea of pitying me now, you need not trouble yourself. I have begun, since M. Christian has been here, the life of peregrination which will probably be mine for the future; besides, it is my vocation. I do not love mankind nor daylight; my pleasure is to live alone and quiet, because, as I cannot satisfy my ambition, and as it is wise to measure one's tastes by one's capacity, and as abstinence is one of the best virtues I know of, I abstain from society."

"A sad existence, monsieur. Do you, then, love nothing in the world?"

"Nothing, madame."

"I pity you," replied she with an air of disgust.

"I do not love where I do not esteem," replied he savagely.

"The world," said the countess, "is very poor, since it has not contained one single being capable of inspiring you either with esteem or love."

"It is the fact, however," replied Marat rudely.

This time the countess made no reply, but sat down silently

by the bed. Marat, troubled in spite of his pretended indifference, took his hat and went out, slamming the door after him with a noise singular in a doctor who did not wish to distress his patient.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE COUNTESS'S VIEWS OF LOVE.

THE countess and her son remained for a moment astounded at this abrupt departure.

"That is a singular man," said she.

"I believe him to be good," said Christian in a feeble voice.

"Good!"

"Yes, his conduct to us, or rather to me, has been that of a good and excellent man, and yet——"

"Yet——" repeated the countess.

"Yet I much wish to be no longer here."

"I wish it also; but is it that which makes you sad?"

"I am not sad, mother."

"You have, perhaps, some hidden grief; if so, the time has come to tell me about it."

"I have no grief, mother."

The countess looked at her son, but he turned away his eyes with a sigh. His mother looked attentively at him once more.

"You are not in love?"

"I. Oh no, mother!"

"Because," said she, "they say that love often renders people unhappy."

This "they say," from the lips of a woman of thirty-three, astonished Christian, who smiled and looked at his mother.

"At all events," continued she, without appearing to see how strangely she spoke, "it can but be one of those griefs of which one has a thousand in one's lifetime; a passing grief, that one should be able to support without weakness. Are you not of my opinion, Christian?"

"Yes, mother."

"Indeed," continued the countess, in her usual cold tone, "what grief can love have? Only one."

"What is that, mother," said the young man, turning to look at her.

"Well," replied she, "that of not being loved by the person you love."

"Then, mother," said Christian, with a sad smile, "you think that the only one."

"I can suppose no other."

"Explain that to me, mother."

"Yes, but do not fatigue yourself, Christian, and if it be possible, do not change your position."

"No, mother."

"Then," said the countess, "one principle admitted——"

"What is that?"

"That one loves only people worthy of you."

"Let me hear, mother," said Christian, rather coldly, "what you mean by people worthy of you."

"I mean, my son, that we are born in a certain class, brought up in a certain manner, which is not that of all the world. Do you admit that, Christian?"

"It is true, mother."

"Then, if that be the case, we have a right to expect as much from people who love us. I do not say people whom we love, for I cannot imagine that we should love where we are not entitled to do so."

Christian made a movement. "I find you exclusive, madame," said he.

"Necessarily so. Can you believe it possible to love in any other manner?"

"And do you consider inequality of condition an impassible barrier, mother?" said Christian, making an effort over himself.

"Yes, more than anything. You will say, perhaps, that I am wedded to the ancient prejudices of my caste; it may be so, but in this opinion I am not wrong. How are the fine races of our horses kept up, or those noble dogs which fight with wolves and bears, or those birds which sing almost in death? It is by taking great care not to cross the races with inferior ones."

"Mother," said Christian, "you speak only of animals, and consequently do not take into consideration the intellect which God has denied to them and given to us; you

forget the soul, which may be great though in a plebeian body."

"An exception of which you will easily understand that I do not care to run the risk," replied the proud countess. "Listen, Christian. I had an admirable mare, that one you know, who carried me seventy leagues in two days, and did not die of it; you have heard me speak of it, have you not?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, she lived in perfect liberty, coming only at my call. During this liberty, by a low-bred horse in the neighbourhood, she had a foal called Chostro, a poor feeble animal, who was kept for timid children. Do you remember, on the other hand, the black foal which she had by the battle-horse of King Stanislaus, which turned out such a magnificent animal, noble through both father and mother, and noble like them? Well, Christian, you do not answer me?"

"I think, mother, that the first race of men created by God were perhaps a chosen, almost perfect people, but have since been scattered, and now often brought together by a chance or an intelligent union."

"But you do not call love an intelligent union, I hope."

"Why not, mother? It is a spark of something divine. Excuse me, mother, but to adopt your theories would be to ignore all that is powerful and poetic in love. To love in spite of oneself, mother, is not to be the sport of chance, but to follow a divine will."

"You reason something like Marat," replied his mother; "he who flies daylight and men, because seeing men with his jaundiced eyes, he finds nothing good to know. Instead of searching for exceptions, my son, which is always dangerous, be contented with the good that life offers us at every step."

"Ah! mother," said Christian with a sad smile. The countess saw the sadness, but mistook the cause.

"I repeat to you, my dear child, that life is before you like a beautiful garden. You are in the midst of the most luscious fruits, and you talk of seeking in the hedge a wild berry, tasteless and unwholesome. Oh! I am sure that you will never do that but in theory, Christian."

"Explain yourself more clearly, mother," murmured the young man, in a stifled voice; "you seem to me to speak seriously."

"Not at all. I asked you just now if you were in love,

and you said, 'No.' If you were, you might easily be happy. You are of a noble family, you have no brother, and a princely fortune awaits you; your master, the Comte d'Artois is a prince of France. What grief could you find in love? Love the daughter of a prince, and we will get her for you: love—since we have no other word, and must use that—a girl of the lower class, and you can take her for so long only as your fancy lasts."

The countess fancied herself still in Poland, where every seigneur has full right over his vassals. Christian turned pale, and fell back with a groan.

"What is the matter?" cried his mother in terror.

"Nothing mother, but I suffer."

"Oh!" cried the countess, rising, "I would give ten years of my life to see you walking about this room."

"And I twenty of mine, could I walk in the street?" murmured he.

After this theory of love propounded by his mother, what could he do but hide in the depths of his heart his love for Ingenue; but he suffered a martyrdom on his sick bed, incapable of moving, or writing, or even sending a message.

One thing alone consoled him; he knew the regular monotony of Ingenue's past life, which had lasted already for seventeen years, and he hoped that it would continue during his illness. Then he had one other hope, which was, that the accident which had happened to him would soften the father's irritation against him. So he hoped, as the young always do hope.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A LADY BOXES MARAT'S EARS.

As for Ingenue, the accident to Christian had delivered her from her father's suspicions. Retif knew well that if Christian did not die, his wound was quite serious enough to keep him in bed for a long time. Ingenue was therefore freed from all restraint, and resumed the management of the house.

Indeed, the worthy man, relieved from all anxiety as to Christian, and reconciled with Auger, saw nothing more to fear for himself or his daughter; he therefore came and went at all hours, taking Ingenue about with him. She also began again to go out by herself to buy provisions, and always with a secret hope of meeting Christian. Alas! that was impossible, as we know, though she did not. Every day, reassured by her meditations during the silence of the night, she went out, thinking,—“Perhaps I shall see him to-day;” and each day she returned more disappointed than on the previous one.

She had always one great fear. What she had heard about a wounded page explained Christian's absence so well and so agreeably to her self-love, that she often said to herself,—“Ah! it must have been of him that M. Santerre spoke: certainly he is wounded—dying, perhaps dead; that is why he does not come.” And after having wept over his infidelity, she wept so bitterly over his death that Retif, preoccupied as he was with his writings, noticed the red eyes and guessed the cause.

As chance would have it, on the same day that Christian was wounded, a squire of the Comte de Provence was wounded also. A newspaper which gave an account of this accident fell into Retif's hands, and he brought it to his daughter, quite delighted to show her that he had been right. Alas! she was then forced to believe that no accident but a change of sentiments kept Christian away; for if the paper related the accident to the squire of M. de Provence, it would also have mentioned that to the page of M. d'Artois. So it had,

but in another number, which Retif took care not to show to his daughter.

Vexation therefore seized on the young girl's heart, and in her anger she tried to believe that she loved him less, and afterwards, which was more likely to be true, that she hated him. Then she resolved seriously to banish him from her mind, and in her innocence dared to look at two or three young men who looked at her. But, alas! she did not find those soft eyes of Christian's, nor his elegant figure and distinguished air; and while she thought she hated him, she remembered him with the greatest admiration. At last, one day when Retif was to dine out with some literary men, where the conversation was likely to be rather too learned for the ears of a girl of seventeen, Ingenue declared that she would rather stay at home. At four o'clock, therefore—people were then beginning to dine late—Retif de la Bretonne set out to his dinner, leaving Ingenue alone in the house. This was what she wanted.

Tempted by the demon of love, Ingenue had made up her mind to profit by her father's absence to go to inquire at the house of M. d'Artois what had become of the inconstant page.

At four o'clock, as it was now in November, it was almost dark, and Retif would not be home before ten. She followed him with her eyes, until she saw him disappear round the corner of the street, and then throwing her cloak over her shoulders, and strong in innocence went down. She proceeded along the quays towards the stables of the prince, which the Reveillons had shown her one day when she went out with them.

A small rain was falling, and Ingenue, shod according to the taste of the author of the "Pied de Jeannette," hesitated for a moment before risking her high-heeled slippers on the damp pavement. She raised her brown petticoat, and showed a delicately-turned ancle, which the walls alone could appreciate, so close did she keep to the houses.

But when she reached the Rue de l'Hirondelle, a strange and unexpected thing happened. At the window of a kind of cellar the head of a man was visible—a head which looked something like that of an ape, while two dirty hands clasped the bars of the window. Had Ingenue been curious, she might have seen in this cellar, which was lighted by a single candle, a table strewed with papers and chemical and medical

books, while various pamphlets were lying on a chair. But Ingenuë passed on so quickly, that far from seeing all this, she did not even see the man himself.

Yet he saw her well, for she passed within two or three inches of his clasped hands, and her dress even touched his hair. She might almost have felt his breath on her ankle through her silk stocking. But she was too much occupied that night with her own grief, and with terror at the step she was taking, to notice anything.

The man however, seemed less preoccupied, for scarcely had he seen this pretty ankle and foot, than he uttered an exclamation, and throwing quickly over his dirty shirt something which he dignified by the name of a dressing-gown, and without even taking time to fetch his hat, he rushed up the stairs which led to a passage communicating with the street.

Ingenuë had hardly gone fifty steps. The place was full of crooked streets leading to the quay, and just as this man made his appearance, she was standing looking anxiously about her to discover the right turning; but when she saw him watching her, she was seized with sudden terror, and went on without well knowing where.

He followed her, and her fears redoubled. He addressed to her in a low voice some words which she could not understand. She had made a *détour*, and found herself returning to the quay. She then tried to retrace her steps, feeling more and more confused.

She began to run, and he, emboldened by the solitude and darkness, ran after her and extended his hand to catch hold of her. She began to cry out, then he stopped. Seeing this, she ran off more quickly than before thinking to regain her own home. As she ran, she saw a travelling carriage standing before a shop door. In the doorway of the shop, which was not yet lighted, stood a person wrapped in a long cloak. Ingenuë, running quickly to escape from the man who was still pursuing her, ran against this person and then uttered a cry of terror.

"Why do you cry out, and who frightens you?" asked, from under the hood of the cloak, the silvery yet firm voice of a woman, who at the same time stepped out further into the street.

"Oh! thank Heaven, you are a woman," cried Ingenuë.

"Yes, certainly, mademoiselle. Do you require protection?"

So saying the speaker pulled down her hood, and displayed a beautiful, young, and fresh, though haughty-looking face. Ingenue quite exhausted, could not speak, but she pointed with inexpressible terror to the man who had followed her, and who now stood in the middle of the street looking at them, his hands on his hips, with a frightful smile of bravado on his face.

"Ah! I understand," said the stranger, taking Ingenue's arm, "that man frightens you, does he not?"

"Oh! yes," cried Ingenue.

"I do not wonder. He is very ugly—quite hideous," continued she looking steadily at him, without betraying the least fear.

At these words, which he did not expect, a murmur of rage escaped from the lips of Ingenue's persecutor.

"Hideous, it is true," repeated the young woman, "but that is no reason for being afraid."

Then, making a step towards him, "Are you a robber?" said she. "If so, I have a pistol for you." And she drew one from her pocket.

The man turned away from the firearm presented at him.

"No," said he, in a hoarse but mocking tone, "I am only an admirer of beautiful girls like you."

"You should, then, be more handsome yourself," said the stranger.

"Handsome or not, I may please, like any other."

"It is possible; but it is neither of us that you will please, therefore go on your way."

"Not before I have kissed at least one of you, to show you that I do not fear your pistol, my pretty heroine."

Ingenue uttered a cry at seeing the arm of this human spider extended towards her. The stranger quietly put her pistol in her pocket, and repulsed him with a vigorous hand. He returned to the charge, however, in a manner that would have disgusted a *vivandière*. The young lady as she felt the hand of this man touch her, stepped back with great coolness, and gave him so vigorous a box on the ear, that he tottered backwards. He recovered himself, and looked for a moment as if he intended to renew the attack, but thinking perhaps of the pistol, disappeared at the corner of the street, murmuring,—

"Decidedly, I am not lucky with women. Evening

does not succeed better with me than daylight." And he regained grumblingly the door of his cellar, saying to himself, "Well, if God has not made me handsome, I will be terrible."

CHAPTER XXXIV

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

THE two young girls were left alone after the retreat of Marat—for we presume that our readers have recognized him. The stranger then drew the trembling Ingenuë into the shop before which she had been standing. The mistress, who was supping with the conductor of the coach appeared, lamp in hand in the back shop. Ingenuë then had an opportunity of examining the calm and smiling beauty of this woman, who had so valiantly defended her.

"It is lucky," said she to Ingenuë, "that I happened to be waiting here for the coach."

"You are leaving Paris, madame?" said Ingenuë.

"Yes, mademoiselle. I come from the provinces. I have lived in Normandy from my youth, and I came to Paris to take care of an old relation who was ill, and who died yesterday. I return home to-day, without having seen anything of Paris but what is to be seen from the windows of that house that you can see from here—windows closed now, like the eyes of those who lived there.

"Really!" cried Ingenuë.

"And you, my child?" said the stranger, in a tone almost maternal, although there was a difference of but two or three years in their ages.

"Oh, I live in Paris, madame, and have never quitted it."

"Where were you going, child?" asked the other in a tone in which, in spite of its gentleness, it was easy to trace the imperative accent of a decided character.

"I was going home," said Ingenuë.

"Is that far from here?"

"Rue des Bernardins."

"That tells me nothing, for I do not know where that street is."

“ *Mon Dieu!* and I know little more than you. Where am I now?”

“ I do not know; but I can ask the mistress of the shop, if you like.”

“ Oh, madame, it would be doing me a favour.”

The young girl turned round, and in her clear decided tones, said,—

“ Madame, be good enough to tell me precisely where we are.”

“ Mademoiselle, this is the Rue Lerpente, at the corner of the Rue de Paon.”

“ You hear, my child.”

“ Yes, and I thank you.”

“ *Mon Dieu!* how pale you are still,” said the stranger to Ingenue.

“ Oh! if you knew how frightened I was. But you—how brave you are!”

“ There was no great merit in that; we were within reach of help at the first call. But still I believe, as you say, that I am brave.”

“ And what gives you this courage which I have not?”

“ Reflection.”

“ Well, it seems to me, on the contrary, that the more I reflected the more frightened I should be.”

“ Not if you thought that God has given the good, strength like the bad; and more, because they feel they do right in using it.”

“ Oh, but against a man.”

“ And a horrible one.”

“ Was he not?”

“ Yes, he had a revolting face.”

“ A terrifying one.”

“ No; that flat nose, that twisted mouth, those round eyes and ugly lips did not frighten me so much as they disgusted me.”

“ How strange!” cried Ingenue, looking with admiration at her brave companion.

“ You see,” continued the stranger stretching out her arm in her enthusiasm, “ there is an instinct which urges me on; the man who frightened you, provoked me to resistance I felt a certain pleasure in braving the wretch, I saw his eye fall before mine. I could have killed him, for something told me that he was a wicked man.”

"He thought you beautiful, and stood for a moment in admiration before you."

"Another insult!"

"Well, I should have died of fear but for you."

"It was your own fault."

"My fault?"

"Yes."

"Explain to me how?"

"How long had he been following you?"

"About ten minutes."

"And during those ten minutes?"

"I ran as fast as I could."

"But when you saw that he was following you, why did you not call out at once for help if you were afraid?"

"Oh! I did not dare to make a noise."

"Are Parisians afraid of everything?"

"Well," said Ingenue, "every woman has not your strength, and I am but sixteen."

"And I scarcely eighteen," said the stranger, smiling, "so you see the difference between us is not great."

"It is true; you might have been as frightened as I was."

"I never should be. It is the weakness of women that emboldens men of that sort. When he first spoke to you, you should have turned boldly round, forbid him to follow you, and threatened to appeal to the first passer by."

"Oh! mademoiselle, that requires more courage than I had."

"Well, he is gone, shall I find some one to take you home?"

"Oh no, thank you."

"But what will your parents say when you come home looking so pale and frightened?"

"My parents?"

"Yes, have you none?"

"I have a father."

"You are lucky. Will he be anxious at your staying out?"

"I think not."

"Does he know that you are out?"

Ingenue this time did not dare to tell a falsehood; she lowered her eyes and said, "No." But she said it in a tone so gentle, so supplicating, so like that of a little girl, that it

seemed like an admission that she had been doing wrong. The stranger coloured as much as Ingenue herself.

“ Ah ! ” said she, “ that explains all. You knew that you were doing wrong and you felt punished. Dear young lady, when one is doing right one can be brave. I am sure you would have been braver had you been out with your father’s consent, instead of secretly.”

Ingenue’s eyes filled with tears at this reprimand, though so kindly given.

“ Ah ! you are right,” cried she ; “ I did wrong and I was punished ; but,” added she, with an innocent look, “ do not believe that I was very guilty.”

“ Oh ! I ask for no confidence, mademoiselle,” said the stranger, drawing back.

“ But,” said Ingenue, “ I must tell you what made me go out this evening. Some one I know—some one that I love—(and Ingenue blushed again)—has been absent for a fortnight, and I have heard nothing about him. There has been fighting lately in the streets, and I fear that he has been killed, or at least wounded.”

The stranger did not answer.

“ I thank God for sending you to me,” continued Ingenue.

The stranger looked at Ingenue ; there was so much virtue and modesty in her charming face, bathed with tears, that she felt impossible to accuse her of wrong. She smiled, took her hand, and said, “ How glad I am to have been of service to you.”

“ Thank you again and adieu,” said Ingenue, “ for now I must leave you.”

“ Wait at least, and let this good woman direct you how to return home.”

This was done. “ Ah ! ” said the stranger, “ it appears that you have a long way to go.”

“ Oh ! I do not mind ; I will run all the way.” Then timidly, “ Will you permit me to embrace you, mademoiselle ? ”

“ Now you are like that dreadful man,” replied the other, laughing ; “ but I prefer you.”

And the two young girls embraced each other.

“ Now,” said Ingenue to her new friend, “ one thing more.”

“ What is it, my child ? ”

“ I am the daughter of M. Retif de la Bretonne, the author.”

“ Ah ! mademoiselle, they say he is very clever.”

“ You do not know his books ?”

“ No ; I never read romances.”

“ And you, pray tell me your name that I may remember it, and try to imitate your courage and virtue ?”

“ I am called Charlotte Corday, my dear Ingenue,” replied the traveller ; “ but kiss me again, for here are the horses.”

“ Charlotte Corday ; I will not forget.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

AUGER IN HIS NEW PLACE.

As soon as Ingenue saw her new friend in the coach, she set off home, and arrived there before her father. He came in, not tipsy but rather excited. He had received at table numerous compliments on his “ Nuits de Paris ;” and his publisher pleased with all these praises, had given him an order. His friend Reveillon had sat next to him at table, and both had drunk rather freely. At dessert the conversation, after touching on various subjects, had fallen upon Auger, Reveillon’s new clerk.

When Retif entered, Ingenue was sitting at her work-table, but not working. She felt that she had done wrong, and therefore when she heard on the staircase her father’s steps, and the little song with which they were usually accompanied when he was in a good temper, she ran to meet him, and when he came in was very amiable and caressing to him. Retif was touched, being rather disposed to be sentimental by the wine he had drunk.

“ Well my dear child,” said he, embracing her, “ you have been very dull, have you not ?”

“ Yes, father.”

“ I feared so ; why are you not a man instead of a woman, then I could take you everywhere ? ”

“ Are you then sorry to have a daughter, dear father ? ”

“ No ; for you are beautiful, and I love pretty faces ; they are agreeable to look at. You are the joy of the house, Ingenue, and for years I have painted all my heroines with fair hair and blue eyes.”

“ Good, father.”

“ But, still think that if you were a boy.”

“ What then, father ? ”

“ What then ? I am invited nearly every day to dine out. Well, if you were a boy I could take you with me ; we should have no dinner to cook at home, which would be economical, and you would not have occasion to soil your pretty little fingers.”

“ If I were a boy, it would not matter.”

“ That is true ; but then I could teach you to print ; you would help me in my work ; we should gain 10 francs a day between us ; that is 3,600 francs a year, — without counting my manuscripts, which might perhaps be worth 7,000 or 8,000, for it is not rare——”

As this sum seemed very large to Ingenue, she looked up in surprise.

“ Dame ! ” said he, “ look at M. Mercier ; we should be very happy.” Ingenue smiled rather sadly.

“ We are almost happy now,” said she.

“ Almost,” cried Retif. “ Yes, you are right my dear child ; we are *almost* happy. Almost is the word to be applied to all human things ; the millionaire, who wishes for two millions, thinks himself almost rich ; the prince, who desires to be king, almost powerful ; almost loved is the lover who desires more than mere love.”

Ingenue looked at her father, wondering what any one could desire more than love.

“ Oh ! ” continued Retif, “ you say sublime things, Ingenue, I shall put that in somewhere, be sure. Almost happy, yes. To be quite happy, what do we want ? — almost nothing, only money. Ah ! if you were a boy, we would get money, and then be more than almost happy.”

“ No ; then I should probably save it for something else,” said Ingenue, thinking of Christian.

“ That is true ; you would probably be ambitious or in love.”

“Ambitious—oh no, father!”

“In love then which is worse, only that it passes off sooner.”

Ingenué raised her great blue eyes with an air of doubt; it seemed to her incomprehensible that anything should last longer than love.

“Apropos of love, we have spoken much on the subject this evening.”

“With whom?” said Ingenué, astonished.

“With M. Reveillon; he is an amiable man, though not clever.”

“M. Reveillon talk of love!” cried Ingenué, much surprised, “how did that happen, father?”

“Oh! in different ways. I told him some of my subjects for new novels. What is very agreeable about M. Reveillon is, that he always listens whether he understands or not.”

“But you said that he spoke of love.”

“Yes, chiefly about Auger.”

“Auger—what Auger?”

“What Auger could it have been?”

“Our Auger?”

“Ours—yes. See what a fine virtue charity is when even you call him, our Auger. Well, our Auger; imagine child that he is a treasure. Reveillon is enchanted with him. At first he had suspicions and prejudices against him, but they have all vanished.”

“So much the better,” said Ingenué, absently.

“He is very intelligent.”

“I did not think him stupid.”

“Far from that; and he is quick, he does his work well, is the last to sit down to table and the first to leave it, drinks nothing but water, keeps aloof from the other workmen, and has already been remarked for the skill with which he works: and then—did you look at him?—the fellow is not ugly.”

“He is neither good nor bad looking.”

“*Diable!* you are hard to please. His eyes are good, and he is well built—strong, but not too stout. Reveillon and his daughters are quite enthusiastic about him.”

“So much the better, that we have protected a man worthy of it.”

“Very well said, my daughter; I am of your opinion. Auger will make his way in the world.”

“So much the better for him,” said Ingenué.

“ I saw that at once,” continued Retif. “ You know that Reveillon’s daughters cultivate winter flowers—Bengal roses, daisies, and geraniums,—but for the last week they have been so busy over the *trousseau* of the eldest that the flowers have been neglected.”

“ Yes ; it appears she is to have a *grand trousseau*.”

“ Well then, Auger seeing this negligence got up at three o’clock in the morning to dig and water, so that the garden looked fresh and blooming, no one knew how.”

“ Really.”

“ Reveillon was delighted, and so were his daughters ; they watched, and the next morning they saw the fellow climb over the hedge and begin to work like a negro, trying all the while to hide himself. ‘ Why Auger,’ said Reveillon, afterwards, ‘ you make yourself my daughters’ gardener : that is, working without pay.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh ! monsieur,’ said he, ‘ I am sufficiently paid, paid beyond my merits and my trouble.’ ”

“ ‘ How so, Auger ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Monsieur, are not your daughters friends of Mdlle. Ingenue ? ’ ”——“ ‘ Doubtless.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, monsieur, I work for Mdlle. Ingenue.’ ”

“ For me,” cried the young girl.

“ Wait,” said Retif, “ you will hear. ‘ When I tear my hands with thorns,’ continued he, ‘ or whatsoever I do, I say it is yet too little, Auger ; you owe your blood, your life, to that young lady. And may the happy moment come when I may shed the one or sacrifice the other, then you shall see if Auger fails in heart or memory.’ ”

Ingenue looked doubtful, and coloured as she said,—“ Did he say that ? ”

“ He said better still, my child.”

Ingenue frowned slightly.

“ In short, he is a good fellow,” continued Retif, “ and Reveillon has already rewarded him.”

“ How ? ”

“ Auger, as I foresaw, was not made to remain a simple workman or mechanic, for he writes well and counts like a mathematician. Reveillon, or rather his daughters, remarked how delicate his hands were, and how little fitted for rough work, so that Reveillon has promoted him to the counting-house. It is a good place, worth 1200 francs, and lodging in the house.”

“Yes, very good,” replied Ingenue mechanically

“Certainly not so lucrative as what he gave up to take it; so Reveillon said to him,—‘Auger, you will not have the prince’s fare, but such as it is, take it.’ It was wonderful for Reveillon, who is as proud as an hidalgo. Auger replied,—‘Ah! monsieur,’—(listen to this answer, my daughter)—‘the dry bread of an honest man is better than the pheasants of crime.’”

“My father, excuse me, but the expression is rather affected.”

“It is true,” said Retif, “that the last part of the sentence appears a little pretentious, but it is only an enthusiasm of virtue. Auger is little carried away just now by his, and one must not only excuse but encourage him. And then I like ‘the dry bread of an honest man’—that sounds well, and it will tell at the theatre!—Strange vicissitude!” continued he—“strange turns of fate, and caprices of life! Here is a man whom we abhorred,—who was our worst enemy,—whom we would willingly have sent to the gallows —”

“The gallows!” said Ingenue. “Oh, father, M. Auger was very guilty, but the gallows seem to me rather going too far.”

“Yes, you are right; I exaggerate perhaps, but I am a poet, my dear, and I even repeat the gallows; for if you would not have sent him there, I, your father, wounded in my feelings and in my honour, would have sent him not only to the gallows but to the wheel. Well, now this worthy man adds to all other merits, that of repentance, and is doubly worthy of praise, because he never once sinned. Perhaps I also think better of him because it is you who have caused his conversion.”

“I, father?”

“Yes, you. Recognise the secret voice of the heart, the mainspring of all generous actions,—if Auger did not love you, he would not have acted thus.”

“Father!” cried Ingenue, blushing and displeased.

“Love, did I say?” continued Retif,—“one must idolize people thus to sacrifice all to them. Let us not say, then, ‘Auger is virtuous through love of virtue.’ Oh, no, that was an error of the worthy curé’s, who attributed this change to the workings of conscience; no, my daughter, Auger grew better by virtue of love.”

Ingenue did not reply.

“Ah!” cried Retif, “it seems to me that I said a fine thing there; and I wonder, Ingenuë, that with the exquisite sense that nature has given you, you did not remark it. The virtue of love—that would make a delightful title for a new novel.”

So saying, after embracing his daughter, Retif retired to undress, and five minutes after, slept the satisfied sleep of a man and a poet, content with himself. As for Ingenuë, she retired to her little room not much disposed for sleep, as she thought over the idolatry of Auger and the inconstancy of Christian.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AUGER IN LOVE.

ALL that Reveillon had said to Retif and Retif to his daughter was strictly true. Auger seemed to be omnipresent under the influence of the passion which governed him. His work melted and disappeared beneath his fingers, with an alacrity which astonished his companions. He wrote well, but he understood by a marvellous intuition what must be done carefully and what not; he was sparing in stops and commas for unimportant things, and would have finished a receipt or invoice almost before his neighbour had commenced; and this neighbour, distanced by his greater rapidity, seemed to have done nothing in the day. Reveillon, who had fancied that he had two phoenixes in his employ before, found that now he had but one. Auger had extinguished the two others.

The result was, that the cashier troubled at seeing this Gargantua devour all the work of three people, became confused, did less than ever, and grave errors crept into the accounts, at which M. Reveillon frowned like Jupiter.

Auger waited quietly for the time when he should commit some great folly, and this was not long in presenting itself. One day a customer brought back sixty francs that the cashier had overpaid him in discharging a note for 1,000 francs, that he had presented. Then Reveillon said aloud, “Here is a

man whom I took because he had a wife and children, but whom I shall be forced to send away."

Thus, a favourite with Reveillon and his daughters, obsequious to Retif, pale and humble whenever he saw Ingenue, Auger made rapid strides in the career he had chosen.

One day he waited for Reveillon in the office; the cashier had just gone, and the other clerk was exhausted with his efforts to keep up with Auger.

"Ah," said Reveillon to Auger, "I am delighted to see you, and to compliment you."

"Ah! monsieur," said Auger, with profound humility, "do not laugh at me; it is not my fault I assure you, if I work so badly."

"How, what do you mean? I do not understand you."

"Ah, monsieur, I see I shall have to leave you if this goes on."

"Why so?"

"Because I rob you, M. Reveillon."

"Of what?"

"Of your time."

"Ah! *par exemple!* explain that to me, Auger—you are a real phenomenon; you steal my time, you say, and you do more work than the other two put together."

"Ah! monsieur, I would do as much as four, were I not so unfortunate."

"How unfortunate?"

"Ah! do not speak of it, monsieur; it is very unlucky for me. I was so happy here."

"Do you think of leaving me?"

"Alas! I fear I must."

"Not, I trust without telling me the reason."

"Ah! monsieur, it is not right to tell you."

"*Pardieu!* but it is; when people leave me I wish to know why."

"Monsieur, I rob you of your time because my mind is so distracted."

"Ah! ah!" laughed Reveillon.

"If there were a remedy for my misfortunes; but no, there is none."

"What misfortune? Pray explain yourself."

"A misfortune the greater, monsieur, that it grows from day to day, and when grief once invades a man's heart——"

"Poor lad, you have a grief; what is it? Do you want money?"

"Money, *mon Dieu!* I am not so ungrateful as to say so; you are so generous."

"Is it remorse?"

"No, God be praised, my conscience is at peace now."

"Then I cannot guess——"

"Monsieur, I love without hope."

"Ah! Ingenue, perhaps?" cried Reveillon, struck by a sudden idea.

"You have guessed, monsieur; I am really in love with Mdlle. Ingenue. Does not that seem odious to you?"

"Not at all."

"Remember all the horror I inspired in her."

"Oh! that will cease, if it has not already done so."

"But, reflect, monsieur, everything separates me from her."

"Bah! bridges have been thrown over larger rivers."

"Monsieur, do you not see that in speaking thus to me, that you are giving me hope?"

"Yes; I mean it."

"You are not jesting?"

"Why should I? You work hard, you are an honest man, and though your place is not yet lucrative, I will improve it."

"Oh! monsieur, if you only induce Mdlle. Ingenue not to detest me, to listen to the vows that I make for her happiness, not to repulse me when I tell her how I love her; then, monsieur, I shall be happier than if you gave me the place of cashier, than if you gave me a thousand crowns a year. Overwhelm me with work, I will not complain nor ask for a shilling more. Only obtain for me the hand of Mdlle. Ingenue, and you will have near you a man who will be devoted to you till his dying day."

"This, then, is all you ask?"

"I hardly dare to think of so much happiness."

"But to hear you, one would think you were speaking of a princess of the blood; what, after all, is Mdlle. Ingenue?"

For M. Reveillon felt as though all this great praise was rather disparaging to his own daughters.

"What is she?" cried Auger, "a beautiful, an adorable young girl."

"Yes; but who has no fortune."

"She deserves millions."

“Which you will gain for her, my dear Auger.”

“Ah! I hope so; I feel myself capable of it, between my love for her and my zeal for you.”

“Well, my friend, this is the plan to pursue. Firstly, the father has power over his child, and he seems to me disposed in your favour. You must increase the feeling. Retif likes attention.”

“Would he accept a little present from me?”

“If delicately offered, I have no doubt he would.”

“My love for his daughter and my respect for you, would inspire me with delicacy, monsieur.”

“Afterwards, invite him to dinner, and at dessert, open your mind to him.”

“I shall not have courage to do that.”

“Oh nonsense! Then you must speak to Ingenue herself, and my daughters shall dispose her favourable towards you.”

“Oh! what goodness, monsieur!” And Auger clasped his hands.

“You merit it, Auger; and since your happiness depends on this, I will do my best to make you happy.”

Auger retired full of joy.

Reveillon kept his word. He made his daughters talk about it to Ingenue, and he did the same to Retif. At last these attacks were so skilful, that Retif accepted a watch and an invitation to dinner.

There still remained Ingenue; but the daughters of Reveillon teased her so much that she consented at last to accompany her father to the Pré-St.-Gervais, where the dinner was to take place.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CHRISTIAN'S CONVALESCENCE.

It is time that we should see what was passing at the stables of the Comte d'Artois, while at the other end of Paris everything conspired against Christian's happiness.

His mother had never quitted him for a minute; she spent the day in a chair near his bed, and the night in a bed near his own. Twenty times Christian assuring her that he was better, had tried to induce her to leave him, but she had constantly refused.

The maternal love of the Countess Obinsky, like all other sentiments in her, was combined with a strength of will against which Christian never even tried to struggle. Ready at her son's least movement to give him everything that could soothe and comfort him, watching even his sleep, vigilant to spare him the least pain, she had succeeded in curing his body without the least idea of the pain she had inflicted on his heart. Days and nights passed thus like centuries to the patient; he counted the hours, the minutes, the seconds, as though by so doing he could hasten them. According to Marat, Christian must stop in bed until the fortieth day, and more than a week before this time, Christian pretended that it had arrived; but with the inexorable almanack in her hand, the countess kept the young man in bed until the last hour of the fortieth day had expired.

At last the wished-for time arrived when Christian was to make the first step towards Ingenue. Walking slightly lame at first, he went to lie down on a thick fur in the middle of the room, then he moved a little, the pain had vanished, the flesh was firm, and the young man stood on his wounded leg without discomfort.

Little by little he began to walk round his room; then, when that had become easy, he tried to go up and down a little staircase of five steps, in which he succeeded with the help of his mother. Then he was allowed to walk in a courtyard shaded with trees, leaning on his mother's arm, and

thus to get his first breath of fresh air. Twice he had managed to get hold of paper and pencil, and profiting by the sleep of his mother, to write a few lines to Ingenuë; but when written, what was he to do with it—how get it conveyed to the Rue des Bernardins? None of the people of the house ever came near him; Marat's servant inspired him with profound aversion, and as for Marat himself, it was certainly not to him that the young man could have confided his passion for Retif's daughter.

The two notes therefore remained in Christian's pockets; he kept them, always hoping for an occasion which never presented itself. His consolation was, that feeling his strength return every day he could calculate on the day of liberty. The happy day arrived at length when he was permitted to go out. It is true that it was only in a carriage, and that his mother never left him for a moment. They drove through all the best parts of Paris; alas! it was to the Rue des Bernardins only that Christian wanted to go; but how could he tell the man before his mother to drive through such a street.

After three days of this exercise, it was decided that he might walk out, but his mother accompanied him; and on the next day, that is to say, after having occupied Marat's room for eight weeks, they were to leave it.

The scene which accompanied this departure is difficult to describe. Marat had dressed himself in his best; he wished to look as much as possible like the Marat of Poland, and force the countess to recognize him. Useless trouble. The crooked spine would not straighten, the nose did not recover its form, nor did the hollow eye brighten, neither could one day's care succeed in rendering delicate, hands spoiled by the dirt of twenty years.

The countess neither sought nor avoided his looks, and she thanked him without any romantic expressions. Marat saw the handsome young man walking about, smiling at the idea of his coming liberty, and looking at and admiring himself in the glass.

"Monsieur," said the countess, "you are admiring the cure you have effected, are you not?"

"Yes, madame, I admire my own work," said Marat.

The countess coloured violently, then becoming quite pale and cold again,—

"You have reason not to be modest," said she, "the cure does you honour."

“Does it not? But there is much in will, madame; and for that young man I would have done things worthy of the god Esculapius himself.”

“Then now, monsieur,” said the countess, “gratitude must not prevent us from settling our accounts.”

Marat coloured. “Are you offering me money?” said he.

“Certainly, monsieur.”

“Do you wish to insult me?”

“On the contrary, monsieur; I cannot see how a surgeon is insulted by being paid.”

“Madame,” cried he, “it seems to me that you forget too much who Marat is; Marat is not only a surgeon; Marat——” And he looked earnestly at the countess, then making a step towards her, continued, “Do you know who Marat is? Marat—yes, that is my name; do you know it, madame—have you forgotten it?”

“I know it well, monsieur,” replied she, feigning astonishment; “you have not left me in ignorance of it. Does that name impose upon me any obligation which I have not fulfilled. I should be sorry for it, I assure you, M. Marat?”

Marat overwhelmed by her self-possession, remained mute. The countess looked steadily at him until his eyes fell before the pitiless brightness of hers.

“We are now leaving your abode,” continued she; “and I beg you to excuse all the annoyance that we have caused you. Believe me, monsieur, that had it not been that my son’s life would have been endangered by removing him, I would not have left him an hour here to annoy you.”

This was either extreme politeness or rudeness. Marat felt it to be the latter; and his thin lips grew pale, and his yellow eyes disappeared under his frowning eyebrows. The countess then, before the eyes of Christian, who had understood nothing of this scene, placed on the table a purse full of gold.

Marat made a movement as though to return it, but a last glance at the countess seemed to freeze him, and he let his arms drop by his side. Then the countess said: “Come, my son;” and as Christian made his adieus to Marat, moved towards the door. Marat opened his arms as though to embrace the young man, but the countess guessed his intention, and at the risk of exciting her son who was still rather weak, she seized him by the arm and drew him towards her, saying, “take care not to fall, Christian,” and thus placed herself between him and Marat.

This was the last blow. Marat overwhelmed with anger and shame, closed the door violently behind them, and tearing open the purse, scattered the gold all over the room. Luckily he had a careful housekeeper who picked up every piece. She gave eighty double louis to Marat, and kept ten for herself.

“Oh!” murmured he, glancing through the window at the carriage, which was taking away mother and son. “Oh! wolf in heart, no more woman than the wildest mare in her steppes. Aristocrat, I will have vengeance on you and on the rest!”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WEDDING MORNING.

CHRISTIAN'S silence, for which Ingenue could not account, had produced a fatal result in the Rue des Bernardins. We have seen how Auger stood with Reveillon and with Retif. Retif had but one objection to make, and that was the instability of his income. But Reveillon removed this by promising to raise his salary to 2,000 francs on the day of his marriage; and Auger offered to live with his father-in-law, and join their incomes.

All this passed around Ingenue, and the poor child felt herself of so little account in all these arrangements, that she could make no more resistance than the leaf does in the whirlwind. She heard them speak of this union, of which the mere thought terrified her, as a settled affair. She had said to her father: “If I do not see Christian in a month, I shall never see him at all;” and she had not seen him. And yet at the bottom of her heart something cried to her, “some power stronger than Christian himself keeps him from me.” But what was this power? This she could not tell, and doubt that destroyer of love gnawed at her heart.

As every one spoke of her marriage with Auger as a settled thing she had no courage to dispute it. To retard it was all she could hope to do; and if during that time came a letter from Christian, or if she heard anything of him, she

would be brave ; were he either still living or dead she would be faithful to him.

But to Christian, forgetful, inconstant and faithless, she was ashamed to cling.

She asked for a month to decide ; they had hardly hoped for so much, and thought her demand reasonable. Retif would have wished to have granted a fortnight only, for he feared that during a month Christian might find some way of communicating with Ingenue, and he felt that all their strength lay in his silence, and that that once broken all their plans would fall to the ground.

We have seen how the month passed with Christian, and during this period all preparations were made, as if there was no doubt of Ingenue's consent at the end of it ; the banns were published, and the wedding presents bought.

Reveillon was so fond of Auger, that had he asked for ten thousand francs he might have had them.

On the morning of the thirtieth day, Ingenue, who had like Christian, counted days, hours, and minutes, on her return from mass, where she had been to pray for Christian, found her room full of flowers, dresses on every chair, and a complete *trousseau* on her bed. On seeing these things Ingenue burst into tears, for she felt that she had no longer a pretext for refusing Auger.

He, on his side, was so gay, so happy, so radiant, so respectful, and seemed so full of love, that every one was interested for the penitent, whose conversion had been much talked about in the neighbourhood. Certainly, Ingenue could not love the poor young man, but it would have been too unjust to hate him ; and she heard all around her such great praises of him, that she could not doubt that she should be happy with him, in the common acceptance of the word.

She asked for another fortnight, which Retif most unwillingly granted, for he thought that if Christian had been only wounded, he must be nearly convalescent. On the day after Ingenue's marriage to Auger, he cared little if he did reappear, for he knew the soul of Ingenue, and that her husband, be he who he might, would have nothing to fear.

At the bottom of her wounded heart, Ingenue had the poor little feeling of satisfaction at becoming a wife, and of showing her faithless lover that some one cared for her. Besides, she was about—and this was something—to occupy a certain place in the great house of Reveillon. Then, also,

she would be married before seventeen; when Reveillon's daughters who were known for heiresses, were not married at twenty.

All this, however, was but a thin veil which Ingenue tried to throw over her sadness, a veil which Christian's first breath would blow away.

Auger pushed vigorously the wheel of fortune which was turning for him. He devoted himself day and night to the conclusion of this marriage, and it was fixed for the fifteenth day, and was to be celebrated by the curé Bonhomme.

Retif also hastened on the *denouement*, for he always dreaded to see the real lover reappear, cured of his wound, and redemanding Ingenue; yet he was almost reassured by this long silence. To Retif, the inventor of surprises and plots, nothing should have prevented the young man from sending some message; therefore he thought either that he had renounced Ingenue, or that he was dead.

Never since the day when the discussion had taken place about the wounded page, had the subject been touched upon between Retif and his daughter.

Two or three times, Ingenue had thought again of profiting by her father's absence to go to the stables; but a double *souvenir* restrained her—that of Marat, the hideous satyr, and that of Charlotte Corday, the chaste Minerva.

When the marriage day was fixed, five rooms in Reveillon's house were set apart, two for Retif, and the other three for the new married couple. The last days were occupied about curtains and furniture, the renewing of linen and plate, putting up new paper furnished by the generosity of Reveillon, and all was completed except the marriage itself. The daughters of Reveillon sent flowers to dress the church, and at last the fifteenth day arrived; it was a Saturday.

The night had been a sad one to Ingenue; she had slept little, and wept much. Up to the last moment she had hoped, like a condemned man expecting a pardon. When her father entered her room, she hoped; even when Auger came, she still hoped. She thought that Christian must come.

Ten o'clock struck. Since eight her young friends had seized upon her, and had dressed her as though she were an automaton. She offered no resistance, she never spoke a word, but the tears ran constantly down her cheeks.

At last she must go down, and go to the church. Through

a row of spectators on a fine winter's day, she left her father's house looking pure and white as a swan.

Alas! for forty days she had wept; and if any one had said to her, "Would you rather die, or become Auger's wife?" although she did not hate Auger, yet she loved Christian, and would have chosen death. All the way to the church she thought of him. Two or three times she raised her head and looked around her. She sought for Christian even in the church, and wondered if one of its pillars hid a pale face that she could not see.

Christian had then really abandoned her; she had not even the pleasure of knowing that he grieved. It now only remained for her to pronounce her vows to her husband before God and man. She uttered them tremblingly, and Auger triumphantly led his wife to the marriage feast that awaited them in Retif's new room, ornamented by a paper representing the labours of Hercules, surrounded by fruit and flowers.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WEDDING EVENING.

CHRISTIAN returned to his own home, and from there found a plausible pretext for going out alone, and that was to go and see M. d'Artois. The prince had heard of his accident, and having a kind heart, and being besides, personally fond of him, had often sent kind messages to ask after him.

At five o'clock the young man set off to see the prince, resolved afterwards to do his utmost to see Ingenue, whose image had never left him through all his sufferings.

The prince seemed glad to see him, complimented him on his convalescence, and promised to thank Marat personally for the cure he had made.

Before he saw the prince, Christian had sent away the carriage, ordering the coachman to tell his mother that the

prince was going to keep him a part of the evening ; so that the countess would not be uneasy, and he would be free.

About seven o'clock he left the prince, took a hackney coach, and drove to the Quai St. Bernard. It was, he calculated, about the time when Retif who went out every evening with his daughter, would be coming home. If they had not returned, he would see her as she passed ; if they had come home, he would venture to go up and knock at her door. It was bold, but after all that he had suffered, Ingenue would pardon him. Christian felt his heart beat fast as he advanced along the street, and he fixed his eyes eagerly on the window in which he expected to see a light.

No, it was dark.

"Oh," thought he, "they have not yet come home, for it is impossible that they should have gone to bed. Besides, Ingenue never sleeps without a night-light, and that throws a rosy light upon the curtain."

He walked up and down for nearly an hour, and then began to feel intense fatigue, and also somewhat uneasy. He went back to the quay and signed to his coachman, and getting in, ordered him to draw up within two or three doors of Ingenue's house.

From this station he heard half-past eight and nine o'clock strike. The street became more and more deserted, and at last quite empty. Half-past nine struck. He began to feel seriously uneasy, and at last made up his mind to get out and question one of the neighbours. He went into the shop of a grocer who was just preparing to shut up his shop.

"Monsieur," said he, "do you know anything of M. Retif de la Bretonne, who lived on the fourth story in the house next to yours."

"Was he not a printer and writer of books?" said the grocer.

"Just so."

"Who had a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Monsieur, he has left the street."

"Left?"

"Yes, the day before yesterday."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"To the Faubourg St Antoine."

"Have you his address?"

"No; I only know that it is at the house of a paper-merchant."

"Oh! his friend, M. Reveillon."

"M. Reveillon—yes, that is the name."

Christian thanked the grocer, got again into the coach, and gave the man M. Reveillon's address. A quarter of an hour afterwards they stopped there.

A string of carriages was at the door, while the windows of the first story brilliantly lighted up, threw their light upon the street. Christian heard the sound of instruments, and saw shadows behind the curtains; so he understood that there was a ball there. He told his coachman to ask. The coachman got down, spoke a few words to another and came back.

"Well," said Christian, "what is it?"

"There is a marriage in the house."

"And who is being married?"

"A young girl."

"Do you know the name of the lady?"

"No, I did not ask."

"Go back and inquire."

Christian was not uneasy: M. Reveillon had two daughters. It was in his room they were dancing, and it was probably one of his daughters who was married. The coachman came back.

"Monsieur," said he, "they say they do not know the name of the bride."

"It is doubtless one of M. Reveillon's daughters."

"No, monsieur; they say it is a young girl who has lived here only two days."

"What!" cried Christian, remembering what the grocer had told him; and at that moment one of the windows was opened, and the sound of songs and joyous voices was heard in the street. A man stood at the window, and Christian fancied he had seen him before. Suspense was too painful, so he got out, and went himself to try what he could learn. At that moment another coach arrived, but instead of joining the file of carriages, drew up in an obscure corner of the street, a few steps from his own. It was occupied by a man, who like himself, seemed to have come to wait for some one, and who appeared to wish not to be seen, for after having looked carefully out and seen two or three guests come out of the house and call their carriages, he threw himself back in his. After these guests, a man came out who seemed to be looking about for some one. Doubtless the last coach had

stopped at a place agreed upon, for the man went directly up to it. Christian thought that from him he might learn something, so he followed him hiding as he came near in a deep doorway.

This new comer was carefully dressed, like a *bourgeois* in his Sunday clothes, and had a large bouquet in his button-hole.

"The bridegroom," no doubt, thought Christian. On coming close to the carriage he took off his hat, and said in a low tone,—“Is it you, monseigneur?” The lowest tones are heard a long way off at night.

“Ah! ah! here you are,” said a voice from the carriage.

“Yes, monseigneur.”

Christian held his breath, and listened attentively.

“Well,” continued the man on foot, “have I not kept my word?”

“Yes; and *ma foi!* I confess I did not expect it.”

“What did you expect, monseigneur?”

“That you were preparing a little vengeance against me. You went away vowing vengeance, and I did not forget it; and the proof is that I have pistols, and my servant also.”

“A useless precaution, monseigneur,” said the man, rather bitterly. “I told you I would revenge myself for your injustice it is true, but this is my vengeance; what you desired I now offer you,—what I had promised you I give you.”

“And the little girl is there?”

“My wife is there, monseigneur.”

“Ah! but—you——”

“I, monseigneur, will go away and you shall stay. Every one is going, as you may see. Three or four wait to say good bye to me. The good father will bless his daughter, and then she will go to her room. I bring you a key of the door; you can go in and take my place, and learn by the sacrifice that I make to you better to appreciate for the future the most faithful of your servants.”

“Oh! you are sublime.”

“Do not jest, monseigneur; the affair is graver than you think. You compared me disadvantageously with Bontems and Lebel; I wished to show you that I could do what none of them ever did.”

“Self-love,” murmured the person addressed as monseigneur.

“Now I beg you to be silent, monseigneur. When you have seen the family Santerre come out, three people—a woman, a child about eight, and a man of five feet ten,—go in boldly. Go up to the third story, and the door of which you have the key is just opposite the staircase.”

“Good. You shall hear from me, and shall see how I repair my wrongs.”

“To confess them, monseigneur, is already much,” replied the man.

“Never mind, you will not be content with that in exchange, for what you have done for me, and you will be right. Adieu, Auger.”

Christian had heard all this without thoroughly understanding it; yet he saw that this man called Auger was shamelessly selling his young wife to some great lord. Yet he shuddered, for more than once he fancied that he knew the voice of the man in the carriage, and that he had heard the name of Auger before. He listened again, but the colloquy was over, and the man called Auger had returned into the house, whence shortly after he issued forth with the people he had spoken of.

“Adieu, M. Santerre,” said he aloud, closing the door of their coach. A reply in a loud voice was followed by a loud laugh, and they set off.

Then Auger made a sign, the door of the other coach opened, and a man wrapped in a cloak got out and cautiously advanced towards the door; Auger gave him the promised key, and then disappeared round the corner of the street.

Christian remained motionless, bewildered and terrified. The unknown entered the house, and closed it behind him. And then through the still open window, Christian heard a voice which staggered him, with a blow far worse than that of the ball in his thigh. It was that of Retif, calling out, “Good night, my son-in-law! I recommend to you my Ingenue.”

Christian fell almost to the ground. “Oh! no more doubt,” cried he; “Ingenue is married. But who is this Auger who says, ‘my wife,’ and flies the house, leaving another in his place? To whom does Retif recommend Ingenue? Oh! cursed house, wouldest thou but open thy walls and let me see? I will know all; this man who has gone in will come out again, and I will be here to see who he is.”

He leaned against the wall for support, then seeing the lights extinguished one by one, he got into his coach, which he caused to be drawn up in front of the door, and there he remained sobbing and weeping as he waited in agony for the coming out of this stranger.

CHAPTER XL.

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

NEARLY an hour passed thus ; during that time Christian got in and out of his carriage twenty times. He suffered inexpressible torture and anguish. At last his watchful ear detected a sound, the door opened, and a man wrapped in a cloak rushed out. But Christian had had time to get out of his carriage and to place himself in the doorway. The stranger stopped, and Christian saw that he was feeling for his sword under his cloak. But before drawing it, he made a step backwards, and with a voice which indicated the habit of command, said : "Hallo ! monsieur, who are you, and what do you want ?"

"I wish to know who you are who are leaving this house at this hour ?"

"Good," said the voice, scornfully ; "it seems I have met the chevalier of the watch. I did not think the police of Paris was so good."

"I am not the chevalier of the watch, and you know it," replied Christian.

"Then, let me pass at once." And extending his arm he tried to push Christian on one side. But he, seizing with his left hand the top of the cloak pulled it open, while he drew his sword with the right hand.

"Monseigneur le Comte d'Artois !" cried he, stepping back in horror. "Oh ! monseigneur, is it you ?"

"My page Christian !" cried the count.

“ Monseigneur, I thought I knew the voice ; but I would not, oh, no ! I could not believe——”

“ Believe what ? ”

“ That your royal highness could do what you have been doing here, commit the most odious of crimes.”

“ M. Christian, take care how you speak to me ! ” cried the prince.

“ But it is a terrible thing——”

“ What is ? ”

“ To take the place of a man married to-day.”

“ Who sold his wife to me ? ”

“ And your highness owns to it. Oh, infamous ! ”

The prince shrugged his shoulders. “ Ah ! how virtuous my pages are. Why do the people of Paris call out about their immorality ? ”

“ Monseigneur, moral or not, it does not concern the people of Paris ; but what does concern my honour is that I should not serve a prince who allows such dishonourable service. I have, consequently, the grief of laying my resignation at the feet of your highness.”

“ Here in the street ? ” said the prince, trying to laugh.

“ Yes, monseigneur, that is not my fault.”

“ You are an impertinent fellow.”

“ Monseigneur,” said Christian, “ I am a gentleman, and no longer in your service, and——”

“ And what ? ”

“ You insult me.”

“ Oh ! M. Christian, I am in a bad humour this morning, and should not be sorry to correct some one.”

“ Monseigneur——”

“ Understand me, monsieur ; I am now speaking as one gentleman to another. You think yourself insulted ; do you not ? ”

“ Monseigneur——”

“ Do you think yourself insulted ; yes or no ? ”

“ Monseigneur——”

“ Reply then, *morbleu !* ”

“ Monseigneur, you called me an impertinent fellow.”

“ Well, then, I will give you satisfaction. I place you on my own level ; you do not disdain that, I hope ? ”

Christian hesitated, not knowing what the prince meant ; but he went on : “ Come, draw your sword, my fine fellow ; draw, while there is no one here, for if any one passed who

recognized me, and you were taken, your head might pay for it."

"My prince——"

"Oh, *mordieu!* do not talk so much, but fight; you who set up for a redresser of wrongs, a defender of morals."

And so saying, the prince drew his sword. Christian carried away by a feeling of hatred and jealousy, drew also, then suddenly remembering the enormity he was about to commit, re-sheathed his sword, crying out, "No, never!"

"Well, then, said the prince, "if you have become reasonable, go your own way and let me go mine." And so saying, the prince walked off.

Christian rallied his ideas, and looked around him. The prince had left the door half open; he perceiving it, uttered a cry and rushed in, mounted the three stories, found the door fronting him also open, and going in, saw Ingenue, pale and wild-looking kneeling by her bed.

She turned at the sound of his entrance, and recognizing the long-expected Christian, gave a cry and fainted.

Daylight was appearing; a window in the side of the room looked upon the garden, and the birds might be heard beginning their early morning song. Christian, seeing Ingenue fall, ran to her and raised her in his arms trying to recall her to life. All at once a step sounded in the next room; it was that of Auger, who had seen the prince go away, and had returned to his home.

Ingenue fainting, Christian hanging over her, this man in the doorway, and the early morning rays gliding in, formed a strange picture of mysterious terror.

Christian recognized the abject wretch, the infamous husband; he knew that Ingenue had been made the victim of a base scheme, and he drew his sword. Auger recoiled with terrified looks, and cast round his eyes for a weapon.

But Ingenue began to recover herself, she threw back her long hair, which fell like a veil around her, and looked from Christian to Auger. Soon reason returned to her, and with it the consciousness of her terrible situation. She signed to Christian to go away.

He hesitated, but Ingenue repeated the sign more imperiously. Half desperate, half softened by her misfortunes and his own, Christian obeyed like a slave, and Auger drew back to make way for the naked sword, which Christian waved in his face.

At the door Christian stopped for a moment and looked back to see once more the face of her who was lost to him for ever. She was looking at him, and their eyes met. In hers were visible so much candour, love, and sorrow, that he rushed down the stairs with his heart full of conflicting emotions.

Ingenué remained alone with Auger. The presence of Christian in the room was inexplicable to him, and completely bewildered him. Ingenué turned towards him and said, "You are a wretch."

He tried to speak.

"If you approach me, I will call my father," cried she.

Auger did not desire this family scene.

"Wretch!" cried Ingenué, "when you acted as you have done, did you think of one thing—that a word to the first magistrate, and you are ruined, and not even your master's power could save you?"

Auger tried to speak again.

"Hold your tongue, and leave me," said she.

"But," cried he, with effrontery, "I do not even know of what you accuse me, madame."

"I accuse you of having introduced into this room your master, him whom you professed to have quitted, M. le Comte d'Artois."

"How do you know that?"

"He told me so."

Auger remained silent for a moment, his lips curled by a wicked smile, and thinking what he should say; at last he hit upon something.

"He told you that, because having had me arrested in the street when I went down with M. Santerre, and having taken my place, he wished to excuse himself."

This seemed possible; it astonished Ingenué.

"Then," said she, "you accuse the prince."

"Yes; he wished to be revenged on me."

"I admit the possibility. Well, we will call my father this moment."

"Your father!"

"He has a pen more powerful than a sword, and he shall employ this arm in the service of my honour, and we will have justice on the evildoer, even though he be a prince."

"Oh! do not do that," cried Auger.

"Why not?—what should prevent us?"

“The power of the prince is immense.”

“Are you afraid?”

“Well, I confess, I feel myself too small a personage to combat a royal duke.”

“Honour is then nothing to you; it is then no satisfaction to you to be revenged on a prince of whom you have voluntarily said so much harm.”

“But, madame, do you wish to ruin me?”

“But you lied when you said that you cared for nothing but to become an honest man.”

“Madame!”

“Be silent! I repeat, you are an infamous wretch.”

“Well, then, let it be war between us if you will have it. Say that I brought the prince here, and I will say that you brought your lover.”

“Oh” cried Ingenue,—“confess your infamy, and I will willingly confess my love.”

“Madame!”

“The world shall judge us both.”

Auger felt that with Ingenue all was lost.

“Well,” said he, “we shall see the end.”

“The end; oh, I can tell it to you.”

“I shall either confess all to my father,—and then beware, for his anger will cost you dear;—or, which is more worthy of an honest and Christian woman, I will hide this horrible story from the poor man, whom you have so shamefully deceived—I will suffer in silence, and without complaint, but from this hour you will be to me only an object of disgust and contempt.”

Auger made a menacing movement, but Ingenue without heeding him went on,—“In short, justify yourself before two days have passed, by publishing the whole affair, or resign yourself to know that every time my lips move, I call you coward and a wretch.”

Auger went out, uncertain as to all that had occurred, and forming the most unlikely suppositions.

Ingenue watched him go, then when the sound of his steps had ceased, she locked the door, and, falling on her knees, began praying for herself and Christian.

CHAPTER XLI.

LE COMTE D'ARTOIS AND AUGER.

SEPARATED from Ingenuë by half Paris, Christian could not hear the sweet voice which prayed for him. He returned home harassed, livid, dreadful to look at, and unable to reply to the questions, full of solicitude, which his mother addressed to him. He threw himself on his bed, and buried his face in his hands. But he soon rose and determined to write to the prince, with whom he had felt himself bound to refuse to fight. His letter was full of the bitterness of his soul, and contained his formal resignation, and an assurance that Ingenuë should be revenged by publicity being given to the infamous plot which had been laid for her. This letter he sent at once to Versailles, with orders that it should be given to the prince without delay.

Then having nothing more to do, and his hopes and love being both shattered at one blow, he went to bed; for the fatigues and emotions of the day had inflamed his wound in an alarming manner.

The letter was delivered at Versailles about nine o'clock, and coming from one of the pages, was delivered to the prince as soon as he awoke. He opened and read it with some uneasiness, for the time was passing by when the people groaned hopelessly under the yoke of the nobility; the revolution was beginning to be shadowed out, the lightning of the 14th July shone in the horizon, and the thunder of the 10th August growled afar off. Louis XVI., that good and worthy king, who was destined to let his people free themselves, had already tried to restrain his family from the abuse of their power. The young prince was, therefore, reflecting on the danger of this affair, when Auger entered his room.

Auger believed that he had kept and gone beyond all his promises to the prince, and consequently made his appearance, radiant with a feeling of pride and servility."

"Ah, M. Auger, is it you?" said the prince.

"Yes, I, who trust that I have proved to your royal high-

ness, that if a servant like Zopirus is rare, he is at least not impossible to find; only monseigneur may, perhaps, remember that Zopirus had been overwhelmed with benefits by Darius, while I——”

The prince interrupted him.

“M. Auger,” said he, “you are very learned in ancient history, it appears; trust me it would have been better for you to have studied the history of our house.”

“I said that to monseigneur,” replied Auger with his most charming smile, “because what I have done for your royal highness somewhat resembles what the satrap Zopirus did for Darius. He cut off his nose and ears to enter into Babylon, that when there he might open the gates to Darius. But what is the matter, monseigneur?—you seem to look angrily at me.”

Indeed the frank and open face of the comte had become considerably clouded.

“Then in your opinion, M. Auger,” said he, “I have reason to be content.”

“What! and are you not satisfied, monseigneur?” cried Auger, who knew no cause that he had to feel otherwise.

“How should I be?”

“Oh,” I understand. Monseigneur was not pleased at being recognized, but of what consequence is it?”

“Really, one might think you were laughing at me, M. Auger,” cried the comte. Auger recoiled from the angry flame of the prince’s eyes.

“But, monseigneur, you terrify me,” said he. “What can make you angry with me; have I not faithfully kept my promises?”

“You sold, M. Auger,” but did not deliver; that is all.”

“Monseigneur!” said Auger, in astonishment.

“I say that like either a fool or a traitor, you left a light burning, by which I was recognized, and then there were cries, menaces and tears. Now as I am not in the habit of using violence, I beat a retreat.”

“What, monseigneur——”

“Oh! be easy, M. Auger, I did not go without telling who opened the door for me.”

Auger’s face expressed the greatest astonishment.

“What! *you* repulsed, monseigneur?”

“You know it well, double-face. Have you not then seen

Mdlle. Ingenué?" And he laid an emphasis on the word, mademoiselle.

"Oh!" cried Auger, hoping that the prince was descending to a joke; "Mdlle. Ingenué is so innocent that she scarcely understood your highness. She really is a miracle of innocence."

"Charming, is it not?"

"Monseigneur——"

"But you must not be surprised if I scarcely agree with you, after being turned out by this miracle of innocence."

"But, monseigneur——"

"Silence! You are a fool—you have subjected me to insult—you have compromised me."

"Oh!" murmured Auger, tremblingly, "is your highness serious?"

"Serious! most certainly. You draw me into an affair which might turn out badly for me, if it were not that I shall throw all the blame on you——"

"But what does your highness mean?"

"That I found waiting in the street, M. Christian one of my pages, who made himself a paladin and upbraided me, so that I nearly crossed swords with him."

"Oh! monseigneur, that is doubtless the young man I found with Ingenué."

"Ah! you see that Ingenué, this miracle of innocence had a lover—a delicate attention, for which I shall thank you at the proper time and place, you may be sure, M. Auger."

"But, monseigneur, I knew nothing of the page, I never heard of M. Christian. How did he know——"

"Oh! monsieur, before one modestly compares oneself to Zopirus, one should be better informed than that. You cannot like Zopirus, have your nose cut off, it is scarcely long enough for that, but as for your ears that is quite another thing, and if you do not make off at once I will not answer for them."

"Oh! monseigneur, spare me."

"Spare you—why? No, *pardieu!* On the contrary, I will crush you. Look at this," and he held out the letter he had just received. "The young man, number one, my page, writes and threatens me. However, the publicity shall fall upon you, and I declare in advance that I do not fear it. Firstly—I dismiss you once more, and, between ourselves, I will tell you why: because you are as foolish as you are wicked;

but, in the eyes of the world, the *bourgeois*, the publishers, and pamphleteers, because you are the author of the infamous plan of a man selling his bride."

"Monseigneur!"

"I did not know—and when I say it I shall be believed—that Ingenue was your wife; you duped me; you are so clever that no one will be astonished at that, and I will be content with my part of dupe. You were my valet, and wishing to please me you gave me the key of a door. I took it, it is true, but did not know that it opened the door of your wife's room, who is an angel of purity. Ah! M. Auger, you are but a fool, and I hold you in my power."

"But you will ruin me, monseigneur!"

"Do you think I shall hesitate between your ruin and mine?"

"But, monseigneur, I swear to you that it is not my fault."

"You would be clever to persuade me that it was mine."

"But who could have foreseen this Christian?"

"You ought to have foreseen all."

"I?"

"Yes, you; and suppose instead of a page, it had been a robber, who would first have taken my purse and then my life."

A shudder ran through the veins of the wretch, as he pictured to himself, not the Comte d'Artois dead on the pavement, but the Place de Grève, the wheel, and near it the executioner with a bar of iron in his hand.

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" cried he, wringing his hands, "what will become of me if your highness abandons me?"

"What will become of you? That I care little about. This letter asks for justice; I will do justice! I will tell all to the king; demand the protection of the queen for a woman whom you have plotted to dishonour. I will go and ask pardon from Ingenue herself. Ah! M. Auger, some one besides you knows now how to play a part. Then, as for you, they menace me with publicity. I will manage it so, that nothing more favourable for me ever occurred, and all the odium shall be for you."

"Then, monseigneur, you abandon me?"

"I abandon and renounce you."

"And yet, if I had succeeded——"

"Had you succeeded, I should have been grieved. I love

pleasure doubtless, but really I think it is buying it too dear to cause tears and grief to a girl so chaste, so pure, and so interesting as Mdlle. Ingenué. Had I succeeded, I do believe I should have had you killed like a dog, for then I should have felt remorse; now that I have failed, I feel only shame."

"Then, monseigneur, do not be inflexible," cried Auger.

"M. Auger, I should be stupid not to seize on this opportunity of restoring myself to public esteem by dismissing you."

"Then there is no hope."

"None. Leave this room, and remember that every report abroad will have its echo in this room. Take care of yourself, M. Auger."

"Oh, I am driven to it, and did not wish to commit crimes," cried Auger.

"Do what you please; but as you will probably be hanged, I do not wish that it should be here."

Auger uttered a faint cry and ran away. Scarcely had he disappeared when the prince rang violently.

"Let some one fetch M. Christian Obinsky," said he, "I wish to see him at once."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE PRINCE AND THE GENTLEMAN.

CHRISTIAN, after he had sent off his letter, when the first heat of his anger had passed and his fever was a little calmed, reflected on the consequences of his conduct, and he felt not a little uneasy when about eleven o'clock a messenger arrived from the prince. The Bastile was still used at that time, only a year before it was demolished, and French men had not yet unlearned the lesson of respecting a prince of the blood, even when he was in fault.

Christian, who was still in bed, sent for the messenger to question him; but he knew nothing, and had received no other order than to ride quickly and request Christian to come without loss of time.

There could be no doubt that the prince's intentions towards him were far from good, and though he sighed at the idea of his probable fate, he did not hesitate, but directed the messenger to return to Versailles, and say that he would follow him without delay. He then went to his mother, and fearing that he might be sent direct to the Bastile, said to her,—

“Mother, the prince has sent for me to come to him at once; and it is possible, now that I have recovered, that he is going to send me on a journey about which he has already spoken to me.”

“Well,” said the countess, “I shall see you again before you go.”

“Perhaps, mother.”

“How, perhaps?”

“Sometimes, mother, messengers are sent off suddenly.”

“My son!”

“Yes, mother, they are ordered to set off at once and to make no *adieux*, for fear of compromising some secret.”

“I understand,” said the countess, anxiously, “you are to go.”

“Yes, mother.”

“ But your health ? ”

“ I need chiefly amusement ; and this journey, if I go, will furnish it to me. ”

“ I have no further objection to make, ” said the countess. Then looking at him with indescribable love, “ Can I not see you before you go, ” said she, “ at one of the barriers, where you can tell me to wait for you ? ”

“ I do not know, madame. ”

“ Wherever you are going, they cannot refuse you that. ”

Christian did not reply, for his mother's love was Argus-eyed.

Meanwhile, as he was still weak, he had ordered the horses to be put to the carriage.

He took leave of the countess, who could obtain no further information from him, and went to the prince. He found him dressed, and walking about his room looking thoughtful, a rare thing for him. When he was announced, he stood in the doorway, humble in look but resolute in heart.

“ Enter, monsieur, ” said the prince ; “ I expected you. ”

“ Yes, monseigneur, your highness did me the honour to send for me. ”

The prince walked up and down for a few minutes in silence, while Christian stood silent and motionless.

“ Monsieur, ” said he, at last, “ strange things have passed between us, and your letter is scarcely such as is usually written to princes. ”

“ Pardon me, monseigneur, ” replied Christian ; “ but what has happened to me does not happen to most men. ”

“ Stop, monsieur, I wish for no explanation until you have heard my will. ”

Christian prepared himself to give up his sword.

“ Monsieur, ” continued the prince, “ I have been led into a deplorable error by one of my valets. This error led to a conduct for which I grieve much since it displeased a lady ; but still every fault may be atoned for—— ”

“ Oh, no, monseigneur, ” cried Christian, hiding his face in his hands, “ unluckily, that which your highness has committed is irreparable. ”

“ Irreparable ! how so, pray ? ”

“ The honour of a woman, monseigneur, is far more delicate than that of a man ; when she loses that, there is no remedy. ”

“ But, monsieur, ” said the prince, “ how has Madame

Auger sustained that loss? Unless you know more than I do."

"What, monseigneur! A woman sold to you by her husband——"

"Yes; but——"

"Oh, monseigneur, Ingenue is dishonoured."

"Not at all, monsieur; you are completely in error."

"I do not understand."

"You shall, then. On the evening of the riots, the evening when you were wounded, I had the pleasure of meeting Middle. Ingenue alone, and separated from her father. Not knowing where she was she was much terrified, and I escorted her home. Last night, when she saw me again she remembered me, and must have been struck by the pleasing difference that Heaven had made between her husband's face and mine. She should have been pleased, should she not? Well, on the contrary, she cried, entreated and threw herself at my feet. I said all that politeness suggested; but, as she persisted, I took my hat and sword, addressed to her a compliment and a bow, and enchanted to find out that I had been deceived, I went down and left the house, as you know, for you met me at the door."

"Is this really true, monseigneur?" cried Christian.

"Monsieur!" cried the prince, with all the pride of his race, roused by this doubt of his word.

"Ah, yes, monseigneur, it is true!" cried Christian; "your lips—the lips of a prince and a gentleman—cannot utter falsehoods. Monseigneur, I believe and bless you. Ingenue is then pure. Thank Heaven, I shall die with joy."

"Then you are her lover?"

"If, monseigneur, to adore a woman, to respect her, to idolize her voice, her every look, and her least gesture—if to long to kiss her footsteps, to feel my heart palpitate at the rustling of her dress,—if all this constitutes a lover, I am one, monseigneur."

"Really," said the prince, smiling and interested, "you quite revive me with your story, my dear Christian."

Then the page related to the prince all his adventures; the charming yet tantalizing life that he led near Ingenue when, lodging in the same house, he passed for a working sculptor—the harangue of Retif—his expulsion, his wound, his sufferings during his long illness at the impossibility of sending any message to Ingenue—and how on the first occa-

sion of his going out he had been to the Rue des Bernardins, and from there to the Faubourg St. Antoine ; then he passed to what he had seen and heard up to the moment when, exasperated by the cruel tortures of jealousy, he had barred the prince's way.

"Well, my dear Christian," said the comte, "now you have told me all your adventures, I will tell you mine. I met this little girl, as I told you ; she is adorable, one of those born among the people who should have been a queen. Auger, my factotum, promised her to me."

"Ah !"

"There was my fault. It seems, however, that the fellow tried to carry her off and got well thrashed for his pains, as well as a companion whom he took with him, I, meanwhile, knowing nothing of what was passing. The thing failed, and I dismissed Auger for compromising my name in such an attempt."

"And you did well, monseigneur."

"Well, but listen. This fellow determined to be revenged after his own fashion. Do you know how ? He pretended to be converted, and by his fine words imposed upon some good curé, through whose recommendation he obtained a situation in a manufactory, paid his court to Retif and his daughter, and at last married her. He then wrote to me, who still thought a little of Ingenue, but had quite forgotten him. I must tell you, that when I sent him away, I compared him disadvantageously with Lebel, Bachelier, and some other illustrious scoundrels. Yesterday, I received this letter.

"MONSEIGNEUR,—Ingenue no longer lives on the fourth story, Rue des Bernardins, but on the third story, Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, in the house of Reveillon, the paper-merchant. Another little change has taken place in her position ; she is now a wife, and instead of being under the control of a father, is free. Be this evening in a carriage, about midnight, before M. Reveillon's house ; there your highness will find a man who will open the door and explain the localities to you."

"How lucky that your highness kept the letter !"

"Oh ! I took care of that, for I feared a snare."

"Yes, I understand. Well, your highness went ?"

"And he also ; he gave me a key and told me to go in ;

and *ma foi*, my dear Christian, but for the fortunate night-light, your fears about Ingenuë might have been realized."

"The wretch!"

"Was he not?"

"Ah! monseigneur, can you ever forgive me?"

"You are pardoned already, Christian, for you are a brave young fellow. But now, what to do with this Auger!"

"Ah! monseigneur, make an example of him."

"We must take care, Christian; the honour of women receives terrible rents when these examples are made; and they are seldom perfectly repaired."

"You are right, monseigneur; besides, I was forgetting that your highness' name must not be compromised; that would be a bad return for your nobleness and goodness."

"Oh!" said the prince, who felt pretty sure of coming well out of this affair, "I would risk much for your satisfaction; but reflect how strange the story would sound: first, your having made love to this young girl unknown to her father, who dismissed you on recognizing you for a gentleman, while you pretended to be a workman; then her marriage, and afterwards my presence in her chamber and then your own. It would be a little like the marriage of Figaro to those who are not behind the scenes as we are. The world, my dear Christian, is not charitable, and will talk strangely about this poor girl, attacked even in the sanctuary of her bridal chamber by two men, one of whom was the Comte d'Artois and the other his page."

Christian turned pale.

"Ah! you love her well," said the prince. Christian sighed.

"But what do you mean to do?"

"Monseigneur, I will carry her off?"

"Oh! my dear Christian."

"Cannot that be done, monseigneur?"

"Certainly; but you forget that Ingenuë is married. If you carry away his wife, Auger will cry out, and the public will side with him."

"But, monseigneur——"

"You do not know Auger; believe me, he is a scoundrel to be feared. I would throw him into some dungeon, but that, from being despicable now, he would soon become interesting, and that is what we have to guard against."

"What must I do then?"

“My dear fellow, you must wait. Auger will not remain quiet; he will do something bad, trust to my experience. That from me, who am at most seven or eight years older than yourself, makes you smile; but princes are born ten years older than other men.”

“Then, monseigneur, you counsel me to wait?”

“Yes.”

“But to wait is death to me while that wretch possesses her.”

“Ah! that is reasonable. Sit down. Your leg is bad.”

Christian took a seat, and the count sat down in an arm-chair, as they do at the Comédie Française.

“And now, listen to me,” said the prince.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE COMTE D'ARTOIS AND CHRISTIAN.

“You say, my dear Christian,” continued the prince, “that Ingenue is in the power of this man. One question, does she love you?”

“Monseigneur, I do not know.”

“How so?”

“She consented to marry him, and yet——”

“Well!”

“Your highness will understand that when I look at that wretch sullied with crime, and compare myself to him, I cannot but think that Ingenue must prefer me to her husband.”

“Well, my dear fellow, if she loves you, she will have nothing to do with that fellow.”

“But, monseigneur——”

“I understand, that is not enough for you. You wish her to belong to you?”

“Alas! yes.”

“That, my dear fellow, is an affair between you and her, with which I have nothing to do?”

“But,” said the young man timidly, “cannot your royal

highness use your influence to have this marriage annulled?"

"I thought of that; but on what pretext? Ingenue belongs to the people, so does he; and you know the wretch calls himself a deserter from our ranks, and says that he flies from our corruption. If we attack his marriage, every pen will be dipped in venom against us."

"But, monseigneur, is this man to live with her or not?"

"Go and find out, my dear fellow; you owe an explanation to the girl. But choose your time well, and do not furnish her husband with an excuse for assassinating you on the score of jealousy. They no longer break on the wheel, and now they scarcely even hang; indeed, my brother talks of abolishing the punishment of death altogether. This Auger, would kill you and be applauded by the patriots."

"I told you, monseigneur, that there was no way but carrying off."

"Yes; but then you go and leave the storm to fall upon me. If it be useful to you, however, never mind that."

"Oh! monseigneur, I would rather die of grief than cause you any annoyance."

"Thank you. Indeed I am really obliged, for I have been so unpopular lately, that instead of serving others as a scape-goat, I ought to find one for myself. Let me keep quiet then for the present; it will be the best for both of us. But reckon on me, and if ever a good opportunity presents itself, come to me at once and ask for my aid."

"But, monseigneur, suppose I were to insult him, challenge and kill him?"

"But can you, a gentleman, fight with a valet? or would he fight? Besides, I wager, as M. d'Orleans would say, that M. Auger has already placed in the hands of a notary some frightful libel, with which we are to be attacked in the event of his death."

"Alas! monseigneur, I fear you are right."

"Then you have no other idea?"

"I can think of nothing."

"Well, then, I must see if I cannot be more lucky. I have but one idea. I had nearly taken this girl from you; now I will try to restore her."

"Ah! monseigneur, whether you succeed or not, I swear eternal gratitude to you."

"Oh! I am sure of that," said the prince, with a smile.

"Now, listen to me: you have planned an elopement, a divorce, and an assassination, or duel if you call it so, so as to obtain possession of this little girl."

"It is true, monseigneur."

"And all this trouble is because you want to find some virtuous way of taking her from her husband."

"Yes; the most virtuous possible. You may think it laughable, but that is my feeling."

"Well, let us analyze them. First, as to an elopement, you deprive the father of his daughter and the daughter of her father; as to scandal, we have already spoken on that point. You may say that her father would come and live with you, but it would not be precisely virtuous of him to do so, although certainly it is the moral of his books. I have read all that he has written; they are not quite so clever as the works of Crebillon, but much more immoral. I do not wish to disparage our father-in-law—I say *our* father-in-law, Christian, for you know I nearly married his daughter myself."

The perpetual gaiety of the young prince, which always won for him all hearts, was breaking out; he had been serious long enough. "But, to continue," said he, "I have shown you the immorality of the first method. Divorce or separation is a compound of chicanery and pettifogging. You produce a paper in which you praise Ingenue and blacken her husband; he abuses you and her, so that the stain probably remains for ever in the eyes of all honest men; and perhaps, after all, you would but confirm M. Auger's right to his wife." Christian looked dejected, but the prince went on. "Now for the third method,—the duel; that appears to me the least sensible of all. You would call him out because you would feel sure of killing him. Then, seeing that Christian was about to speak, he added quickly,—“Why, you would not, I suppose, call him out with the idea that he should kill you, and live quietly with his wife after your death? Then you hope to kill him; and allow me to tell you, my dear fellow, and I certainly am no bigot, that the idea is not a Christian one; indeed, I believe my brother would have you beheaded for the sake of example. Even if I obtained your pardon, for which of course I would do my utmost, it would be impossible for you to live publicly with a woman whose husband you had killed. Such things are not done; you would have to get M. Auger killed after the

Italian method, in some squabble, and we will not speak of the morality of that. You might not be tried and punished, but you would feel remorse,—you would, like Orestes, see your bed curtains move, sleep with a sword under your pillow, and perhaps some fine night you might kill your Ingenué, taking her for a ghost. Now, what think you of my logic, Christian? If I have committed faults, it seems to me that I have repaired them all by my moral and religious eloquence, and that Fenelon, Bossuet, and Bourdaloue are nothing compared to me.”

“Alas! you speak only too sensibly, monseigneur, and you frighten me; but still you said you had an idea. Will your highness communicate it to me?”

“Yes, but follow my reasonings. Now that I have shown you what you must not do, I will show you what you must do. Firstly, you must leave Ingenué at Paris, with her father.”

“And her husband!” cried Christian.

“Oh! do not interrupt me. Firstly then, leave her in Paris; secondly, stifle all the reports which have arisen or may arise about this affair, and negative every proposal for a separation; thirdly, guard like a precious treasure the miserable life of M. Auger.”

Christian gave a groan.

“If all this had happened to me,” continued the prince, “this is what I should have done. I have several houses in Paris; some are in populous places, some in deserted ones; some shaded by trees, some not. Ah! I forgot, I should first of all have assured myself of the love of M^{lle}. Ingenué. I say mademoiselle, and mean it.”

“Monseigneur! are you sure?”

“I have it from her husband himself.”

“Ah! monseigneur!”

“Well, then certain of being loved by her, I would inspire her with a strong desire to be revenged on her husband. That will not be difficult, for women always love revenge. Then to return to my houses, choose somewhere an isolated, pretty place, take Ingenué there, and keep her with you for two or three hours a day, or longer if she likes. Then, if you love each other, you will be happy; I believe you are rich; but if not, my purse is at your disposal. M. Auger, seeing that he has nothing to hope from his wife, and that he cannot sell her, will one day be guilty of some bad

action towards her, and then we will not let him escape punishment. Or, perhaps, he may steal, and then we will send him out of the country.

CHAPTER XLIV.

INGENUE AND CHRISTIAN.

As soon as Christian returned home, he wrote the following letter to Ingenue :—

“MADAME,—It is impossible that you should not have something to say to me. I have much to say to you. If my words have any power over you, let me beg of you to go to-morrow, about three o'clock, towards the end of the Rue St. Antoine, and select a carriage, into which I will enter with you. If you prefer that I should come to your house, you are doubtless free enough to receive me. Order, madame, and permit me to sign myself, your most sincere friend,

“CHRISTIAN, COMTE OBINSKY.”

He had just given the letter to a messenger, with many instructions, when another one arrived, bringing him a note from Ingenue. The young man opened it, and read as follows :—

“MONSIEUR,—I know not with what intention you came to me, but I have need of support ; come and counsel me. I will go out to-morrow at two o'clock, and will take a coach at the Rue d'Antoine, ostensibly to go to the Rue des Bernardins, but in reality I shall go to the Jardin du Roi. Be there before the gates ; I wish to speak to you.

“INGENUE.”

Christian jumped for joy ; but although she herself gave him a rendezvous, although her letter was to him both a consolation and a promise, it was not enough for him ; he wished to watch over Ingenue, looking upon her already as belonging to himself.

He began by reassuring his mother as to his journey, and told her how gracious and kind the prince had been to him, but of Ingenuë and his love he said not a word. The countess was not without many suspicions, but she said nothing, trusting to find all out by patience and subtilty.

Christian then set off to the Rue St. Antoine, resolved to make his observations upon the conjugal life of Ingenuë. He wrapped himself in a cloak, and set himself to watch the door of the house. Auger, who had been out, returned about seven. At his appearance, Christian's heart beat violently; he saw him enter with a light, first into Retif's room, where he remained some time, and then into his wife's room. As he entered, Christian, who was watching the window, saw the shadow of a person rising. This doubtless was Ingenuë. The shadow of the other figure which had just entered, was expressing itself warmly, as was evident by the energetic movements of the arms, but at last it bowed low.

It was probable that Auger had thrown himself on his knees to ask for pardon. Christian felt so keen a pang that he could hardly prevent crying out.

At this demonstration of her husband, Ingenuë moved rapidly towards the window, which she opened. The sound of her voice reached Christian, and although it was impossible to distinguish the words, yet the sense could not be mistaken. Auger then rose, made two or three abrupt movements, but Ingenuë never left the window against which she was leaning. At last, after an hour of altercation and gesture, the second light disappeared from this room also.

Christian's blood froze; had they extinguished or carried it away? had peace succeeded to this violent altercation? His delight was great, when the door opened, and from his hiding-place he saw Auger come out, looking cautiously around him, and disappear in the darkness. Christian waited another hour, and then he saw Ingenuë's lamp exchanged for a simple night-light; she had gone to bed. He uttered fervent thanks, and returned to his mother, who was expecting him anxiously.

"Thank Heaven," thought he, "she is both tender and brave."

His sleep, for the first time for months, was visited that night by sweet dreams, in which was ever present the retired house with its secret doors, belonging to M. d'Artois.

And now, while both he and Ingenuë sleep, we must return to Retif.

On their way home from church he delivered a long discourse to Ingenue touching her duties as a wife or mother. In the evening he had drunk freely, and when he went to bed slept so soundly that he never heard a word of the scene between Ingenue and the Comte d'Artois. As for Christian's entrance, that had been so noiseless, the cry which Ingenue had uttered before she fainted had been so feeble, that no sound penetrated to him through the thick wall.

The next morning he was somewhat surprised when, seeing Ingenue's door open, he entered and found her dressed and alone at nine o'clock. On seeing him, Ingenue rushed into his arms, and burst into tears.

"What, my child, tears!" cried he.

"Oh father, father?"

"Well, my child, after the husband, do you return to your father."

Ingenue dried her tears; she fancied that her father was about to joke, and the idea was dreadful to her. Then Retif, looking at her, saw on her charming face the unmistakable traces of sadness and suffering.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said he, "you look ill, my child."

"It is possible, father."

"Where then is Auger?" said Retif, looking round, and astonished that a bridegroom should have left his wife so early in the morning.

"M. Auger is gone," said she.

"Gone, where?"

"To his work, I suppose."

"Oh! the furious worker!" said Retif, somewhat reassured, "could he not rest to-day. But will he not breakfast with us?"

"I do not know," said Ingenue in an icy tone.

Retif felt somewhat alarmed.

"Come, my child," said he, taking her on his knees and kissing her, "tell all to your father; you seem unhappy."

"I am, father."

Retif's thoughts began to flow in a totally different channel from what was really the case. "My dear Ingenue," said he, "he is your husband you know, and you are no longer a child, but a wife. Were your poor mother still alive, you could have opened your heart to her, and she would have consoled you better than I can do. But cheer up, and smile on me."

Ingenuë, however, instead of smiling raised her beautiful eyes filled with tears. "How beautiful she looks!" thought Retif; "what a lucky fellow Auger is."

But Ingenuë, rising and wiping her eyes, said, "Come, father, I will see about your breakfast."

"My breakfast, yours and your husband's. Are we not to breakfast together?"

"I am not hungry; and if M. Auger wishes for breakfast, he will come in time, I suppose."

"*Peste!* how you talk, Ingenuë."

"Father, I beg you will say no more about it."

"What, speak no more of your husband?"

"Yes, father; believe me it is best."

"But I must speak, Ingenuë; remember you are a married woman, and owe consideration to your husband."

"I am neither a married woman, nor do I owe anything to M. Auger. What he gets will be always too good for him."

"What!"

"You know me, father, and may feel sure that when I say such things I have a right and more than a right to do so."

Retif was astonished at this vigour, but consoling himself with the idea that all would come right, said no more. As for Auger's absence, he attributed that to the evident quarrel they had had.

CHAPTER XLV.

INGENUE'S CHAMBER.

THE breakfast was silent; Ingenue was sad and preoccupied, while Retif ate and reflected. The day passed in the same manner. Ingenue went on with her work just as she had done when she was a young girl, and seemed to Retif only to be continuing her past life; but she looked sad and dissipated. Retif said no more to her about her husband; but, imagining that he must have been to blame, he determined to have an explanation with him.

Auger returned, as we have seen, about seven o'clock. His absence all day appeared to Retif to be the result of the night's quarrel. He remarked the repentant uneasy look of the son-in-law, whom he had half expected to see enter with reproaches in his mouth and bitterness in his heart.

"What, so late, vagabond?" said Retif, laughing: "you have wandered far from the conjugal roof."

"Far from the conjugal roof? I have been where M. Reveillon ordered me to go," replied Auger, who thought, "Is it possible that Ingenue has said nothing to her father?" And he waited anxiously for the next words.

"Come, advance; let me hear your griefs, and confess your sins," continued Retif.

"If he knows, he takes it coolly," thought Auger. "It is possible. These pamphleteers, who always write about virtue, are generally a corrupted set."

And he gave one of those base smiles that he had learned among the prince's lackeys.

"You have had a quarrel," said Retif again.

"But I do not know——"

"Oh, do not blush, you have."

"Ah!" thought Auger, "all is safe. Shall I speak, and tell my story? I shall have this revelation always hanging over my head."

But he reflected.

"No; if Ingenue has not spoken already, she will not

“speak at all; she will be silent about the Comte d’Artois, if I only am the same about the page. Let me try to make peace on this basis.”

So, after listening for a time to Retif’s lectures, and his jokes about their unlucky wedding-night, he passed into his wife’s room. She had seen him come in, and was prepared for him. He fell on his knees before her.

“Pardon me,” said he, “I am not guilty. Can you blame me so much for yielding to menaces? Brought up in the fear of the great, I thought that we were all lost, if one of the most powerful princes in the kingdom pursued me with his anger. M. le Comte d’Artois ordered me to act as I did, and menaced me in case of refusal with the Bastile or death for myself, and with imprisonment for you and your father. He left me the choice between misery for life or fortune and liberty.”

Ingenuë’s lip curled with contempt; it was her only answer.

“Do not nurse your anger,” continued he, “since God saved you. I once thought of killing this base prince in your arms, but that would not have saved your honour, nor your life and mine. We should both have been tried for high treason and perished on the scaffold.

“Enough,” cried she, with a shudder, “you disgust me. Do you imagine you palliate your crime by pleading fear?”

“It seems to me——”

“Not one word, I tell you.”

“Ingenuë!”

“I have married a base coward,” said she,—“I have taken as my husband, before God, a man who, instead of defending me, sold and dishonoured me to save his own life. You are a base coward. You ask for pardon; no, I dismiss you from me because you are a coward. I will never pardon nor associate with such a vile wretch.”

Auger only clasped his hands. But Ingenuë’s contempt seemed, if possible, to increase.

“Rise, if you choose, or remain bowed in your shame; it is all the same to me,” continued she.

“But grant me at least some hope of pardon.”

“Never!”

“Then what will be our life?”

“The same as we led before marriage.”

“Separate?”

"Absolutely so."

"But the world?"

"What do I care."

"They will suspect."

"Then I will tell all."

"Ingenue, will you ruin me?"

"Yes; if you approach me."

"But your father?"

"I shall tell him that you have inspired me with an invincible horror, and I shall speak the truth."

"And I will tell him that you have a lover."

"Perhaps you will speak the truth."

"I am your husband, and I will kill your lover."

"No; he will kill you."

Auger shuddered.

"She is capable of making him do it," thought he.

"Then you threaten that you will kill M. Christian," said Ingenue.

"Is he your lover?"

"That is no business of yours. Do you threaten, or not? Speak the truth for once."

"I do not threaten—I beg your pardon."

"Rise; you are not worth being angry with."

"What am I to do?"

"What you like."

"Where am I to eat my meals?"

"With us, if you like."

"Where am I to sleep?"

"Find an attic among the servants."

"It is impossible."

"Then sleep out."

"I shall sleep here; it is my right."

"Try, and I will immediately call my father."

Auger ground his teeth, but Ingenue went on,—

"We are separated for ever; try no drugs—none of your infamous methods, for to every sleep there is an awakening; and once awake, I would kill you like a dog."

"Well, madame, I will reflect—"

"I shall not change. Adieu."

So Auger left the house. And thus matters stood when Christian went to the Jardin du Roi to meet Ingenue.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE JARDIN DU ROI.

THE Jardin du Roi, afterwards called the Jardin des Plantes, was much less frequented then, than it is now; partly, because the inhabitants of Paris were a third less than at present, and therefore there were fewer sightseers, and also because the animals were less numerous, and did not attract so much attention. There might have been, as there is now, a bear called Martin, who climbed a pole and ate cakes, but there was not that magnificent collection of hyenas and jackals, which we owe to our conquest of Africa. Neither had they the melancholy-looking giraffe, whose death a few years ago was looked upon as a real misfortune by the frequenters of the gardens. Not only was it not there, but the learned men of the period who disputed everything denied its very existence, and ranged it among the fabulous animals of Herodotus and Pliny, such as the griffin and the basilisk. At all events there were few visitors there then.

On the morning of the happy day that was to reunite the two lovers, a fine gentle rain was falling sufficient to keep visitors away, but not sufficient to prevent lovers from meeting, hunters from going out, or fishermen from throwing their lines.

Ingenué went out at the appointed hour and took a carriage as agreed upon, but punctual as she was Christian had been waiting two hours for her. He had gone out at eleven, and as his carriage had taken an hour to reach the place, he had arrived there a little after twelve. He sat down under a large tree, through the branches of which the rain could not penetrate, or only one large drop out of a hundred.

At last the long-desired carriage appeared; it was as green as a Normandy apple, one of those greens which make an artist shudder and which can be seen a league off.

Ingenué had on a black silk dress, a little grey hat with

black and blue ribbons, and high-heeled shoes. There was in her whole appearance that indescribable something which attracts the eyes of old and young. She soon spied out Christian and advanced towards him with downcast eyes, looking like one of Watteau's shepherdesses. Christian ran to meet her; no one was by, and he took her hands. Looking in each other's faces they soon perceived the mutual change; Christian with emotion and also from his wound, and Ingenuë pale and sad from all that had lately happened to her, and the thoughts of the life that lay before her.

They looked at each other lovingly and passionately, and then turned away their heads. Christian, who had arrived with his head full of the Comte d'Artois's gay predictions, felt saddened by her gloomy look; and she, in spite of her gay toilette and the hardihood of this open-air meeting with her lover, stood there undecided, mute, and trembling, not knowing what to say.

Christian led her to the thickest part of the shade, and they sat down on a bench. As in Dante's "Francesco di Rimini," it is the woman who speaks and the man who weeps; Christian, not daring to begin, left it to Ingenuë.

"Here you are then, M. Christian!" said she, in a tone not unmixed with reproach.

"Ah! why did you not call me sooner?" said he.

"When?"—"Even the day before yesterday."

"The day before yesterday was like the week, the month before; M. Christian had forgotten and abandoned me."

"Oh! could you believe that?" cried he, reproachfully, in his turn.

"But how could I help it?" said she, with eyes full of tears.

"But," cried he, "did you not know what kept me away?"

"Your will, probably; I should perhaps say your caprice."

"*Mon Dieu!* how unlucky I am!" cried he. Then, turning to Ingenuë; "but see my paleness," cried he; "do you not see that I am still lame, and that without this stick I could hardly walk?"

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* what has happened to you then?"

"What happened was that I received a ball in my thigh, and nearly died of it. A foot higher and it would have entered my breast, and I should have been lucky enough to die."

“The young page of whom the paper spoke——”

“Was I, mademoiselle.”

“And my father hid it from me; not only hid it, but declared the contrary.”

“He knew it well, however, for he saw me fall; my last imploring look as I fell was for him to say: ‘Tell her I died loving her.’ For at that moment I hoped that I was mortally wounded.” And he turned away to hide the tears that stood in his own eyes.

“But,” said Ingenue, “why did you never write to me, or find some way of letting me hear about you?”

“Firstly,” said Christian, “I dared not, after what your father had said to me; then for a week I could not speak, and for a month I could not write; but as soon as I could write I did.”

“I received no letter,” said Ingenue, with a sigh.

“No; here are both the letters I wrote to you,” and drawing them from his pocket he presented them to Ingenue. “I never was able to post them, and I feared to intrust them to any stranger, lest they should fall into your father’s hands, or should compromise you. You see that if I was guilty, it was of too much respect for you,” and he again held out the letters, saying, “read, and see if I was guilty.”

But Ingenue did not feel herself sufficiently mistress of her own feelings to venture to read the letters. She gently pushed away his hand, and said, “It is useless.”

“No,” said Christian, “you doubted me once, and may do so again. If that time should ever arrive, open and read them.”

Ingenue, who only longed for an excuse to take them, profited by this suggestion. She took them and hid them in her bosom.

“Ah! I feared it,” cried she.—“How?”

“So much so, that hearing from M. Santerre that the wounded page had been carried to the stables of M. d’Artois, I set off to go there to ask about him.” And then in her turn she related how she had gone out one evening at four o’clock, how she had been followed by a man with a hideous face, how she had fled and lost her way, and how she had been defended by a young girl called Charlotte Corday.

“Ah!” said Christian, with a sigh, “it was a fatality.”

“But still,” continued Ingenue, “you have not told me why I never saw you until that terrible night.”

"Oh! said Christian, "that was the first day I was able to go out. I knew nothing of all that had been passing while I lay on my sick bed. I went first to the Rue des Bernardins; you were not there. I made inquiries, and was told that you had moved to M. Reveillon's, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine. I drove straight there—it was eleven o'clock—and the windows were lighted up. I asked what was going on, and they said a marriage. Ah! Ingenue, my heart failed me at once. I waited, and saw Auger come out; heard him talk with a stranger; all the lights were put out, and the stranger went in. At last he came out, I threw myself in his way, and would have killed him, but tearing off his cloak I saw that it was the Comte d'Artois."

"Unworthy prince!" cried Ingenue.

"Oh! no, no, Ingenue, do not say so; he is, on the contrary, the most generous of men."

"What, you defend him!"

"Yes, for it was he who saved my life and senses, by giving me the happy news that you are still as free as ever. Yes; I bless him as much as once I cursed him, for he told me that you are still mine, and not the wife of that wretch, the only one to blame, hate, and despise—the infamous Auger."

Ingenue blushed deeply, and looked so beautiful that Christian could scarcely help falling at her feet.

"Ah! Ingenue," cried he, "how was it that you distrusted me; that you thought me capable of forgetting you. I who during my long nights of suffering, thought only of you, I who whispered your name during every pang? What were you thinking of all that time? Thinking of your future husband were you not? But why should I reproach you, for I am sure you blame yourself."

"But what could I do?" cried she; "my father ordered me, and disappointment urged me to consent."

"Auger against me?"

"Yes, against you who were lying wounded and half dead. Now you have come back, and you love me less."

"How can you say so? I love you as much—more than ever."

"You love me, you love me!" cried Ingenue, "and I am no longer free."

Christian looked at her tenderly, and pressed her hand to his heart.

“Not free?” said he.

“No.”

“What restrains you?”

“My husband.”

“You are not serious?”

“What do you mean?”

“You do not love that man; you cannot love him; you cannot love what you despise.”

“Oh, no!” murmured she.

“Well, if you do not love him, and you do love me.”

“M. Christian, the other night when I saw you in my room I felt anger and rage against you.”

“And why, *mon Dieu!*”

“Why, because I said to myself, this man returns through caprice, as he left me; he has made my whole life unhappy.”

“I!”

“Yes; for had it not been for anger at your absence, I should never have fallen into the power of that——”

“Of your husband!” said Christian.

Ingenué coloured.

“But,” continued Christian, “can you seriously think yourself bound to a man whom you hate too much even to mention his name?”

“I am bound, not to that man, but to God who heard my vows.”

“God unbinds what is wrongly joined.”

“No! no! you are wrong.”

“Ingenué, you are not married to that man.”

“To whom then?”

“To him who loves you.”

“That is sophistry. The evil is done, and I have to bear it as courageously as I can.”

“I cannot hear you talk thus, Ingenué; you must not tell me that you are bound to a man who sold you on your wedding night; a man whom I would kill if his base plans had not been defeated; a man from whom any tribunal would separate you, did not the fear of scandal tie our tongues. If you are married, Ingenué, there is neither justice on earth nor hope in heaven.”

Ingenué held out her hand to Christian

“Oh!” continued he, “if you really think yourself bound to that man, my sword shall untie the bond; but there are many methods without resorting to that.”

“Are there, Christian? Show me one which permits me lawfully to leave my husband, without grieving my father or making a scandal in the world, and I will beg and entreat you to aid me to execute it.”

Christian could not answer, and Ingenue, after a moment's pause, went on,—

“A rupture, as you say, will cause scandal; do you desire that?”

“No,” replied the young man; “I ask only for love.”

“Love? but you have all mine,” said Ingenue, with that innocence which embarrasses the boldest.

“Ah!” cried he, “I believe and hope so; but you offer me a sterile love.”

“What do you call a sterile love?”

Christian looked down.

“Will you receive me in your own house?” said he.

“Impossible!”

“Why?”

“Because my father would see you.”

“You fear your husband, Ingenue?”

“Oh, no.”

“You do not wish him to know that I love you?”

“He does know it.”

“Through whom?”

“Through me. I told him.”

“*Mon Dieu!*”

“Yes, and if he doubts it, I will tell him again.”

“Then I understand why you will not receive me.”

“I told you why.”

“No; you fear that your husband would hide somewhere and kill me as I came out?”

“No; I do not fear that.”

“You do not?”

“No; I have taken precautions against that.”

“How so?” said Christian, surprised.

“By telling him that if he attempts any violence against you, I will kill him.”

“My brave Judith!”

“And as he knows that I am serious, he is afraid.”

“Then if you have nothing to fear, you can receive me.”

“What for?” said Ingenue, in her clear, gentle voice.

“Why—to converse.”

“To converse! Have we not told each other all?”

“Did we not often see each other before your marriage?”

“Yes; before my marriage.”

“We have seen each other, but not enough. You may have said all you wish to me, but I have many things still to say to you.”

“Then say them now.”

“I have no need to say them, you can guess them.”

“No, I assure you.”

“But you know that what I want of you is yourself.”

“And that I cannot give you, for I am no longer my own to give.”

“Come, Ingenuë; you know that woman is destined to make man happy.”

“So they say.”

“The man that she loves, of course.”

“And I love you,” said Ingenuë.

“Well, then, make me happy.”

“How?”

Christian looked at her.

“By coming with me to some far-distant place, where I shall be your husband, and you will be my wife.”

“And my father?”

“We will write to him when we are in safety.”

“You are mad.”

“But are you then made of iron?”

“No; I love you, and feel that I shall love you all my life.”

“But of what use to me is that love, unhappy that I am.”

“It will make you wait.”

“Wait! for what?” cried he.

“Until I am a widow,” said she, quietly.

“Ingenuë, you frighten me: I do not know if you really mean these terrible things.”

“There is nothing terrible in what I say,” replied she.

“God has not made me marry this wretch, and intended the union to last.”

“What gives you this confidence?”

“Because it would be a misfortune that I have not merited. God is trying us for a time to prove our love, and to make us more happy afterwards.”

“Happy! when?”

“When I marry you.”

“Oh!” cried Christian, “I shall go mad.”

“Let us have patience, my friend,” replied she. “Formerly I sang all day, like the birds that came to eat the bread off my window sill. God cannot mean me to sing no more. No, he loves me and will help us.”

“But I offer you immediate help.”

“No; you wish me to break a vow which nothing but death can cancel.”

“I will kill your husband.”

“No, Christian; for if you do I cannot marry you.”

“Oh! Ingenue, you are too cold. You calculate too well for love. You do not love me.”

Ingenue did not seem at all moved.

“Every one loves in their own way,” replied she. “I waited for you more than two months, and never heard from you, and now you come back and ask me at once to leave all for you.”

“Oh, Ingenue, you are cold! Your virtue is ferocious!”

“Every man that I have ever known has deceived me. You, when you called yourself a workman; my father when he hid from me your accident, from a good motive no doubt, but still he deceived me; and by that wretch Auger, who pretended a conversion and became my husband, only to keep some vile promise that he had made to the prince.”

Evening was coming on, and the shade was thick. Christian took her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. “Ingenue,” said he, “there is more in love than you have yet felt. You have thought of me as a brother, but I want you to think of me as a husband.”

“My brother you can be, but not my husband.”

“You will not refuse to see me again?”

“I came to-day to tell you that I could see you no more.”

Christian started up. “Say at once that you do not love me,” said he.

“No, Christian; on the contrary I say bravely that I do love you, that at night I think of you, that by day I watch you; and except what I owe to God and to my father, I have not a thought which is not connected with you. I do not know how other women love. They told me that I should find out when I was married; but I am married, and I love you just the same as before. This love will never change; only, formerly I had a right to love you and now I have not.”

Christian smiled bitterly.

"But," cried he, "I again repeat that you are not married, Ingenuë."

"Not rightly, since my husband has committed a crime which makes me drive him from me; but that does not leave me free to become another's."

"Then if M. Auger had not committed this crime you would be his wife?"

"Doubtless."

"Oh! Ingenuë, you calumniate your love. Let me ask you one thing."

"Tell me, Christian."

"If you cannot give me all your life, give me two or three hours a day in a house that I have; in that way you need not quit your father, and still you will be mine."

"Oh, Christian, I feel sure that you are asking me to do wrong. You colour, you tremble, you do not look me in the face. Oh! Christian, if you try to teach me harm, I shall love you no longer."

"Well, then!" cried he, "so be it. You inspire me also with a love for virtue. Only on my part the sacrifice is greater than on yours; for you are virtuous as the flower is sweet, because it is natural to you to be so. Ingenuë, you have conquered me; I will be to you as a brother, and I will not attempt to take from you your sweet innocence; but you must make one promise to me."

"What is it!"

Christian took her again in his arms; she did not resist, but smilingly put hers round his neck. "Swear to me," said he, "that no man except your father shall touch you with his lips, or shall ever embrace you as I do now."

"Oh! I swear it a hundred times."

"Swear also, that every day you will write me a letter, which I will come myself to fetch from a place on which we will fix, and where I will leave mine."

"I swear it; but if we are seen."

"I will take care of that."

"And now, adieu."

"Yes, adieu, Ingenuë, our hearts are united; but one more kiss."

CHAPTER XLVII.

A FRENCH ELECTION.

WHILE Christian thus conspired with Ingenue against the matrimonial rights of Auger, he himself, repulsed on every side, resembled a wild beast who after having used every method of escape, feels that he begins to grow tired, and looks around him to measure his enemy, with the dawning idea of turning upon him.

He felt that he could do nothing more with the Comte d'Artois, who had renounced and driven him away with menaces; and now that the prince was sure of a support and a panegyrist in Christian, he would care little for anything that Auger could do. Indeed, the prince had had but two things to fear; to have wronged the nobility in the person of one of its members, and to have insulted the people in the person of Ingenue, which was not a slight thing at that time.

With Christian against him, there would have been scandal and attacks from the gentlemen, who were not at that time too well disposed towards the crown, many of them having been ruined in the wars, and no longer finding a Louis XIV., a regent, or even a M. de Fleury to indemnify them.

With Ingenue against him, there would have been more scandal, to say nothing of the pen of Retif which would have been used against him—a pen already rather popular, and sure in its malignant paternity, to have been sufficiently eloquent to have raised fresh hatred against him. But with Christian on his side, and Ingenue for an auxiliary, he was sure of sympathy from the nobility and praise from the people.

Auger, who did not want for sense, understood all this and found the prince's tactics so good, that he ground his teeth with rage; and conquered for the time, resolved to watch for an opportunity of regaining the ascendancy, which is not an easy task when you are but an atom, and a giant is ready to crush you. It would at least require a tempest to raise this atom above the head of the giant.

At that moment for the sins of the great, and for the good of Auger, such a tempest was preparing. A new and unknown force was rapidly growing up among the oppressed people—a general conspiracy, which was before long to be called the revolution. It had made itself apparent in the recent affair of the diamond necklace, where the judges, long harassed by the crown, had revenged themselves on royalty by acquitting Cagliostro, whom they saw that the king wished to be condemned; as they also acquitted M. de Rohan, whom the queen wished to be punished; and by condemning Madame de la Motte, whom they fancied that the queen wished to be acquitted, although perhaps they had condemned her, less for what she had done than as a descendant of Henri II. There was a conspiracy to implicate and dishonour the queen as much as possible; the people, as we have seen, publicly burned effigies of the ministers; the valets were ready to conspire against their masters, the soldiers against their officers, and the philosophers against the church and the monarchy.

Heaven itself seemed to have conspired against France; for the plague, until then unknown, and to which the people at once gave the name of Brienne, broke out in the country.

Soon afterwards, in July, 1788, a violent hail storm fell like an avenging foe on all France. The plague had brought illness, but the hail brought famine. Then might be seen human spectres, arriving from all the provinces, asking the king for that bread which they could not procure elsewhere.

It was still worse when winter set in, and extended its snowy mantle over the ruined harvest. It was no common winter, but recalled that terrible one in the reign of Louis XV., when the charity of the dauphin and dauphiness was so freely exercised; or that of 1754, in which, during whole days, all communication was interrupted between the different streets of Paris.

The king, unable to feed the frozen Parisians, had all his trees near the capital cut down and given away to warm them.

We have forgotten one conspiracy—that of the king's own family against him. The Duc d'Orleans chose this time to try and make himself popular. The king had given wood to warm his subjects, but the duke gave bread and meat to the hungry, and as he had almost as much wood as the king, these distributions were made around large fires.

Such was the situation of affairs when the Comte d'Artois

abandoned Auger, who fancied that he might find some work in the election of the deputies. M. Reveillon had, as we have seen, a great desire to become one. The type of that ambitious *bourgeoisie*, who wished to succeed the nobility, but did not wish that the people should succeed to the *bourgeoisie*. Reveillon was far from seeing clearly before him into the future, but, like many others, played his unconscious part in the great drama.

He saw nothing beyond the five million electors, a number which appeared almost fabulous to a nation accustomed to be restricted in its rights,—beyond the king, the queen, the ministers, the nobles, the clergy, the magistrates, electors and elected. A profound error, but which was that of many others having the pretension to clearer sight than Reveillon, and which gave a helping hand to change the numerous conspiracies of which we have spoken, into the revolution. Auger exerted himself in Reveillon's service; but as he saw farther than he, and was better acquainted with the feeling of the lower classes, he, who could no longer hang on to the court, resolved to make friends among the people.

Thus, could we have followed M. Auger in the evenings (for his work finished at five o'clock and Ingenue's contempt left him perfectly free), we should have found him mixed up in every plot and every secret society. One day listening to Malonet and La Fayette at the club of the Palais Royal, and the next to Marat at the popular club in the Rue de Valois. He no longer tormented his wife, but left her alone, and despised Retif for his philosophy which he thought so far advanced, but which Auger knew to be so far behind the times. The storm which growled, although it had not yet burst out, assumed every day a more terrible importance.

Reveillon at this time employed 700 or 800 workmen, his business was prospering and his fortune increasing; a few more such years and he would be able to retire with a handsome income. This honest man,—we know what is called an honest man in business,—he who paying the least possible price, sells at the highest; who pays his own bills scrupulously and has no pity for those who cannot pay theirs;—this honest man had with a satisfied conscience raised himself by his industry and economy from the rank of a workman to that which he then occupied, and believed himself to have fulfilled every duty of a man and a citizen.

Now he fancied that to his fortune he could add a little

fame, and he thought that he should then be at the height of human felicity. He saw in his election as deputy, the greatest glory which he was ever likely to reach. For indeed, he saw that thus would be consecrated, by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens the reputation which he had gained—that of an honest man.

The temptation was so strong that one day he opened his heart about it to Auger as he had before done to Retif. As for Santerre he had easily divined the project of his rich neighbour. The ambitious man always sees clearly into every ambition that rivals his own.

“Auger,” said he to his clerk, “you pay the men every Saturday, do you not?”

“Yes, monsieur.”

“Punctually; it is the habit of the house.”

“Punctually, monsieur.”

“What do the men say when they receive their money?”

“They sing the praises of the master who by his talents and kindness makes them so happy.”

“Ah! you flatter me, Auger,” cried Reveillon, quite delighted.

“I speak the truth,” said Auger.

“Well, my dear Auger, now answer me truly one question.”

“Question me, monsieur.”

“Should I have any chance to be elected a deputy?”

Auger smiled.

“Monsieur, I work night and day at it,” said he.

“What!” cried Reveillon, quite charmed, “you work for my election, Auger?”

“That is to say, that I speak to every one in your favour; I know so many people, and the workmen have all influence more or less with the electors.”

“And do they support me?”

“Certainly, but——”

“But what?”

“You are not known enough.”

“I am a family man, and live in my own home.”

“But family virtues are not enough for the States-General, and they do not know what sort of deputy you would make.”

“What do they want?”

“Ah, monsieur,” replied Auger, with a mysterious air.

“Speak, my dear Auger.”

“Monsieur, the people want deputies from the people.”

“What do you call deputies from the people?” said Reveillon, firmly; for he was very steady in his opinions.

Auger felt that he had gone too far; he had hoped that ambition would have modified his master's opinions.

“Explain yourself,” continued Reveillon.

“Monsieur,” replied Auger, humbly, “I am no politician, nor am I an elector.”

“Well, I will tell you,” cried Reveillon, growing animated, “what, in my opinion, would make an excellent deputy for the States-General.”

And the worthy man took a position as though he were already addressing a meeting.

“Firstly,” said he, “I call the king, my master.”

Auger bowed and smiled. So far, Reveillon was safe.

“I acknowledge the law, sovereign master over all Frenchmen; and by the law, I mean our present constitution. I desire that all people shall live, as my clerks do with me, by working. As for the priests and nobles, I look upon them as citizens like ourselves, but I think that the clergy while they are in the church represent God; and as for the nobles, that we should not forget that their fathers died in defence of their country. As for the people, they who are now nothing, will some day be almost everything—but before that happens centuries must elapse. Luckily they sleep now; they are an unintelligent crowd—let us keep them so.” Auger smiled.

Reveillon stopped; he wished to consult Auger, but not that he should have an opinion.

“Have you any objections to make?” said he.

“Heaven forbid!” replied Auger.

“Ah!” said the merchant; “but I could have combated every point, having studied the question as I have done.”

“I see that.”

“I repeat, then, that the people must be kept unintelligent, because instruction falls unequally upon them; if it give light here, it makes a deeper darkness there; and, in short, it occasions as much disorder as spirits do among savages—they drink and become intoxicated, and when intoxicated they destroy and murder. I do not think, then, that honest administrators should take upon themselves the responsibility of the first disorders, which would result from the emancipation of the people—disorders which might be such as God alone could see the result of.”

Reveillon stopped, and Auger assumed a cold air.

"You do not approve?" said Reveillon, astonished.

"Not entirely, monsieur."—"Your reasons?"

Auger gave a strange smile.

"Monsieur," said he, "I am not of a contrary opinion to you, but it is not for me to offer advice to a man like you."

"Why not? I am sure it will be excellent."

"Well, then, I think that the people should decidedly be restrained."

"Ah! and why so?"

"Because they are so ungrateful, greedy, and forgetful."

"That is true," said Reveillon, struck as though he had heard something new.

"Because," continued Auger, "they break to-day their idols of yesterday, and popularity is in my opinion a sure road to ruin and death."

"Ah!" said Reveillon, "explain yourself. Does this apply to any one, or is it a general theory?"

"Look at M. Santerre, for example," said Auger.

"Well?"

"What did he do this winter when cold increased famine? He increased the wages of his men."

"Yes; but after all he has only twenty-five or thirty at most, while I have eight hundred."

"Had he eight hundred he would have done just the same; M. Santerre sacrifices everything to popularity, which I think is not your intention, M. Reveillon."

"Certainly not. Santerre sets himself against the court and the ministers."

"While you are for them——"

"While I am and always will be for them."

"Thus M. Santerre would have their voices, if the people voted, while you, who did just the reverse and lowered your wages and talk of doing so again——"

"Yes, certainly a workman can and ought to live on fifteen sous a day."

"You then would have the votes of the *bourgeoisie*."

"*Pardieu!* I hope so, but I did not refuse to raise my wages to please the *bourgeoisie*, but because in my opinion, the people do not want to be raised, and money is a powerful agent of idleness and demoralization."

"Very good," cried Auger, "that is grand and will gain you many votes."

Reveillon enchanted, pressed the hand of his clerk, and promised to raise the wages of one who saw so clearly that the wages of others should not be raised. Auger went away smiling at the poor man grown rich, the workman become a master, who thought poor workmen incapable and dangerous.

The election took place; it gave new life to that hitherto inert mass, the people, and like most things which God guides, deceived the expectations of men. Yet in Paris, they had taken great precautions; only those who paid six francs of taxes were allowed to vote, the streets were filled with patrols, and the polling-places were surrounded by soldiers. Armed men stood before the electors as they recorded their votes, which, however, only made them more firm even to obstinacy. Out of sixty districts, three only elected the deputies named by the king, and even those three were forced to declare that they would take their seats as elected by the people, and not as representatives of royalty.

The provinces did their best; they had been reckoned on as aristocratic, but they elected upwards of 200 poor curés, natural enemies of the higher clergy. Auger did his best for Reveillon's election, but to secure it through the bourgeoisie, he had repeated his words, "that the people must be kept uninstructed, and that fifteen sous a day were enough for a workman to live on." The bourgeoisie were delighted with a man who repudiated all common methods of popularity, which his fortune would have rendered easy to him, and who, sprung from the people, had now renounced them.

Reveillon was elected.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BEVEILLON IS UNGRATEFUL.

REVEILLON was at the highest point of joy and prosperity. But it happened with him as it does with many men who mount too high: from the elevated position he had attained he no longer noticed Auger.

Auger had served him, and Reveillon did not pay him for it; so Auger swore that he would be paid, if he had to help himself.

Every one knows what a turbulent fever agitated France at the time of these elections; the shock was felt to the extremities of Europe, and yet there were people in France itself whom it did not awaken.

In his nocturnal excursions, Auger had become intimate with Marat, and had asked his advice. Marat replied, "This Reveillon is a worse aristocrat than any of the nobility; he has not their vices, which helped the people to live, and he has all the characteristics of a bourgeois—that is to say, parsimony, mistrust, and suspicion; barriers which the people know are set up between them and democracy. The most cruel enemies of the people are the bourgeois; they will help them to sap thrones or burn parchments; they will destroy *fleurs-de-lis* or crowns; but when they have destroyed they will rebuild, and what they take from the nobility they will keep for themselves. Instead of the aristocracy, the nobility, and royalty they root up, they would become aristocrats, nobles, and kings if they could."

"How can we prevent it?" said Auger.

"It is very simple; destroy the seed that will become bourgeois."

"But," said Auger, "that is not easy; there are in France five millions of bourgeois electors, old and young, and they have as many young cubs ready to become wolves. Who can destroy them?"

"The people," said Marat; "they are strong enough, whether they take their time or whether they rise with a sudden bound; the people, who may be patient because

they are eternal, are invincible as soon as they cease to be patient."

"*Diable!* do you know what you are proposing?"

"Civil war."

"And the soldiers and the police?"

"Oh, do you think we are going out to cry in the streets, 'Down with the bourgeois?' That would be folly, and the first bourgeois you met would arrest you. No; far stronger are those who live in caves, and from thence launch words like those of the ancient prophets."

"In a cave," said Auger; "are there still caves? Where?"

"Everywhere; I live in one, for I am a man of work and imagination. I care not for the light of the sun, because that of my lamp suffices for me. I love solitude because one can work in peace; I hate society because all men are ugly and stupid."

Auger was astonished to hear this man, himself so ugly and wicked, speak thus. Marat went on.

"The clubs in which people shut themselves up and conspire with closed doors are caves. And every word adroitly spoken to the crowd, every anonymous journal of which so many are now circulating throughout France, all work like me in the revolutionary cause; and, let me tell you, that he is a fool who does not put a hand to this work, and does not run before the car, for he who does not will be crushed by the wheels. But to conclude; who are angry with Reveillon?"

"Yes."

"And wish to be revenged upon him?"

"Yes."

"Then ruin him with the people, and you will see."

Auger had hardly calculated on the power of his few words to Marat, that infernal evil genius. From that time forth it began to be whispered about the faubourg that Reveillon was a bad man, and that since his election his head had been turned. Above all were repeated with profound hatred his two opinions, which nevertheless were not more his than those of the rest of the bourgeoisie. "The people must be kept unintelligent," and "workmen should live on fifteen sous a day." These speeches made to Auger, of whom Reveillon had no fear, and repeated by him were received with frantic indignation by the people, who placed him in their list for vengeance, together with a better

known aristocrat, Foulon, whose unlucky words, "I will make the Parisians eat the grass from the fields," they neither forgot nor forgave. Reveillon, however, calm amidst the storm, gloried in his position and never noticed the ferocious looks of his men when they received their money, or that many of them who received two francs a day would murmur, "What does M. Reveillon mean? does he mean to fatten us? He says we want but fifteen sous, this is twenty-five sous too much." And as they spoke, their eyes would flash, and they would show their white teeth under their pale lips. Auger might have quelled all this rage with a word; he had only to declare that Reveillon had said nothing of the kind, and the Parisians, who though passionate are good-hearted, would have believed him and would quickly have forgotten the past. But Auger said nothing; on the contrary, he received all their complaints with a pitying air. Thus all reports acquired strength, and the hatred of the people took deep root.

"Is it true," said some one to Auger, "that the court, to recompense Reveillon, has conferred on him the Order of St. Michel?" This absurd report, which any honest man would have laughed at as an absurdity, Auger received with a "Really," so admirably toned that it was impossible to guess whether Auger knew it or not, or whether it was true or false. Auger acted as he did partly from hatred—for Reveillon, unluckily for himself, had done good to Auger, and some people never pardon those who have befriended them—but also from self-interest, certain men love disorder, as birds of prey love carnage and death, which assures to them some easily-procured feast. Auger, in working for the ruin of his master, had also the hope of carrying away from him in the disaster a slice of his fortune.

At this hideous project he worked openly and secretly; openly, by misleading Reveillon with false confidences and stories; and secretly, by fomenting all the hatred that a rich merchant so often awakens around him.

Gradually Reveillon began to feel, without being able to account for it, all these envenomed looks and words which were rife around him. But all this caused him but one fear—the credit of his house. He collected all his money as quickly as possible, as a general who fears an attack calls around him his soldiers. Reveillon resolved to turn all into money, and at the earliest opportunity to withdraw from business tri-

unphantly. He pictured to himself the joy of his children as soon as he could quit that unwholesome atmosphere, and settle down quietly in the country, without ever having to see any faces but those of his friends.

Auger understood this manœuvre, and saw that his prey might escape him, and that Reveillon, with his business instinct would defeat all his plans. "He who risks nothing gets nothing," thought he, and he accordingly appropriated a large bag of gold, which he kept by him, determined in case of discovery, to declare that in these times, when an honourable member might easily incur popular hatred and be obliged to fly, it was useful to have a supply of money always ready at a moment's notice. But Reveillon had no suspicion and trusted Auger implicitly in money matters; so the louis remained in the bag.

CHAPTER XLIX.

BETIF ASTONISHED.

RETIF although not very clear-sighted, found out at last that the life of his daughter and her husband was not precisely domestic. Auger when questioned made no answer, and when pressed fled from the house, where indeed he now rarely appeared, being entirely occupied with his clubs and politics. The meals at first melancholy and sad, became by degrees more gay, and at last, by the joyous and childlike laughter of his daughter, recalled to Retif the happy days of the preceding year.

We may remember that the two lovers had promised each other to write every day, and to repeat in each letter that they loved and always would love each other; they did so, and for a fortnight this sufficed to make them happy.

But what was sure to happen came to pass. Christian became so supplicating, although so respectful, that Ingenue felt that it would be cruel to refuse him an hour of such sweet conversation as they had had in the Jardin du Roi. This time the rendezvous was given at the Luxembourg.

A week passed, and then Christian obtained another interview. But in neither of these meetings did Christian advance a step towards inducing Ingenue to visit him at one of the houses of M. le Comte d'Artois.

At last these interviews became so frequent, although always equally innocent, that Retif began to notice his daughter's absences. He questioned her, but she always evaded giving any direct answer.

Retif became suspicious at this mystery, and to fathom it he employed the common ruse; he pretended to go out one day to see his publisher, but instead of doing so he hid himself at the corner of the Rue St. Antoine. Soon after he saw Ingenue come out; she took a carriage and he immediately took another and followed her until he saw her get out behind the Invalides. There a young man was waiting for her, in whom Retif at once recognized Christian.

Retif returned home, and promising himself to give his daughter a long lecture, he arranged beforehand all he should say.

Therefore, when Ingenue returned home she found her father waiting for her in an imposing attitude. He immediately commenced his discourse, enumerating his daughter's faults, praising Auger, pitying and excusing him, and stating that he now comprehended his frequent absences, since doubtless his wife's conduct was known to him, and with his well-known gentle character he had been forced to submit.

Ingenue listened at first with her accustomed tranquillity; then her patience quite exhausted, she told him all and painted Auger in his true colours.

Retif was surprised and furiously indignant, and swore that he would complain, appeal, and show Auger up to the world.

Ingenue stopped him; she knew a better philosophy. But just in proportion as Ingenue's explanation exasperated Retif against Auger, it prepossessed him in favour of Christian, whom from his constancy he instantly exalted into a hero of romance.

"As for M. Christian," cried he, when he had finished abusing Auger, "he is an excellent young man, and I shall be glad to see him whenever he likes."

Ingenue opened her astonished eyes.

"Listen, my daughter; to great evils we must apply great remedies. I do not wish you to be exposed any longer to

the vile caresses of this man. It is enough that the delicate flower of your first love has been sacrificed to him, further complaisance would be wrong; and I, your father, authorize you to drive away your husband if ever he attempts to come near you."

"It is done, father."

"Ah! it is done."

"Yes, father."

"And you and M. Christian?"

"Ah! father, I am your Ingenue. I declare to you, on my mother's memory, that I have never ceased to be worthy of your love, or have done anything for which you could blush."

Retif read the truth of what she said in her eyes, clear as an azure lake.

"Ah!" cried he, with admiration, "both young and loving, you have persevered in your courageous virtue."

"Yes, father, M. Christian and I are of one mind. I love, and I feel that it will be for ever; my soul is not one to change in a feeling which now absorbs my whole being. Perhaps, one day he may love me no more; it is possible, but I trust on that day that I shall die of grief. I prefer that to dying of shame."

Retif looked at his daughter with astonishment. Ingenue was a constant wonder to him, whose experiences and morality had not been so pure.

"But," said he, "do you believe that M. Christian will long content himself with this kind of life?"

"He has promised me, father; he has even sworn it."

"Ah!" said Retif, "but what we promise in love, and mean to perform at the time, is often difficult to keep to, and if so difficult not always lasting."

Ingenue shook her head.

"He promised, he swore to me," repeated she, "and he will adhere to his promise, and keep his oath."

"Alas! my poor child, you have no experience," said Retif; "the day will arrive when your lover may change."

"No, father."

"Then you do not love him."

"Not love him!" cried Ingenue.

Retif looked at her with admiration.

"But, my child, how can you expect M. Christian to be faithful when he has to wait for the death of your husband

Auger is but thirty ; he may live fifty years more, then you would be sixty-six and M. Christian seventy."

"An occasion will present itself, father, for breaking this marriage."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it; and then Christian will marry me?"

"He has promised you?"

"Yes, father."

"Sublime! both of them," cried the old man. "How grand are the youth of this age. Go, my daughter, and do as you will." And he embraced her tenderly. "Still, if we could accelerate it," added he.

"Ay, do, father; I pray for it."

CHAPTER L.

THE STORM GATHERS.

WE have seen, in one of the preceding chapters, the manner in which Auger was managing the affairs of Reveillon, and the precautions he had taken that, in case of need he might have money ready to his hand.

Paris was visibly changing; the horrible winter of 1788, in the midst of which had taken place all the tumult of the elections, was passing away. Wearing by that agitation, the people who loved order were desirous of repose; but just because they were so, those whose interest it was to foster disorder began their work with renewed vigour. It takes centuries to bring a people to this state of ebullition, but having once reached it, they go on until the revolutionary rage bursts all bounds.

In the month of April then, a number of people chiefly from the faubourgs had met at the corners of the streets to abuse Reveillon, who had fixed so small a sum for a workman's wages, and whose crime was heavier in their eyes because he had begun life as a workman himself, and had been enriched by the labour of workmen.

There was at that time a punishment in vogue, namely,

burning in effigy, and it was applied all the more easily because it did no great or immediate harm to the guilty parties, and could be carried into execution before those engaged in it were disturbed by the interference of the police.

The actors who seemed to form a particular class in society, had already burned MM. de Calonne, de Brienne, and others. They now busied themselves about the burning of Reveillon the aristocrat, Reveillon of the bad heart, Reveillon the bad citizen. The worthy merchant would certainly have been much astonished, could he have heard all the names showered upon him.

Reveillon was not a minister, and had neither guards, nor Suisses, nor gratings with soldiers behind them. He lived in a house near his workshop at the bottom of an open court defended only by a dog. Assuredly, too, the Chevalier Dubois, who had taken so active a part in the affair of M. de Brienne, would not mix himself up in that of M. Reveillon. For who was he? No one at court knew any thing about him.

On the 27th April then, this crowd the refuse of Paris began to collect, swelled by poor, half-starved wretches with pale cheeks and white lips. At the first, this mass of people appeared to have no fixed plan, and as no one opposed them they proceeded slowly and with hesitation, or collected in groups to listen to some orator, who was discussing the question whether they were free now that they had deputies. They resolved at last, that they were free enough at any rate to burn Reveillon in effigy as having spoken against the people. They constructed an immense figure, four or five feet higher than that of M. de Brienne, a great honour for a simple paper merchant, and decorated it with the *cordons noirs*, which the court, they said, was about to send to Reveillon, and then writing on its breast both the crime and the sentence, the grotesque yet menacing procession advanced towards the Bastille, which was near Reveillon's house.

Arrived there they stopped, raised two or three paving stones and inserted in the ground the pole which sustained the figure; they then borrowed straw and faggots from the neighbours, who gave them, half from fear and half from the envy which the rich always inspire in the poor. The effigy was quickly consumed, and then the crowd began to roar like a lion, who, before breakfasting off an ox or a horse, begins with a hare or a gazelle.

We all know how one idea naturally leads to another; therefore after burning Reveillon in effigy, the crowd began to conceive the notion of burning himself. "A man may live on fifteen sous a day," they cried; "let us show him what fifteen sous a day is."

Then appeared those strange figures which are seen only on such occasions, hideous-looking mendicants, furnished with great sticks which served for supports until they were turned into clubs.

At the moment of the attack Reveillon was in the garden with his daughters; spring was giving them one of its first smiles, which render all nature so lovely, and the snow, which had accumulated during that rigorous winter was fast melting away in its first balmy breath. The buds were beginning to appear on the trees, and the wall-flowers were hastening to display their colours and give out their scent, as they waved above the violets and primroses. There was, in short all that endears this charming time of year in the eyes of man.

At last Reveillon heard something like a distant murmur. He listened, and his daughters also. However they were beginning to be accustomed to these agitations, for since the elections, contented or discontented bodies of men had frequently passed by, sometimes with songs, sometimes with menaces. For a few minutes he believed it to be one of those bodies, who would pass along doing no harm to any thing but lamps and windows.

But he was wrong; the noise did not cease, it grew louder and more threatening, and was concentrated before the house of the unhappy deputy, at least so he judged from the sound of the cries. He left the garden and ran to the courtyard, but found that his door had already been closed without his orders.

Several heavy blows however, were now struck on the massive door, and while they lasted all other sounds ceased—one of those calms that always precedes a storm.

Reveillon approached the door, and opened a little wicket made in the solid oak and well barred. A yellow face with bristly hair, and two eyes, or rather caverns, with burning charcoal in them were visible through it. He stepped back.

"What do you want?" said he.

"We want to speak to Reveillon," replied the man.

"Here I am, then," replied Reveillon, feeling pretty safe with the closed oak door between him and the man.

"Ah, you are Reveillon? Well, then open the door. We have something to say to you."

"Whom do you mean by we?"

"Look," said the man, moving to one side, and disclosing to the eyes of the deputy the multitude before him. One look sufficed for the unlucky Reveillon; hideous faces ranged one behind the other, torn clothes, knotty sticks, old guns and pikes, and to crown all a general expression of hatred on every face. Reveillon shuddered and turned pale.

"Come on," cried the man, who was apparently the chief of the band.

"But what do you want?" cried Reveillon.

"Ah! you wish to know."

"Doubtless."

"Well, we want to burn in your courtyard the effigy of a wretch, an enemy of the poor, an aristocrat, who said that a workman can live on fifteen sous a day."

"I never said so; heaven forbid," cried Reveillon, in terror.

At these words, repeated to the crowd, hootings and shouts of derision were raised. Then Reveillon heard a voice at his ear, whispering "Close the wicket, M. Reveillon." He turned and saw Auger, behind whom stood his daughters, calling to him with tears.

"Close the wicket, monsieur," repeated Auger; Reveillon obeyed. Then resounded a formidable explosion of howls and imprecations, and the door was struck furiously by fifty different hands at once. Auger pushed Reveillon towards his daughters and some few workmen who had remained faithful. "Fly, fly," said he.

"Fly, and why? I have never injured these people," said Reveillon.

"Listen to them."

Reveillon listened, and heard cries of "Death to Reveillon! *A la lanterne!*"

For they had already begun to find a double use for the long iron arm which had hitherto served only to support the street lamps. As the government would no longer hang, the people determined not to let so excellent an institution fall into disuse, and had begun to do it on their own account.

Reveillon, terrified and bewildered allowed himself to be persuaded ; he escaped with his daughters through the garden, and making a *detour* took refuge in the Bastille.

“ And now,” said Auger, “ let us see what will happen here.”

CHAPTER LI.

THE REVOLUTION BEGINS.

THE door resisted well. Besides, the assailants could not help looking around them occasionally, and seeing the Bastille two hundred feet from them, rising like a stone giant, and which to crush them had but to fire two or three of its cannon, they began to feel rather afraid of the noise they were making. Then, from the Bastille their eyes wandered to the corners of the streets, whence they constantly expected to see the watch issue, that terrible scourge of the Place Dauphine. Others looked anxiously towards Reveillon's windows, suspicious of the silence that reigned in the house, for at any of them a small cannon might be placed, and pour upon the compact crowd its terrible contents.

At last one zealous person brought a pile of straw, and set fire to it ; the wood of the door soon began to crack, and the smoke obscured the whole place.

This lasted more than an hour, and yet not a helmet or a bayonet was visible. Whence proceeded this apathy ?

That day, the 27th April, had been fixed on for the opening of the States General. The court feared this event much ; knowing how the assembly was composed it had already postponed it until the 4th of May, and would be delighted to be able to postpone it still further. Now, they calculated that to these five hundred or six hundred rogues engaged in this outrage, and the one hundred thousand spectators who looked on at their work, thirty thousand or forty thousand artizans out of work would join themselves, and that the pillage of Reveillon's house would give them such a taste for the amusement, that they would set to work and plunder

other rich houses, and that this would be a sufficient reason for adjourning the opening of the States General, and for concentrating troops around Versailles.

Therefore, about three o'clock, seeing no symptom of defence on the part of Reveillon, and no intervention of troops or police, the rioters took courage and attacked the doors boldly, while others began to scale the walls.

At last appeared a body of archers, who began to remonstrate with the rioters; they were too few in number to do anything more.

The assailants seeing this, set to work again to besiege the house. An entrance was now quickly effected, some of the men having climbed in at the lower windows, and set the doors open for the rest.

At the same time, no one knew how the fire broke out in the warehouse where the paper was kept. Then ensued a frightful disorder, every one acting as best suited his taste and wishes; some threw the furniture out of window, others ran to the cellar, and the most greedy searched for the cash box. This was kept in a small building in a little court. It was a large wooden chest, which three men would have found it difficult to move, even when it was empty. Large locks, immense nails and iron clamps preserved it at once from the hand of time and from robbers.

It was not easy to find the access to this room, to which led a little winding staircase, known only to the workmen.

Thus the mob rushed about Reveillon's private rooms, broke open desks, smashed glasses, and carried away everything of any value.

Auger, at the moment of invasion took refuge in the strong room, and from there watched the progress of the tempest and the flames and smoke which filled the courtyard. Sitting on the chest, he appeared to be waiting until his sanctuary was attacked; but strange to say, no one came near him; all the fury of the assailants was expended on the other parts of the house.

"I shall be lost," murmured he, at length, "if they discover this room; but," he added, suddenly, "what these fools have not done I will do."

He went down into the little court, threw a lighted paper into a tubful of turpentine, which immediately caught light, and the flames mounted against the wall. Auger waited to see the woodwork take fire, and then opening the chest, he

drew out the sack of gold which he had so carefully collected, and reclosing the chest he drew it towards the window, smeared it over with oil and turpentine and set fire to it.

It was a hideous spectacle to see the face of this wretch lighted up by the flames; his sinister expression, the joy of his smile, would have almost made one believe in the presence of some evil spirit, who had sworn the destruction of poor Reveillon.

The fire had already enveloped the box, which still contained several papers of considerable value to their owner, but of none to Auger, and which might even have led to his discovery had he had the imprudence to keep them, when he heard a voice behind him, saying, "Wretch; you are then also a robber."

Auger turned; it was Ingenue, who stood, pale and terrified looking at the door. He dropped his torch, and staggered back against the wall, clasping his bag of gold tightly.

"You here!" stammered he.

"Yes, I, who at last know you thoroughly."

Auger stood looking at her, hardly able to believe his eyes. Ingenue, whom he had seen go out, and whom he believed would not have returned home until evening, surprising him in the act of a robber and an incendiary. That gentle and pure woman, the image of inoffensive virtue appeared to him like a Nemesis,—full of menace. How came she there? That is easy to explain.

About one o'clock Ingenue went out as usual; she was that day to meet Christian. The time passed with its accustomed quickness; once together, they scarcely noticed how the hours slipped away; but at last the time came to separate. They agreed on the time and place for their next meeting, and then Christian led Ingenue by back streets to within a hundred yards of the little garden-door at the back, and there left her. They had heard some kind of noise in the faubourg, but had paid little attention to it.

Ingenue found the garden-door open; then she saw clouds of smoke rising from the house, and heard loud cries resounding from every room. Approaching nearer she saw men running about, and comprehended that all this tumult came from Reveillon's house. Courageous, like every pure being, she felt that Reveillon must be in danger, and ran into the house, but found the rooms full of men seeking and calling out for him. Ingenue thought most probably that for his

own safety and that of his money, he had taken refuge in the strong room where his cash-box was kept, and she ran there.

We have seen how she reached it just at the moment when Auger was busy burning the place, that he might steal the gold.

When the villain recovered from his first surprise, he understood the full danger of his situation. Ingenue must now either become his victim or his accomplice. He knew her too well to hope that she would ever become the latter, but resolved to make one effort, and said,—

“Let me pass; our lives have no longer anything in common. You have always repulsed and humiliated me. I am not your husband, you are not my wife; let me pass.”

Ingenue felt that the hour so long prayed for, which was to separate her for ever from her husband, had arrived.

“Let you pass,” said she, “with M. Reveillon’s money.”

“Who told you it was M. Reveillon’s money?”

“You have taken it from that chest.”

“I had money of my own there.”

“Where is M. Reveillon?”

“Am I his keeper?”

“Take care, wretch: you answer, as Cain answered God after the death of Abel.”

Auger did not reply; he only tried to pass; but Ingenue standing before him, cried out—

“Robber!—robber!”

He stopped, not knowing what to do.

“Robber!” continued she, “you have perhaps murdered M. Reveillon. You have set fire to his house—you, who have ruined all who ever served you. Robber and assassin! at least give back the gold, which perhaps to-morrow may be all that remains to your benefactors.”

“Ah, you call me assassin?” said he, with a strange smile.—“Yes, assassin.”

“Then, if I do not give back this gold?” and he flourished the bag before her eyes.

“I will denounce you; and every one shall know what a monster you are.”

“Ah!” cried the ruffian, “you shall say nothing, Madame Auger.” And he put his hand to his breast.

Ingenue understood the movement, and cried loudly,—

“Help!—he is a robber!”

Auger flew to her, seized her by the throat, pushed her

head back, and thrust a knife, which he had drawn from his pocket, into her breast. The blood gushed out violently, and Ingenué fell with a groan.

Auger then, pressing to his breast the bag of gold which he had bought with a murder, rushed down the stairs; and as he did so, heard the wall of the strong room giving way, and saw the flames rushing in through the opening.

But what he did not see was, that at that very moment a ladder was placed against the window, and that by its help a man rushed in, crying "Ingenué!—Ingenué!"

It was Christian, who had paid no attention to noise or tumult as long as Ingenué was with him; but who as soon as he was alone, began to see that something strange was passing. He ran to the first group of people and inquired. They told him that Reveillon's workmen had set fire to their master's house, and were then pillaging it and murdering every one in it.

Ingenué had just gone into the house—what would become of her? Perhaps he might still be in time to save her; and he rushed after her. He well knew the little garden-door, through which Ingenué generally came out to meet him, and to that he ran; then pushing through the groups, torn and burnt as he went along, he reached the little court. There, through the window he saw the reflection of two figures, and he recognized Auger. Then he heard the cry for help. Full of anguish he looked round him, and seeing a ladder in a shed, placed it against the wall and breaking the window in pieces, climbed in, with his sword between his teeth, just as poor Ingenué fell among the smoking ruins—a victim to her bravery.

"Ingenué!—Ingenué!" cried he; and at the sound something white moved among the ruins, and a faint murmur of joy broke from the poor girl. Christian turned, and saw her bleeding and dying; he passed his arm around her; and, as it was impossible to remain longer in that burning place, he carried away, amidst the dying and the wounded, scorched by the flames, and in danger every moment from the falling of fragments, his dear but sad burden whose blood flowed ceaselessly from her wound. Before he had reached the end of the garden the strong room fell in, and the flames mounted up to heaven.

CHAPTER LII.

MARAT AGAIN AT WORK.

No one noticed the young man pass, so occupied was each in pillaging or destroying on his own account. Some were fighting, others breaking, and others stealing all through this unlucky house, abandoned to cupidity, vengeance, and rage.

Meanwhile the soldiers, now slightly reinforced by a troop of about thirty French guards, were taking possession of the streets and houses, from whence they could advantageously fire on the house; and the rioters soon began to take refuge in the cellars, where they stove in the casks and gorged themselves indiscriminately with wine, brandy, spirits of wine, and turpentine; so that many of them died drunk or poisoned.

Christian soaked his handkerchief in the fountain in the garden, and placing it upon Ingenue's wound, continued his rapid flight from the fated house; pressing her to his palpitating heart, devouring with kisses her white lips, he ran on he scarcely knew whither, thinking only of dying with Ingenue. However, as his senses returned to him a little, he began to think whether it might not be possible to save her.

"Oh, I will save her!" cried he; "she shall owe her life to me;" and he hailed an empty coach that was passing.

"Good Heavens!—what is the matter, monsieur?" said the coachman.

"My sister and I came by chance into the midst of the rioters at the Faubourg St. Antoine, and she was wounded."

"Yes, and badly too," said the man, opening the door of the coach, "for your clothes are all covered with blood."

Christian got in, holding Ingenue in his arms.

"You want a surgeon, I suppose?" said the man.

"Yes; do you know of one?"

"O yes, monsieur—a famous one."

"What is his name?"

"I do not know; but he is called the poor man's surgeon."

"Well, go on quickly."

The man whipped his horses vigorously ; and a quarter of an hour after they stopped before a little door, in a dark narrow street completely unknown to Christian. The coachman rang, and then helped Christian to lift Ingenué out.

“Now she will be in good hands,” said the man. “Go up.”

“Where to ?”

“To the second story. But here comes some one.”

Indeed, the door opened, and a voice said,—

“Who rings so loud ?”

“Here is a patient,” said the coachman. Then to Christian, “That is the housekeeper. Shall I help you up with the young lady ?”

“No, thank you.”

“Indeed you seem strong, and the young lady is as light as a feather. I will wait here, in case you want me again. How the blood flows.”

Christian went slowly up the steps ; not that his burden was heavy, but that the blood flowed afresh at every step.

As he went along a door opened, and some old women looked out for a moment, but seeing Christian and the young girl covered with blood, gave a frightened cry and went in again.

A single candle lighted the stairs, just showing Christian where to place his feet on the dirty, narrow and damp steps. The smell of the house was bad and unhealthy. It was bitterly cold, and the walls were dripping with wet.

Without glancing even at the woman who stood at the top of the steps with the light, Christian entered the room quickly, seeking a place on which to lay his precious burden. There was no carpet, no sofa, but there was a bed. He went towards it, but the woman cried out,—

“Well, what are you going to do ? On monsieur’s bed, that is good.”

Christian stopped, deeply wounded.

“Where then can I lay this poor wounded lady ?” said he.

“Where you like, but not on the bed.”

“Why not ?”

“Because the blood will spoil it.”

Christian felt disgusted. And indeed the bed did not look to him fit to receive her.

He drew forward with his foot a straw arm-chair, put

another close to it, and laid Ingenue on this improvised couch.

“Is not the surgeon here?” said he, looking up.

“What?—M. Christian!” cried the woman.

“Do you know me?”

“I should think so. And I should think you might know me, after all the care I took of you.”

Christian looked at her.

“Albertine!” cried he.

“Yes, Albertine.”

“Then I am in M. Marat’s house.”

“Certainly.”

“What! has he left M. d’Artois?”

“Yes; he resigned his situation. He would no longer serve the tyrants.”

An expression of disgust crossed Christian’s face, and he felt inclined to carry Ingenue away. But where should he carry her? Besides, he remembered how well and cleverly Marat had treated him when he had been brought in wounded as he now brought Ingenue.

“Where is M. Marat?” said he.

“How should I know? Does he tell me where he is going?”

“Ah, my dear Albertine, run quickly and fetch him. This young lady is dying.”

“It is easy to say, run quickly: but I tell you that I do not know where he is,” said Albertine, looking with dislike at the youth and beauty which lay stretched before her.

“Oh, seek for him where he is in the habit of going!”

Then remembering her cupidity, he drew out some louis and gave to her. She took them greedily, and was preparing to go, when a sigh was heard from Ingenue. Christian, replying to it with a cry of joy, rushed to her side. She slowly opened her eyes, and their first glance fell upon Christian. She gave a faint smile, and murmured, in a scarcely audible voice,—

“Where am I?”

“In the house of a very clever surgeon, dearest Ingenue, who saved my life, and will now save yours.”

Something like a smile passed over her face, and she looked around her.

All at once her eyes dilated, and fixed themselves with an

expression of terror upon one corner of the room. Christian, following the direction of this look saw a wooden frame, in which hung a rough but speaking likeness of the master of the house.

Ingenue, pointing her finger towards it, exclaimed,—

“Who is that man?”

“It is my master,” said Albertine, “and a very good likeness. It was painted by M. David, a friend of his.”

“That man!” cried Ingenue, rising up on her couch, “Is that the surgeon?”

“Well, and what if it be?” cried Christian, with anxiety.

“That man touch me!—never!” cried she; “never!—never!”

“Calm yourself, Ingenue,” said Christian; “I answer for his ability.”

“That monster put his hand a second time upon me!—never!” cried she again, with the utmost disgust.

“What does she mean?” thought Christian.

“Monsieur is not handsome,” said Albertine; “but he is no monster; and he is clever, as M. Christian knows.”

“Oh!” cried Ingenue in terror, “take me away without losing a moment, Christian; take me away.”

“She is delirious,” said Albertine; “you must not mind her.”

“Dearest Ingenue,” whispered Christian, “be calm; it is the fever which agitates you thus.”

“Oh, no, no!”

“But you do not—you cannot know M. Marat.”

“Oh, yes, I know him, and my good friend Charlotte Corday knows him too.”

“Charlotte Corday,” repeated both Christian and Albertine.

“And he shall not touch me—he shall not.”

“Ingenue!”

“Take me away, Christian—take me away!”

“But you will die.”

“I would rather die than be attended by that man.”

“Ingenue, be reasonable——”

“I am so; and I swear to you that if that man approaches me——”

“Ah, monsieur is coming upstairs,” said Albertine.

Ingenue, with a strength of which no one would have believed her capable, after losing so much blood, ran to the window, crying,—

“ Christian, if that man touches me, I swear to you that I will jump out of the window.”

“ Ingenue ! ”

“ Take me away ; do not you see that you are killing me ? ”

As she spoke, Marat entered—dirty and disordered. Ingenue, seeing no longer in the copy, but in the original, the man who had so terrified her, uttered a scream, and fainted again. Christian, thinking that she was really dying seized her in his arms, and rushed towards the staircase.

In vain Marat questioned him as to his reasons for this flight ; in vain he lavished on him all the tenderest expressions ; Christian only went the faster—spurred on by the voice which tried to stop him—and rushed once more into the coach.

“ Where shall I drive, young gentleman ? ” said the man.

“ Wherever you like.”

“ How, where I like ? ”

“ To the end of the world, if you like ; only go quickly.”

The astonished coachman whipped on his horses, while Marat, from his window, still called,—

“ Christian ! Christian ! ”

Without knowing why, this voice inspired in him a vague terror. All at once an idea struck him,—

“ To the Louvre,” he cried to the coachman, while Marat reclosed his window angrily.

“ Who is that girl Christian brought here,” said he to Albertine.

“ I do not know ; all I know is that when she saw your portrait, she cried out that you were a monster.”

“ Ah ! ah ! ” said he, with his bitter smile, “ were David here he would be flattered ; it shows how good his portrait is. Then you do not know her name ? ”

“ No ; but she said something about her friend Charlotte Corday.”

“ Charlotte Corday ! I never heard the name.” And he went to his room, murmuring, “ I am a monster.”

CHAPTER LIII.

THE KEY OF HAPPINESS.

No one slept in that vast building, which at that time was nearly abandoned to people of the royal household and to the officers of the garrison.

Christian had rooms there and friends. He went up a back staircase, and laid Ingenue on a bed hung with tapestry, in a handsomely furnished room; then he gave her something to drink, for she was parched with thirst, stopped the bleeding himself, kissed his dear charge, and sat down by her with a beating heart, asking himself if all this were not a frightful dream from which he must soon awaken. Balmy healing sleep had closed the eyes of Ingenue; her breast heaved more quietly, and her hands ceased to tremble. Christian felt stifling, and went for a few minutes into the courtyard to breathe the fresh air. Just as he entered it one of the gates opened, torches and outriders appeared, a clash of arms followed, and then a carriage with six horses rolled noisily in. The window was open, and as the light of the torches fell full on its occupant, Christian recognized the handsome head of his august friend the Comte d'Artois.

"The prince in Paris!" cried he. "Thank God." And he followed the carriage.

The Comte d'Artois had indeed come from Versailles, to learn the particulars of the day's tumult. Christian was at the foot of the staircase as the prince alighted.

"Monseigneur," cried he, "I can tell your highness all, for I have just come from the Faubourg St. Antoine, as you may see by my burned and blood-stained clothes."

"Blood!" cried the prince; "was there fighting then?"

"Monseigneur, there was robbery and murder."

"Quick—quick! tell me all," said the prince, going rapidly towards his own apartments.

Christian followed him, and told him all he had seen.

"Here are more enemies for us," said the prince; "but is it a preconcerted thing, or a solitary outbreak?"

As he spoke, M. Bezenval entered; he had just returned from the faubourg.

"Your highness may hear the cannon," said he. "The crowd is immense; for there at least 30,000 spectators to 1,000 combatants."

"But is it serious?"

"They are killing the rioters, monseigneur, throwing them out of the windows, pushing them into their own fires, hanging them on doors, and firing on them. It will soon be over."

"When?"

"When there shall be no one left."

The prince turned away his head.

"Thank you, M. le Baron," said he; "now go and rest." Then turning to Christian again, "How pale and agitated you look," said he.

"Ah! monseigneur, I wonder I am alive."

"How so, my poor Christian?"

"Have you a minute's time to spare me, monseigneur?"

"Speak on."

"Well, monseigneur, Ingenue may be even now dead."

And he related passionately all that had taken place, the prince listening with the deepest interest.

"Thus," said Christian, after he had finished his story, "I am unhappy every way. If she dies, I will not survive her, and if she lives, am I to restore her to a wretch of a husband who tried to murder her, but may still claim her as his property? Oh! will you not aid me to drag him to justice, and to annul this marriage?"

The prince reflected for a moment, then opening a buhl coffer, he drew out a little key, and gave it to Christian.

"What is this?" said the young man.

"It is the key of your happiness," replied the prince.

Meanwhile, the reader will doubtless ask what had become of poor Retif de la Bretonne during this horrible night. Therefore, while Christian, possessed of the key which the Comte d'Artois called the key of happiness, carries the nearly dying Ingenue to one of those little houses spoken of on a former occasion by the prince, we will retrace our steps and see after the worthy author.

During the fearful ravages which upset the whole faubourg and terrified Versailles, Retif had done what the passengers do when the captain announces that the vessel must infallibly

go to pieces, he endeavoured to save what was most precious to him. Firstly, his life; this, Retif held very dear: being rather sceptical as to another world he desired to remain as long as he could in this one.

Then he thought of his daughter, his beloved Ingenuë; but as she was absent, and consequently in no danger, the next idea that presented itself to his mind was his manuscripts, his other children, and he who had descended precipitately to be out of danger, seeing that the stairs were still safe remounted to his third story, and laid hands on a number of bundles of paper. He rolled these up and placed them under his arm, and put into his pocket a large box of type, then as he had left nothing that he cared about, he came down stairs and fled at full speed through the garden. Once away from the burning pile he sat down quite out of breath, and looked with curiosity at the picture before him. He soon went on his way again, for he saw the soldiers appearing, and he remembered with terror the night at the Pont Neuf.

What was he to do now? What would his daughter do when she returned and found herself unable to enter the house and no father to greet her? Would not her first idea be to seek for him; and where would she seek? He thought of their old lodgings in the Rue des Bernardins, and persuading himself that she would be sure to come there to look for him, he proceeded thither.

At his knock, the proprietor of the house, who lived on the first floor, came down to open the door, and after listening with great interest to his account of the day, told him that his old rooms were still vacant, and that he was welcome to occupy them, but as they were entirely bare of furniture, he offered to lend him two chairs until he could procure some for himself.

Retif, therefore, mounted once more to his old room on the fourth story, with a candle in one hand and a chair in another, the proprietor following him carrying the other chair. When they entered the room, he pointed out to Retif that a fresh paper had been put up, which he had often asked for when he lived there as the old one was in tatters. It was one of those frightful grey papers which are commonly put into rooms on the third and fourth stories.

But Retif praised it much, as he wanted to get the landlord to lend him a table as well as the chairs. This he at once consented to do, inviting Retif to come down and choose it

himself. Retif chose a very simple one, which had two drawers in it. Into these he emptied his pockets, and then began to walk up and down the room, waiting for Ingenue, whom he never doubted would soon appear. Some time passed, and she did not arrive, but Retif thought of many things that might detain her; she might have met the Reveillons and stayed some time with them, and then it was a long way from one house to the other. What most reassured him was that he knew Auger was there, and bad as he might be, Retif never doubted that he would protect his wife.

Nine o'clock struck therefore before Retif began to feel any serious alarm. Besides, to pass the time, he had begun to write a description of the pillage and burning of Reveillon's house; but as the liberty of the press was not great, and he feared to write an authentic account of the day's proceedings, he described an attack upon a castle in the country.

He turned the rioters into villagers in wooden shoes; called the warehouses granaries, and gave a touching account of the falling in of the cow-houses and the lamentable cries of the sheep and oxen, and transformed Reveillon into a tyrannical landlord.

Thus occupied, he was quite forgetting the real attack in the false one, he was forgetting Reveillon and even Ingenue herself, when the door opened, and a man rushed wildly in. Retif looked up; it was Auger.

He was very pale, his eyes looked hollow and red, his legs trembled under him, and his hair was in disorder; it was evident that he had been running for a long time, and yet he seemed as though ready to run off again, if the walls of the room did not stop him.

"Here you are!" cried Auger, rushing up and embracing him.

"Certainly; did you not come here to find me?"

"Oh! yes——"

"You guessed that I should take refuge in my old rooms?"

"Yes, I guessed that."

"But you are not alone—Ingenue?"

"Alas!"

"Where is she?"

"Oh!" cried Auger, looking despairingly.

"Where *is* Ingenue?" cried the poor father, more vehemently.

Auger uttered a kind of a howl. "Ah, poor father!" sighed he, "if you only knew——" cried Auger, and then he began to groan once more.

"Speak out," cried Retif, in an authoritative tone.

"What can I say?"

"Where is she?"

"I do not know."

"What! you do not know where my daughter is?"

"No."

Retif looked steadily at him. "You do know," repeated he; "and you shall tell me this instant whatever it may be that you have to tell."

Auger seemed to be collecting all his strength. "You will have it then?" said he.

"I will."

"Well; you know that at M. Reveillon's I had the care of the cash-box."

"Yes."

"You know that Ingenue went out about twelve."

"Yes; with the Misses Reveillon probably."

"I do not know with whom."

"Never mind; go on."

"Well, it appears that she returned, and tried to penetrate into the strong room——"

"Why do you say, 'it appears.'"

"Because they are not very sure."

"Not very sure?"

"They do not know——"

"Say at once what they know or do not know!" cried Retif, with an energy which made Auger start.

"Well," continued he, "the strong room caught fire. I wished to enter it to save some of the contents, but as I reached the door, the roof fell in, and I found there only——"

"What?"

"The body," stammered Auger.

"Whose body!" cried the old man, in a tone which must have gone to the heart of the wretch; "my daughter's?"

Auger hung his head, and did not answer. Retif uttered an oath, and fell back in his chair. A short silence ensued, during which Retif pictured the whole of the dreadful scene in his vivid imagination. "Was she dead?" said he at last.

"Yes, and disfigured; almost unrecognizable; but I knew her!" cried the assassin.

Retif burst into passionate tears. Auger ran to his father-in-law, and pressing him in his arms mingled his tears with his, and when he thought that he had played this farce long enough: "Dear M. Retif," said he, "we have in reality both suffered equally from this dreadful misfortune, let us bear it together. Having lost your daughter, look on me as a son for whom you may feel, not the love you had for your Ingenue, but a little attachment."

"Oh!" cried Retif, "even a second daughter could not replace her."

"No; but I will take such care of you—will be so devoted to you, that you will be consoled," said Auger.

"Never."

"You will see."

Retif shook his head sadly.

"What! will you drive me away?" said Auger. Have I not also lost everything, and is not my grief worthy of a little pity?"

"Alas!" said Retif, mentally comparing his grief to Auger's."

"Well, then," said Auger, "do not deprive me of your presence, but sustain my weakness by your firmness and good example."

There must be a great power in flattery. Retif drew fresh strength from this acknowledgment of his superiority, and the poor deceived father took the hand that had murdered his daughter.

"You see," said Auger, "it is not so bad for me who work with my arms or instinct, as for you who work with your head; and I can work for both."

"Good Auger."

"Then!" cried he, so joyfully that Retif looked at him with wonder, "we shall live together."

"Yes."

It is easy to see what was Auger's motive for desiring to live with Retif. No one could suppose him to be the murderer of the daughter while he was the friend of the father.

But under Retif's glance this joy changed into an affectation of violent grief. Not being able, however, to produce tears, he was forced to content himself with groans and con-

tortions, so that at last Retif began to console the cowardly assassin of his daughter. This had one good effect, however, it calmed Retif's own grief for the moment. Then after some time, when they had managed to procure beds, Auger took one room and Retif the other. And from his bed, Auger, as he lay with dry eyes and composed face, could hear the real sobs and tumultuous grief of poor Retif. They annoyed him no doubt, for they kept him awake!

CHAPTER LIV

RETIF'S PROOF SHEET.

THIS new household of father and son-in-law met with universal approbation. The news of the deplorable fate of Ingenue quickly spread. Every one in the neighbourhood had known her, and this dreadful death doubled the interest already inspired by the catastrophe which occasioned the ruin of Reveillon. Wherever Retif went he met with condolences, and as for Auger he was cited as a model of virtue when he was seen walking out arm-in-arm with his father-in-law, affecting the most tender care of him.

A week passed thus; but the heart of the poor father was deeply sad. He had been so accustomed to the presence and love of his daughter, that it seemed to him as though a part of his own being had departed with hers. His grief was visible in those unmistakable marks which it engraves on the face, as the sea leaves its mark on the land which it washes daily.

As for Auger, who was no father, and as we know, not much of a husband, he had resumed his ordinary habits, came, went, ate, and slept as before; although from time to time he assumed a deeply mournful air, particularly when he went along the street with his father-in-law.

Every one said, "That unhappy father is lucky to have such a son-in-law." He slept in the room that had been

Ingenué's, but he was out the greater part of the day, and often came in very late.

Had any one reflected, they might have wondered what he found to do now that Reveillon's business was stopped, and his cash-box burned. But Auger was a man of imagination, and had created an employment for himself, that of inspector of the ruins, and he might be seen watching over Reveillon's interests with as much zeal as he displayed in guarding his father-in-law. When the workmen under his orders recovered some woodwork in a fit state to be used again, he was happy, and declared that he had not lost his day.

In the evening he would repeat to Retif all the details of the day's work, without feeling how he afflicted the old man by talking constantly of the place where his daughter was killed. But if he had felt it, he would have cared little; all that he thought of was to establish in the neighbourhood the reputation of an honest man, an afflicted widower, and a good son. We know that when he set his mind on a thing, he wanted neither skill nor perseverance in working it out. It was about two o'clock on the ninth day after Ingenué's disappearance, and the dinner had just been set on the table, Auger called his father-in-law, who quitted his work with a sigh, and mechanically seated himself at the table. Auger was hungry, and the dinner was good and tempting. Retif, on the contrary, sat down as we said, but with drooping head—he seemed little disposed to eat,—and when Auger helped him to soup, he only took a few spoonfuls, and then pushed it away with a still more heavy sigh. As for Auger he never thought of sighing until he had finished the last drop.

The next course came on, and Retif was just trying to eat a little, when four blows were struck on the door. As Retif lodged on the fourth story he knew it was for him, so he rose and went to the window. Auger followed him, and they saw a man waiting. "Come up," said Retif, pulling the cord which opened the door without giving him the trouble to go down. The man came up and gave him a packet which looked like proofs. As this was a thing of frequent occurrence, Auger took no notice of it, but returned to his dinner.

Retif remained at the window, with his back to his son-in-law, as he opened the packet. A deadly paleness and then a bright colour covered his face as he read—

"Show no sign of emotion when you read this. Burn the letter, but come as soon as you can to the Rue de Faubourg du

Roule, near to the barrier, and stop at a house surrounded by a garden, and with two stone lions in front of it. Give your name, and you will be shown into a room where you will find your daughter Ingenuë, who still lives, although nearly murdered by M. Auger whom she surprised in the act of stealing from his unlucky master; say nothing, give no sign,—we know the strength of your soul,—continue to smile upon the wretch who is near you, and let him have no suspicion, for he is quite capable of murdering you. Come quickly.”

Retif stood some little time while the blood mounted to his head furiously enough to make him fear apoplexy—then he turned round and said quietly: “How badly these proofs seem to be done! the workmen are so stupid.” And he sat down at the table and resumed his dinner.

Auger had nearly finished, and felt gay, but Retif drew him on to repeat once more the circumstances of his daughter’s death, and took a horrible pleasure in listening to his falsehoods.

“My dear father-in-law,” said he, when he had finished, “everything changes in this world, and in spite of our cruel misfortune, we shall soon be happy together.”

“Yes,” replied Retif, “for you love me well, Auger.”

“Yes, as I did Ingenuë.”

Then Auger becoming more gay began to form plans for the future—plans of happiness and riches. Retif tired out at last, got up and said—“Have you finished your dinner?”

“Oh! yes; this is the first dinner we have enjoyed.”

“Yes; and a good dinner comforts one a little.”

“Alas! yes.”

Auger then went into his own room to change his coat, and Retif took advantage of his absence to burn the letter.

“What have you been burning?” said Auger curiously, when he came back.

“One of the leaves of my last composition.”

“Why so?”

“Because it was too lively, and I have not even the heart to publish anything gay, since my poor daughter’s death.”

Auger drew out his handkerchief, wiped his eyes, and then went out.

Retif watched him until he was out of sight, and then he also went out; stopped a little as usual to talk with his neighbours over his misfortunes, and then trotted on his way hopefully.

CHAPTER LV.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

As Retif went along his heart was full of joy, and yet he asked himself whether this were not a snare laid for him. The handwriting was unknown to him, and the story seemed so improbable.

At last he reached the place appointed. He had no need to seek for the house ; for, being well acquainted with Paris, he knew it at once from the description. He knocked, and gave his name, and in five minutes afterwards, scarcely able to believe in his own happiness, he pressed Ingenue in his arms, who had been saved by the skill of one of the most eminent surgeons in Paris.

Joy, they say, is more difficult to hide than grief ; therefore we must think highly of Retif's self-command, from the indifference he displayed on his return to his own home. His eyes were rather red and swollen, it is true ; but he had shed so many tears of grief during the last week, that no one could guess that these were tears of joy.

However, he got home before Auger. On his way he had bought a gimlet, and with this he pierced an oblique hole in the wall, through which he could see into Auger's room. He then went to bed, determined to feign illness as an excuse.

He saw Auger enter his own room with a candle ; and now that he thought himself unobserved the natural expression of his face was visible, and Retif thought him hideous. He looked around him, and then advanced towards the door between the two rooms. He opened it, and entered stealthily. Retif pretended to be asleep ; then Auger advanced noiselessly towards the bed ; and the old man feared for a minute that, believing him asleep, the wretch was about to strangle him ; but, after a minute of cruel suspense, he heard him steal quietly away as he came. Then he placed against the door a large trunk and a table, locked all the doors, after having closed the window-curtains carefully.

"What means all this ?" thought Retif ; "what new infamy am I about to witness ?"

Auger then drew a knife from his pocket, and Retif felt more terrified than before. It was not, however, destined to play a very terrible part. He raised with it a brick from the hearth, and then putting in his fingers, drew out a piece of gold.

“Ah, that is where the wretch keeps his spoils!” thought Retif.

Auger then replaced the brick carefully, removed the trunk and the table, and went into his own room. Half an hour after he was snoring loud enough to have awakened Retif had he been asleep; but sleep long forsook his eyes as he passed in review the events of the day, and formed his plans for the future.

However, the following morning the old man received the visit of his son-in-law affectionately, drank his coffee and ate his breakfast with tolerable appetite. Auger went away delighted; and when he was gone Retif put on his coat, and went to visit Reveillon. It is time, indeed, to pay a visit to this first victim of the revolution. Santerre had offered him and his family a home; and his hospitality was a thing by no means to be despised. Horses, dogs, and people were all well cared for by him. Unluckily there was a little too much political discussion; but that was the fashion of the time. Reveillon and his daughters were then established there. To repair his losses would require both time and money. Santerre offered him twenty thousand francs; it was a handsome offer; but Reveillon, who had accepted shelter for the sake of his daughters, could not make up his mind to accept money; he felt humiliated at the idea, and he refused it. He declared also that twenty thousand francs could be of no use to him, lamented much the loss of his portfolio which was so valuable, the realization of nearly the whole of his year's profits. Santerre, who felt hurt said no more, but still continued to treat his unlucky guest with great kindness.

It was to Santerre's house, then, that Retif went to find Reveillon; but he felt sure of being well received there, for he was on good terms with the brewer; besides, in the dreadful calamity had he not been the greatest sufferer?

Reveillon was both changed and aged since his misfortune; he looked at Retif, and not finding in his face any great traces of grief, he came to the conclusion that the loss of five hundred thousand francs must be worse than that of an only daughter.

Santerre having talked some time with them, retired; and

Reveillon's daughters, after giving a few tears to the memory of their friend, left them also. Then began between Retif and Reveillon the real conversation.

"Well," said Retif, "how do you mean to live now?"

"*Mon Dieu!* I shall begin over again!"

"But your enemies?"

"I have quite as many friends now."

"That is true."

"And when I re-open, all my enemies will come and buy, just to see how I look."

"You are right."

"As for my friends, having accepted nothing from any one, every one will give me an order for something; so that if I have at Paris——"

"Two hundred thousand friends?" said Retif.

"Nearly so—I should have one hundred thousand francs at the end of the year."

"What a fortune!"

"It will be a commencement," replied Reveillon, disdainfully.

"Oh, I know you had much more than that; but you cannot hope to make a second fortune like the first."

"Alas! no; and the first thing is the material for commencing the second."

"Does nothing remain to you?" —— "Nothing."

"But credit."

"Yes; but I would rather not begin upon credit."

"But does not M. Santerre offer to assist you?"

"I can accept nothing from any one," replied Reveillon.

"You are right; you will owe your rise to yourself alone."

"You understand my feeling," said Reveillon, pressing his hand.

"Yes, but where to get the necessary funds?"

Reveillon's look of pride changed to one of grief, and he sighed deeply.

"Hope!" said Retif.

"Hope! but one must have something to build hope upon."

"About how much should you require?"

"Oh! a great deal."

"But how much?"

"More than you and I have together," replied Reveillon, with a kind of disdainful bitterness.

Retif smiled ; but at that moment the girls re-entered, and the conversation became general again.

Retif had to go again into the details of the story concocted by Auger ; and when he left the house he was looked upon as an unlucky man, but still one who had lost only a little girl, " who," said Reveillon, " was charming, but had no fortune ; they would have vegetated all their lives ;" and he declared that the first grief over, this consideration would reconcile Retif to his loss ; while, as for himself, he had two daughters on his hands, brought up in luxurious habits, and now without fortune. And he sighed as he thought of the wealth of his friend Santerre. His daughters sighed also ; but thinking of their youth and beauty, they did not imagine themselves quite so unhappy as their father did. Unlucky no doubt, but still alive, instead of having been burned like poor Ingenue.

CHAPTER LVI.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

WE must now return to the excellent M. Auger. He also had formed plans, and was making preparations. Well thought of by every one, unsuspected of either robbing Reveillon or murdering Ingenue, pitied and admired by the whole neighbourhood, he was yet ungrateful enough to think of quitting Paris. He fixed his thoughts on a certain province in Gascony, where, doing a little business to account for his fortune, he would marry some woman less lovely than Ingenue doubtless, but who, as well as her friends would be more to his taste; for at the bottom of his heart Auger detested Retif. And in his dreams he pictured himself in a nice little comfortable house, instead of the miserable lodging in the Rue des Bernardins. There he would live rich and respected; and this man thought so much of the world's opinion, that he would have murdered one half of mankind to secure the good opinion of the other half.

It was Monday, 16th May, the finest time of the spring, when Paris is all perfume, when wallflowers, lilies and violets scent the air. The roses were coming into leaf, and the lilacs were in flower. The windows were open, and those warm rays of sunshine which are the riches of the poor man, penetrated into the shabby room. Auger was sitting at dinner as usual with his father-in-law, but Retif looked gloomy and preoccupied. He was polite to Auger, but still he seemed restless; he first let fall a plate, then he broke a glass.

"Take care," said Auger, smiling; "it is unlucky to break glasses."

An odd expression passed over Retif's face, as he applied himself vigorously to his dinner, and they were soon busy eating; but Retif now began to talk almost incessantly. Suddenly Auger raised his head.

"I thought I heard a noise," said he.

Retif turned pale.

"What is the matter with you?" said Auger.

"Nothing at all," said Retif, trying to pour himself out a glass of wine, but spilling half of it on the cloth.

"Really," said Auger, with a loud laugh, you have "something in your head; is it a new romance?"

"Precisely."

"Well, tell me about it. Is there love in it?"

"Certainly; does that please you?"

"Oh! yes, if it be virtuous love; you know your books are sometimes rather free."

"Do you think so; you love virtue then?"

"Of course."

"Well, my new romance will please you, for in it virtue is rewarded and crime punished."

"Good!" and Auger, who had finished his dinner, settled himself comfortably to hear the story. But, unfortunately at that moment something heavy sounded at the door.

"What is that?" cried he.

The door opened, and four soldiers entered followed by two policemen. Auger, pale and terrified, looked at Retif, who did not move.

"Which of you is called Auger?" said one of the policemen, politely.

"Not I, luckily," said Retif, advancing towards them.

"Then," said the policeman, advancing towards Auger, "it is you who are guilty of having tried to murder Ingenue Retif, now Auger."

"I?" cried he, recoiling.

"Yes, you."

"Who dares to say so?" cried Auger, raising his hands to heaven.

"Your wife herself."

"My wife?"

"Yes, and she has written it also. Look at this," added the man, holding out a letter.

"Ingenue's writing!" cried he.

"I will read it to you," continued the man; "but as your knees tremble, you had better sit down."

Auger wishing to have it out, remained standing. Then the policeman read aloud the following letter:—

"I, Ingenue Retif de la Bretonne, certify that my husband, Auger, struck me with a knife, on the day when M. Reveillon's house was burned, in the strong room where the cash-box was kept, and for proof I have to show my wound, and produce the witness who saved me."

“Falsehood! calumny!” cried Auger. “Where is Ingenue. Since she accuses me, we should be confronted. Where is she?”

“Let me finish, and you may deny after,” said the man.

“And I attest, besides, that my husband tried to murder me because I surprised him in stealing.

“INGENUE RETIF DE LA BRETONNE,
“*femme* AUGER.”

“Oh!” cried Auger, turning very pale as he met Retif’s flashing eyes.

“That is not quite all,” continued the policeman; “look what is written under your wife’s signature.

“Certified to be true,

“‘CHARLES LOUIS DE BOURBON D’ARTOIS.’”

“Lost—lost!” murmured Auger.

He was then led off by the four archers, uttering fearful imprecations, and casting a glance of despair around him. Retif, who, trembling with emotion had been leaning on the back of a chair, smiled as he saw him led off, and watched him placed in a coach, accompanied by the soldiers, to the great wonder of the neighbours, who had been so edified by his virtue and goodness.

CHAPTER LVII.

REVEILLON FINDS HIS GOLD.

THE news of this arrest soon spread through Paris. Every one did not know Auger. But there were few people who did not know something about Reveillon.

The trial proceeded rapidly; and Retif was called as a witness.

Some days after the arrest, Retif went to visit Reveillon. He found him very low-spirited—for he had had time to calculate his losses, and found himself even more ruined than he had at first thought. His confidence was fast disappearing, and with it his pride. Sad, silent, and gloomy, he looked at his daughters, condemned to a poverty which he no longer saw the means of warding off.

Retif, who had not seen Santerre, Reveillon, nor his daughters since Auger's arrest, had to give them all the details of the horrible murder of his daughter, whom every one believed to have died after having summoned strength to write her accusation.

When it was over, he took Reveillon's hand, and pressed it.

"Have you any good news for me, Retif?" said the merchant.

"I?—no; but I should like to amuse you a little."

"Ah!" said Reveillon with a sigh; "amuse me! Nothing can amuse me now. What amusement would you seek for yourself?"

"Well, I confess one thing—that I am naturally vindictive."

"You?"

"As a tiger. I never forget either good or harm done to me. And when harm is done, I try to return it."

"Yes, you may; but what can I do to the thousand robbers who burned and pillaged my house?" said Reveillon, thinking always of his own losses; "can I drag them all to justice?"

"No; therefore dear Reveillon, I spoke of myself not of you."

"Ah!—you—yes. Anger killed your daughter; justice may take his life; but that will not restore your daughter to you."

"It is, at least, a satisfaction, my dear friend, to see justice done on the wicked."

"A very small one, Retif. If my robbers were punished, that would not restore my money."

"No; but if you knew that one particular man had robbed you, would you not like to punish him?"

"Oh, certainly; I would make him suffer."

"You see, then——"

"Oh!" cried Reveillon, with more animation, "it certainly would be a satisfaction to see those robbers roasted by hundreds in a great fire. A great many did die by the turpentine in the cellar catching fire, and many were poisoned by drinking vitriol in mistake for brandy."

"Well, you did not regret them?"

"No, certainly not; on the contrary, I was very glad; and from the top of the tower where I took refuge, I felt pleased whenever I saw one of these wretches fall in the flames."

"I cannot offer you anything so pleasing as that, or so picturesque," said Retif; "for fire has a superb effect at night, especially when it is fed by vitriol and turpentine, which produce red, violet and yellow flames."

"Yes, they do."

"And when your laboratory fell in, the column of flame was magnificent. But still, come for a walk with me."

"I do not care about a walk, nor do I see what it has to do with our present conversation."

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* you will see soon; if I told you, where would be the surprise?"

And he led Reveillon along the quays, where a considerable crowd had assembled; but it was usual at that time for all Paris to collect in one spot; and the passing along of a deputy was enough to collect a crowd. They reached the Place de Grève, in the middle of which was a new gallows, from which hung a new rope oscillating in the wind.

"Are they going to hang any one?" said Reveillon.

"So it seems. Let us get a good place."

"Do you like to see these things?" said Reveillon, with some disgust.

"Oh, I am an author forced to paint scenes of all sorts. My friend Mercier has visited all the worst parts of Paris."

"And you wish to imitate him?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Retif.

"What did you say?"

"I say that imitators are mere beasts of burden."

"But do you wish to paint an execution?"

"Yes; I want to see how a villain will die."

"Do you, then know the criminal?"

"Yes; and you also know him."

"You excite my curiosity."

"We are well placed here, at the corner of the quay; the cart will pass close, and we shall see the fellow's face, and I trust he will also see us. But here are the soldiers coming."

Behind the soldiers was a cart, in which was seated a priest and a man who had his back towards them, so that his face was not yet visible. The cart advanced; Reveillon stood up on tiptoe, and saw a man with hanging head and mouth stupidly open.

"Auger!" cried he.

"Yes, Auger; my son-in-law and the murderer of my daughter."

"My clerk!"

"Yes, your clerk; who was stealing from you at the moment when my daughter surprised him, and was struck by him in consequence."

Reveillon and Retif continued to look so earnestly at Auger, that at last it seemed to attract his attention, and the wretch distinguished them among the ten thousand heads of the lookers-on. His mouth opened as though to utter a cry, but the car passed rapidly on: they reached the place of punishment, and Auger nearly fainted, but the executioner struck him on the shoulder, and two men taking him by the arms, assisted him up the ladder. As he reached the third round, the rope was passed round his neck: he went up five more steps, and then a violent shock threw him from the ladder; and in a few minutes he had ceased to live. Reveillon, pale and trembling, hung on to the arm of Retif, who had looked upon the whole spectacle with a cold attention, which showed how deep his hatred had been. When all was over, he led Reveillon away looking more dead than alive.

"Has it amused you?" said Retif.

"Oh!" replied Reveillon. "I can hardly stand."

“Nonsense.”

“On my honour; I believe I shall have this spectacle before my eyes all the rest of my life.”

“Never mind. It occupied your thoughts.”

“In a terrible manner.”

“Come, I am sure you did not think of your money all the time.”

“No; but I do now. And really I believe I am going to faint.”

“Pray do not: the people will take you for a friend or relation of the wretch who has just been hung.”

“You are right; but my legs fail me.”

“Come out of the crowd; you will get more air.”

“Lead me, my friend.”

Retif led him along the left bank of the Seine, to the Rue des Bernardins.

“Let us go into a café, and have a *petit verre* of brandy; it would do me good,” said Reveillon.

“Oh, no, we are close to my house; come in, and I will show you something that will set you all right.”

“At your house?”

“Yes; I keep there a certain substance, which generally gladdens the hearts of those who are the most difficult to satisfy.”

“You must give me the receipt.”

“It was for that purpose I brought you here.”

They both entered the house, and went upstairs; then Retif showed Reveillon into the room which had been Auger's, placed a chair for him, and put a chisel into his hand. Reveillon utterly puzzled, tried to refuse the chisel.

“Take it,” said Retif.

“But this composition which gladdens sore hearts?”

“You shall get it for yourself.”

“With this chisel?”

“And from here.”

Then Retif introduced the chisel between two bricks.

“Push,” said he.

“But are you mad?”

“Never mind; you push.”

Reveillon did as he was told; and with a vigorous push raised one of the bricks. Seven or eight pieces of gold were then visible. Reveillon stooped down to see better.

“Ah! it interests you!” said Retif.

"What! gold!" cried Reveillon; and plunging his hand into the hole, he drew out a handful.

"Well!"

"What do you do with all this, you old miser?" cried Reveillon.

"Monsieur, will you be good enough to count it?"

Reveillon counted for nearly an hour, and found 3,000 louis all but two, which Auger had taken out on the day when Retif watched him through the wall.

"Two thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight louis!" cried Reveillon, in amazement.

"It is yours," said Retif; "it is the gold that my wretch of a son-in-law was stealing when my daughter surprised him."

Reveillon uttered a cry of joy, and pressed in his arms the kind and honest man who thus restored to him his money.

"We will divide it," said he.

"Never."

"Why not?"

"Because, then I could not put at the end of the romance which I have been meditating for the last week, this excellent sentence: 'The honest Dulis declared himself richly paid with thanks, and felt rich in his poverty.'" So saying, he bowed to Reveillon, who wild with happiness carried off his treasure.

As soon as he was gone, Retif sat down to compose the first chapters of a romance called "Ingenuë Saxancourt; or, the wife separated from her husband," in which some people pretended that they recognized Auger under the title of the Moorish hunchback.

CHAPTER LVIII.

BLISS.

FOUR years had passed since the last events that we have recorded. In an old and vast manor in Poland three people were at breakfast near a large fire, while a child, tired of sitting at the table, was running up and down the room, which glittered in the ardent rays of a July sun, and yet the half of this vast hall was in shadow, darkened by the enormous firs planted round the house.

The room was decorated with princely luxury, and hung with tapestry, and pictures in large gilt frames. Servants, humble and silent as slaves, passed and repassed around the sitters.

These were, a woman of about forty, in whose black hair a few silver threads were visible. Her whole appearance showed the habit of command; and she sat at the table as if on a throne. This was the Countess Obinsky.

Her son, Christian, sat on her right, and at her left a young and beautiful woman, whose charms had developed by happiness and time. It was Ingenue, now Countess Obinsky, and the child, who was playing with a large hound, was her son and Christian's. As the boy ran about, he stopped from time to time before a full-length portrait of the grandfather of the countess, who, with his great sword, mustachios, and fierce look, awakened great awe in little Christian.

"Well," said the countess to Ingenue, "how are you to-day, my child?"

"Rather tired, madame; we rode a long way yesterday with Christian."

"And horse exercise begins to be too fatiguing for her," said Christian, with a smile.

"Thus pale and interesting-looking she reminds us of the poor Queen Marie Antoinette, unfortunate victim of the monsters from whom we have escaped; and before long she doubtless will also fall on the hideous scaffold, already red

with the blood of her husband. But, *à propos*, I think you expected to hear from your father either yesterday or to-day, Ingenuë."

"Madame, I received a letter yesterday from him on my return from the chase while you were in the town."

"And how is he?"

"Very well, madame, I thank you."

"But still continuing his refusal to live with us, although I believe we might amuse him, even in these deserts."

"Madame, my old father is accustomed to his Parisian life; he loves the streets, the lights, and the movement; he watches with an absorbing interest the affairs of France, and writes the history of human passions."

"He still writes, then?"

"Oh, yes, madame, it is his delight."

"Then we have no hope of seeing him here?"

"I think not, madame, but you can judge for yourself, if you will permit me to read a part of his letter."

"Do so, my child."

Ingenuë drew out the letter and read:—

"DEAR INGENUE,—I have had your portrait from our friend Greuse, and it has become my best companion amidst tigers and wolves. Your sweet face appears like a gift from heaven.

"Paris is magnificent at present; nothing can equal the horror it inspires, or the sublimity of the spectacles it presents. Formerly, if one saw a young girl crying in the street, we thought of the picture of 'The Broken Pitcher,' and passed on with a smile. Now, if one sees grief and paleness on a face, one may find out its reason by going along the Faubourg St. Antoine, or the Rue St. Honoré, for they now execute in two places. As for me, I pass through all these martyrs and butchers astonished at not belonging to the one and happy at not being one of the others.

"I fancied, dear Ingenuë, that this revolution would bring with it philosophy and liberty, but at present we have seen only the liberty without the philosophy. Tell madame la comtesse and M. le comte, that I am grateful for their kind wishes about me, but that I live peaceably here among my friends. Reveillon is under the protection of General Santerre. To leave Paris would be to break through all my habits and would kill me. I dare say I shall die soon; this

is the time for illustrious deaths, and yet I find life sweet : every time I look at your portrait——”

Ingenuë stopped.

“A sad country; we are happier here, are we not, my children?” said the countess.

“Oh, yes! as happy as angels,” cried Christian. Ingenuë passed her white arms round her husband’s neck, and then embraced his mother with tearful eyes.

Just then a servant entered bringing letters and newspapers. The countess took the letters, and Christian the papers.

Little Christian had returned to the dreaded portrait.

“Mamma,” said he, “grandpapa frightens me. If grandmamma’s father is so ugly, where is papa’s father to protect me?”—and he looked along the line of portraits. At that moment, Christian uttered a cry of surprise which made both the women turn.

“What is it?” said they.

“A piece of news which shows that there are still brave hearts and firm hands in that poor France. Listen: ‘Deputy Marat has just been assassinated in his bath. He died without uttering a word. We will give the particulars to-morrow. July 13, 1793.’”

The countess turned pale at the name of Marat, but soon her lips displayed a haughty smile.

“Marat,” said Ingenuë. “Oh, so much the better: he was a monster.”

“But,” said the countess, “the paper promises further particulars. Have you the next day’s paper, Christian?”

“Yes; here it is.” And he read: “The assassin of the deputy Marat is a young girl from Caen, called Charlotte Corday. She was executed to-day, and died heroically.”

“Charlotte Corday!” cried Ingenuë. “Did you say Charlotte Corday?”

“Here, look!” said Christian, passing the paper to his wife.

“Charlotte Corday,” repeated she, “my friend, my preserver; you know, Christian!”

“Oh, Providence!” murmured the young man.

“Oh, Providence!” repeated the countess, pressing her grandchild to her heart.

RAILWAY CATALOGUE.

Paper Covers.	Limp CL Gilt.		Picture Boards.	Cl Gilt, with Frontis- piece.
COOPER, J. Fenimore—				
(SIXPENNY EDITION <i>on page 20.</i>)				
1/	1/6	Afloat and Ashore; a Sequel to Miles Wallingford	2/	2/6
1/	1/6	Borderers; or, The Heathcotes ...	2/	2/6
1/	1/6	Bravo: A Tale of Venice ...	2/	2/6
1/	1/6	Deerslayer; or, The First War-Path	2/	2/6
1/	1/6	Eve Effingham: A Sequel to "Homeward Bound" ...	—	—
1/	1/6	Headsman	2/	2/6
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